THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly Magazine
Founde[illegible]728 by Benj. Franklin

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THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA

The Test

For Wear *For Style*

THERE is proof positive for the man who cares to know. There is enough of satisfaction and of saving to make the test worth while.

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A few collars each of several brands subjected to this test will tell the tale of sound material and proper strengthening of "wear spots" in the making.

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A quarter buys two.

The best Furnishers almost everywhere sell Corliss-Coon Collars.

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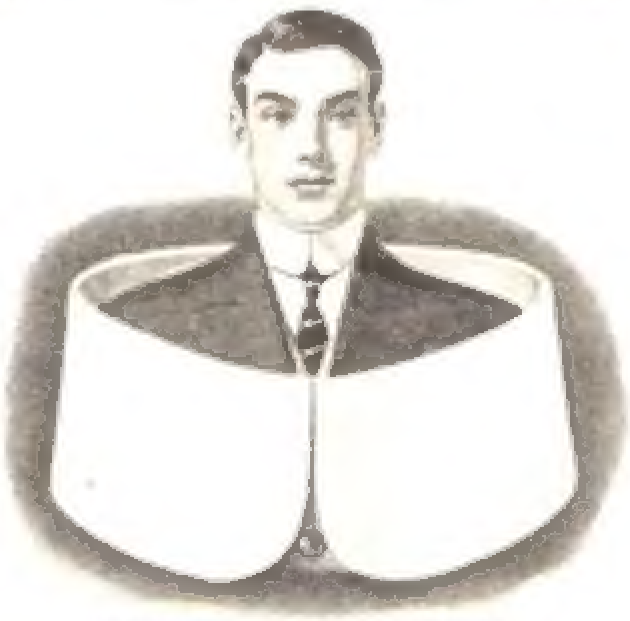

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Corliss-Coon Collars

¼ Sizes *Two for a Quarter* *Youth's Sizes, too*

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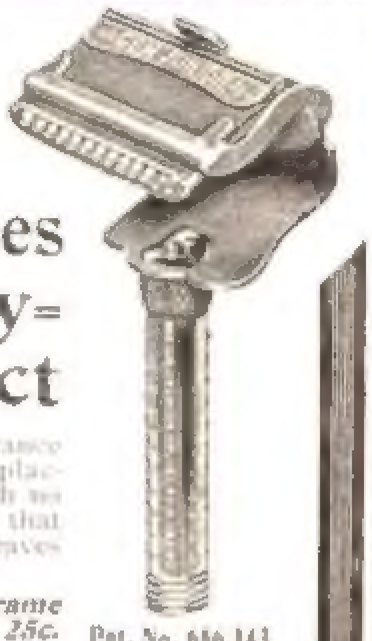

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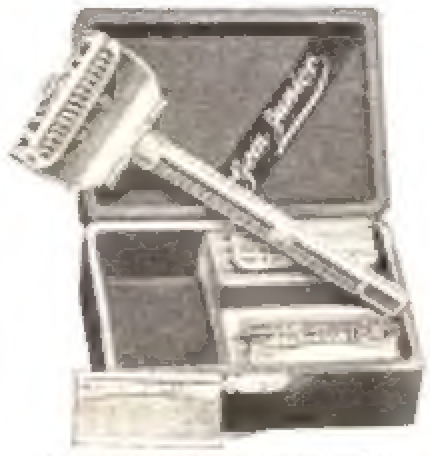

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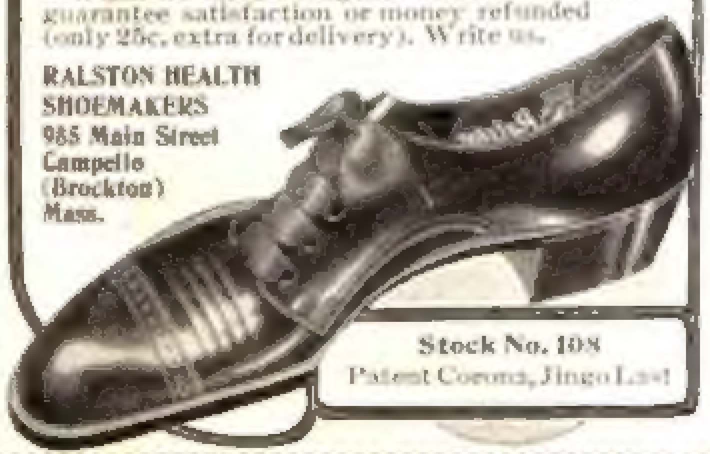

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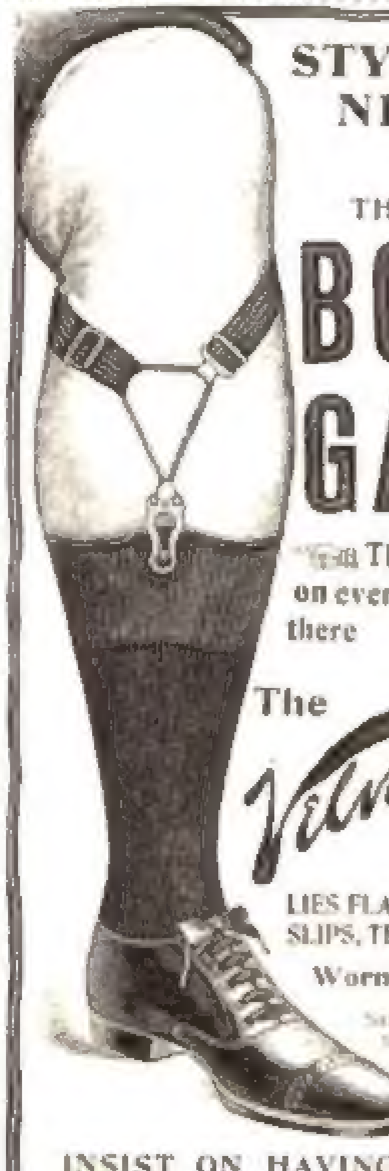

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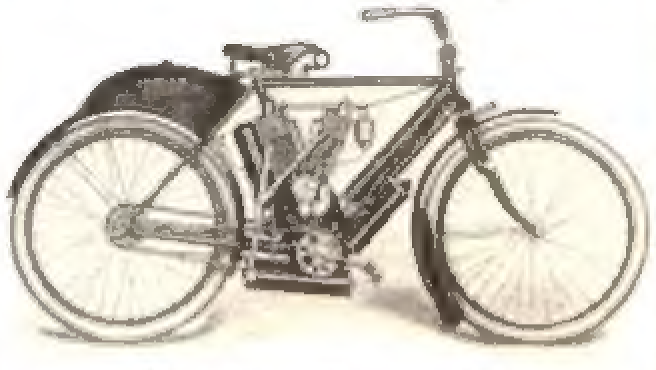

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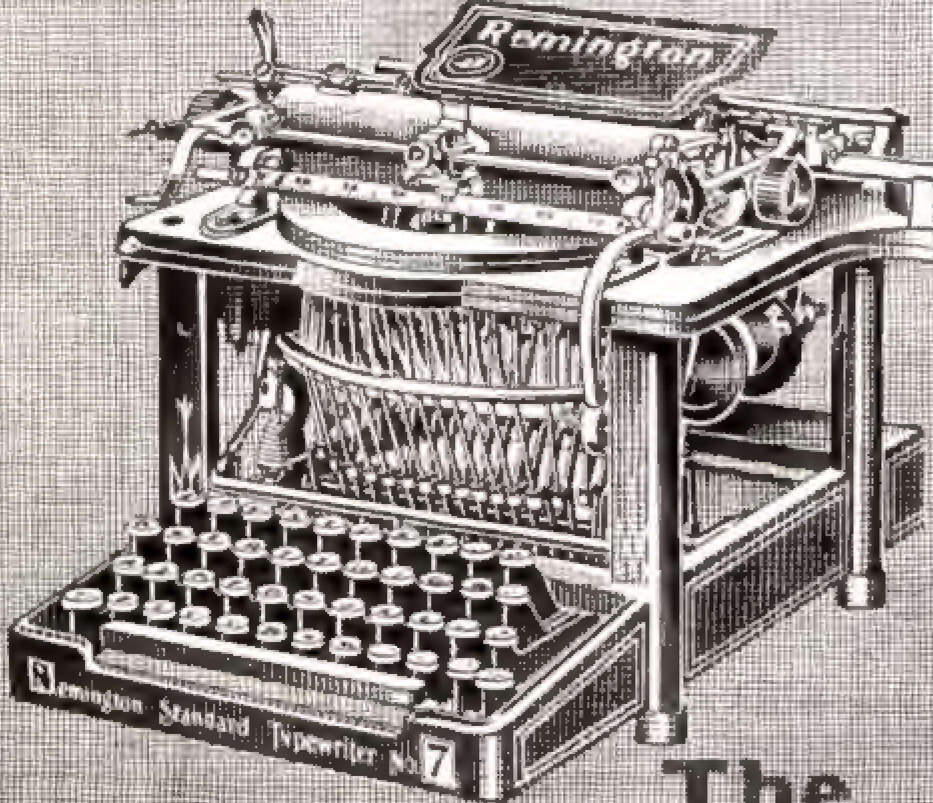

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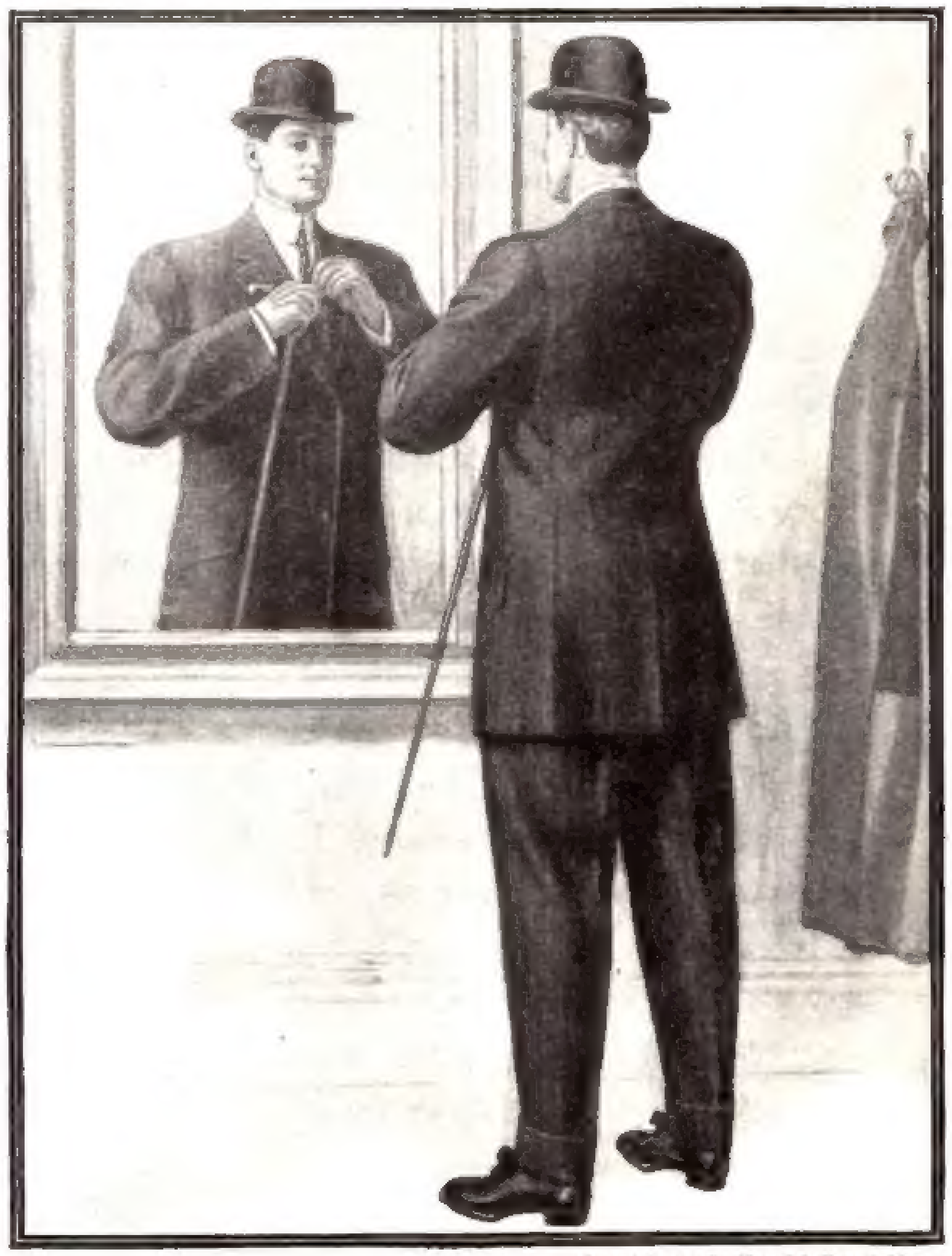

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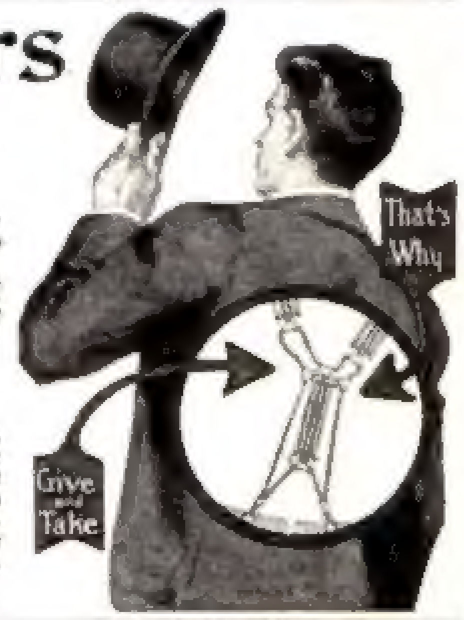

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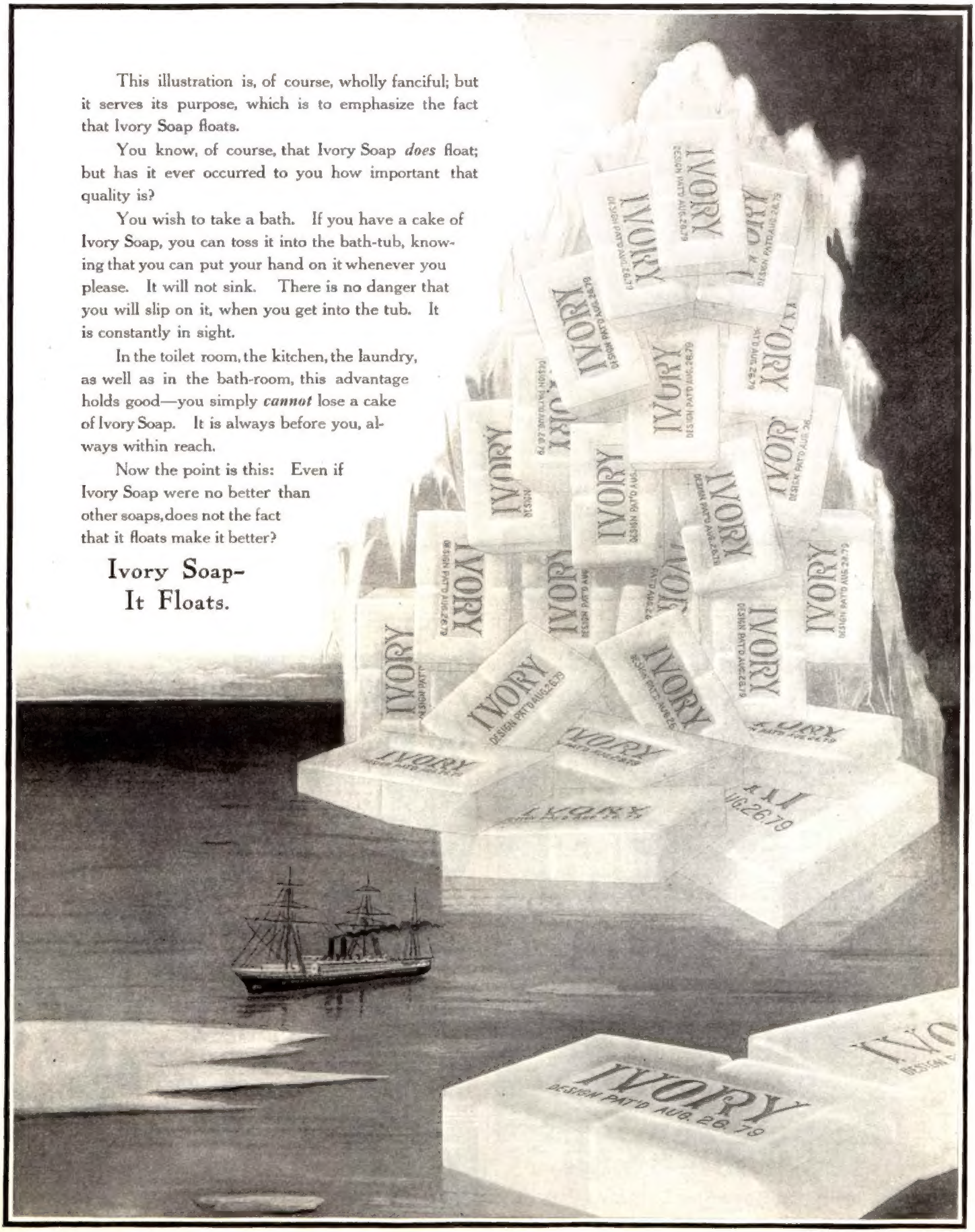
Now the point is this: Even if Ivory Soap were no better than other soaps, does not the fact that it floats make it better?

Ivory Soap–
It Floats.



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CALIFORNIA JOHN

The Man Who Put the Sheep Off

By Stewart Edward White

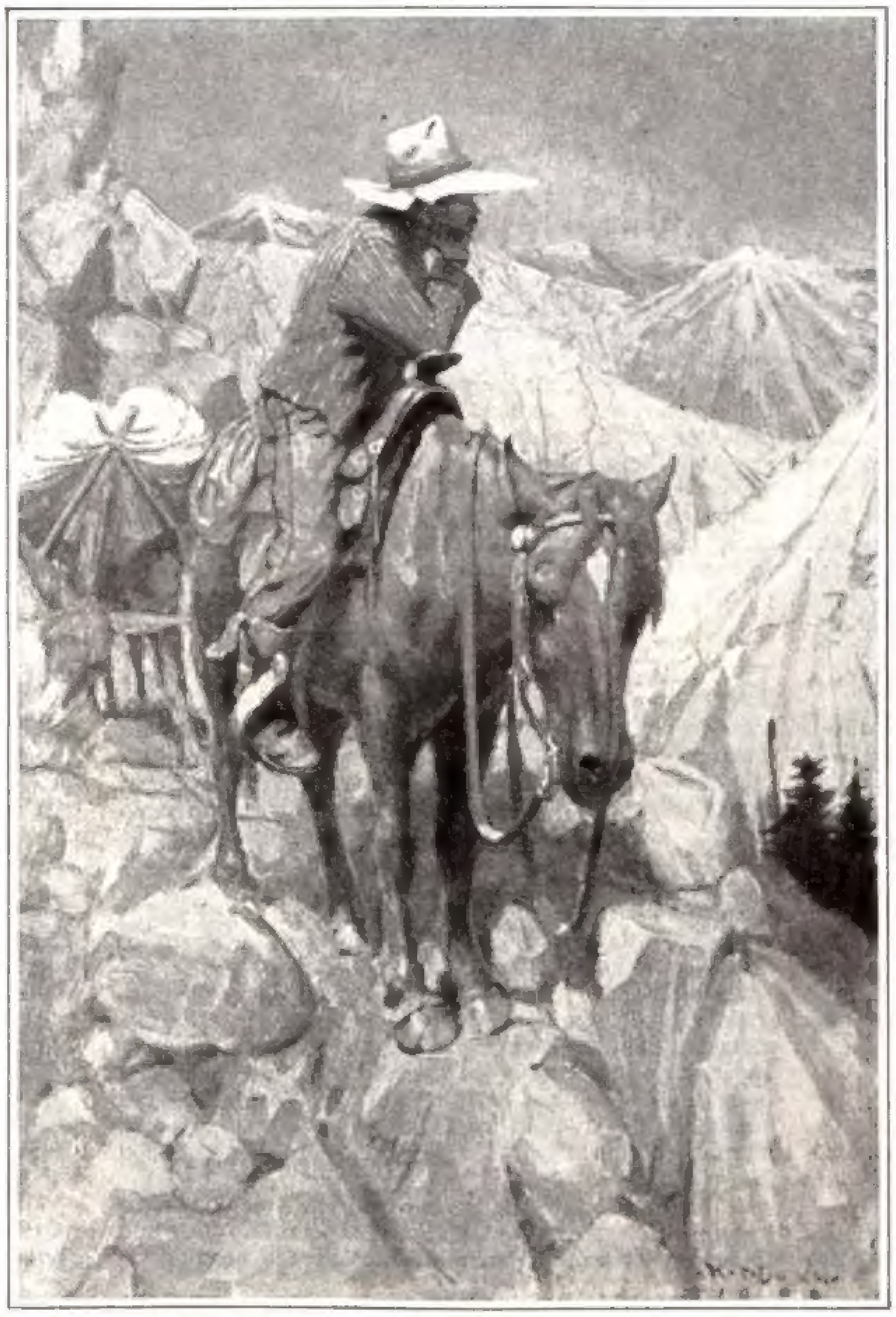
ILLUSTRATED BY H. T. DUNN

I

HE WAS a long, dried-up, lean man, with a face the color of mahogany, and eyes the hue of water on a breezy day. The leanness of him was clad in a faded and soiled nondescript costume of old floppy hat, blue jumpers and overalls; the face of him was decorated by a little bleached flaxen mustache; the steady eyes of him were rendered infinitely humorous and infinitely sad by the multitude of crow's-feet running from their corners, by the quaint twinkle in their blue depths, and by the unwavering, still shadows, like a cloud over the sun on a windless day. At the moment he sat a tired horse and looked abroad over the Sierras from the summit of the Shuteye Trail. His pack-mule, to the accompanying tinkle of its bell, moved here and there, cropping at the sparse herbage of the tiny plateau. The man was a forest ranger, and he had been told by his superior to go forth and eject the sheep.

Such a command nowadays is a simple matter to obey. The ranger, crisp with the authority of the United States, rides forth; trails down the trespassers; rounds them up, man and beast, without ceremony; bundles them over the line; perhaps arrests the chief herder or the owner. Then he reports to his supervisor, papers are filed, witness is borne, and the affair closed so far as he is concerned.

But old California John, chin in hand and elbow on pommel, looked out on the old days when things were ordered otherwise. Immediately above him was a fat man, his supervisor, Henry Plant. Plant had to mount from a horse-block, which was so difficult a task that he habitually carried a tin cup slung to a light cord with which to hoist to himself drinks of water from the streams through which he rode. This was but rarely, for Plant much preferred a seat on the veranda of his summer headquarters ten miles above the Flats, where to his heart's content he whittled and bellowed and carried on whispered conversations with men desiring especial privileges. Supervision was very long-sighted with him; but he was a retainer of Senator Barrow. And above him was the ex-Reverend Smith, who followed the wind like a tin horse over a stable; and beyond that the mists wherein dwelt the mysterious mighty figures of the men in Washington, until there emerged clearly the head of it all, Binger Herrman; and he only because his name footed the fire warnings which it was part of California John's business to tack up on trees.


Looked Placidly Abroad on the Domain He was Helping in His Simple Way to Rule

Now regulations ran clearly that sheep were not to be permitted to graze in the Forest Reserves; and it was a matter of common scandal wherever men could read the signs of the trail that sheep did so graze. Finally the scandal could no longer be ignored. From out the official mists blew a peremptory order that stiffened the ex-Reverend Smith. Supervisor Plant boomed mightily from the shade of his porch, calling upon his men. The men answered not to his call, principally because they had either departed to the four winds in a groping, unaided attempt to do something in line with their duty—which was pathetic; or were seated around tables in small back rooms at the Flats—which was reprehensible. Only old California John was at hand, brushing out the trail down toward Grub Gulch. For various reasons Supervisor Plant regretted the necessity of sending California John. One of them was that California John was an old-time mountaineer, and a simple soul. He would quite likely find those sheep, and then what would become of the whispered consultations in the shade of the veranda?

Thus it happened that while his horse rested after the climb up from Whisky Ridge, California John looked placidly abroad on the domain he was helping in his simple way to rule. You see a good deal of country from the top of Shuteye. At your back are three ridges covered with big conifers, looking from above velvety and dark and ruffled, full of shadows, like the erect fur of a beast that has been alarmed. And that is thirty miles. Before you is the tremendous, deep cañon of the Chiquito. It climbs up to your level eventually, but by that time it is ten miles more. And over against you are more pine ridges from which project granite domes, and beyond them bald ranges, and beyond them splintered granite with snow in the crevices, and beyond them the dark and frowning Minarets, and, still beyond, other mountains, so distant, so ethereal, so delicately pink and rose and saffron, that almost you expect they may at any moment dissolve into the vivid sky of the high altitudes. Besides which, to north, you can leap at a glance beyond the numerous intervening peaks to the glacier-clad slopes of Lyell, or south across the abyss of the Joaquin to the Keiser Ridges, and Goddard, and Table Mountain. All of which is about thirty-five hundred flat, square miles, and Heaven knows how many in actual surface when you consider that we are dealing with twelve and fourteen thousand foot elevations.

But California John was not at the moment thinking of the dozens of peaks, the hundreds of cañons, the thousands of valleys or the tens and hundreds of thousands of pockets and meadows in which a band of sheep might hide a season through, unsuspected and almost undiscoverable. He was simply enjoying the view—which is the difference between the mountaineer and the rural inhabitant of the lowlands. The magnificent stillness of the upper air, the serenity of the great peaks, the wide spaciousness of the prospect that accorded to each all the room it needed and more, the plunge of the abysses full of violet air, the clear, deep blue of the sky—all these old California John looked upon with satisfaction, and discoursed about aloud to his horse as was the habit of his solitude. Finally he gathered his reins.

"Well, Star," he concluded his remarks, "reckon we better slide down off'n this mountain if we want any of them fish out of Chiquito."

He rode over the edge of the plateau. Star began to pick a cautious way down the steep trail. Jack, the pack-mule, followed like a dog, swaying gently from side to side in order to ease his burden.

II

AT THE end of the sixth day the ranger came across his first band of sheep.

In the mean time he had ridden every day, up at dawn, under way by sunrise, in camp again well before sundown. The interim gave time for much climbing up and down. Many ranges he rode through the great cathedral pines where the ridge-feed hugged the ground; among the crags and domes where grew, sparse but nourishing, the strong bunch-grass; in and out of the granite splinters of destruction where, lost in the upheaval, lay innumerable and isolated meadows of "short-hair" forgotten by all living creatures but the eagles above them—and the sheepmen. And always he knew that to right and left of the thin line he traveled were hundreds of miles of exactly similar country in any ten acres of which might lurk the flocks.

It was in the "short-hair" that he found them. A single footprint led him to them. At first, as he caught sight of it, he thought it the track of a mountain lion. Then he rode back and across the sheet of granite to the single soft spot in which it had been impressed. A glance undeceived him. The marks of the claws were plainly to be distinguished. Members of the cat tribe ordinarily carry their claws sheathed.

"Too big for a coyote," said California John to his horse. "Reckon that dog got off huntin' on his own account."

Led by this clew California John cast clear of the granite again and again until, in the high peaks where horses could not go, he came across the signs of the flock. Leaving Star and Jack in a short-hair meadow, he clambered ahead on foot.

The flock proved to be in charge of Basques. California John came to them on the side hill, leaning on their staffs and watching stolidly the grazing, bleating sheep. The dogs, beautiful and alert, sat with ears cocked for a command. All day long the short, dark, hairy little men would stand thus, from early dawn until dark, doing nothing, reading not at all, watching. At rare intervals they would be called upon to direct the flock's progress forward to better feed. At rare intervals they must exercise their really wonderful mountaineering ability in leading the sheep onward through the terrific passes and snow-slopes of the high Sierras. They were not fools nor dumb brutes —not they; but they seemed to have the power of ridding themselves at will, for as long as they pleased, of all their human faculties and desires. They ceased to think; they ceased to feel. The hours, the days, the months passed over them unheeded, as they passed over the short-hair meadows, the peaks and the sheep.

California John strode down to the nearest of these herders—a thick-set man with brown beard sweeping a sun-reddened, hairy chest, and the pellucid baby-blue eyes of the confirmed sheepman.

"Where's the boss?" asked California John.

The vacancy of the man's eyes widened. He shook his head and grunted.

"Where's the boss?" tried California John again, this time in Spanish.

Same answer.

With a snort of disgust the ranger turned away toward the round, short-hair meadow lying a hundred feet below. Immediately his back was turned the herder's blank expression faded. Like a cat he sprang to the top of a boulder. Thence he waved his hat thrice in a forward-slanting ellipse. The other herder repeated the signal. California John, descending the mountain, looked back. He saw only the shepherd, perched on a boulder, watching his flock with dull-eyed stupidity. There was no difficulty in finding the camp. It sprawled near the deepest pool of the streamlet—a dozen sheepskins and three or four ragged blankets, the fry-pan, coffee-pot and tin cups, the two monster tin pans for baking, and the kyacks belonging to the burros grazing with the sheep. California John peered into the kyacks at the huge, round—and dirty—loaf of bread.

"All Bascos," he commented at this evidence of a straight meat-and-bread diet.

He sat down to wait, for his investigations had proven to him that the camp accommodated three men. Not until nearly dusk did the boss herder saunter in from his hiding in the brush.

"Whose sheep are these?" asked California John, without preliminary.

"Mine," lied the boss herder.

"I am the ranger," said California John. "You're over the line."

The boss herder began to deny this, but California John cut him short.

"Yes, you are—and you know it. The line runs back of those peaks, and you got to get out."

"Where you live?" asked the sheepman sulkily.

"Sycamore Flat," replied California John.

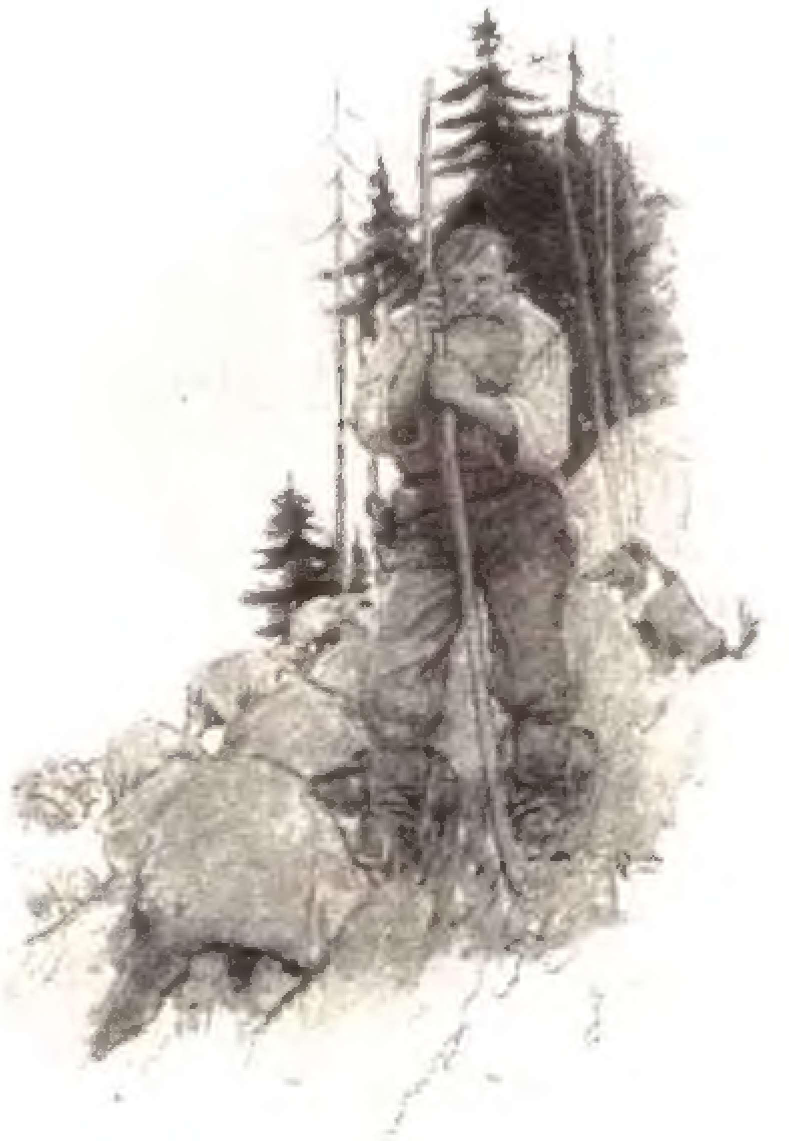
"Heap long ways off," grumbled the sheepman.

"I'm a-goin' to put you off on the east side," said the ranger. "I ain't expectin' to trail you 'way across these mountains."

"Sycamore Flat heap long ways off," grumbled the Basque, "and it pret' near August now." He growled to himself in cogitation. "All right," he said at last; "I do eet. I get Little Pete leave heem by your place for me. Dat all right."

"What's all right?" queried California John. "No savvy."

It took the Basque some time to bear it in on the mountaineer that he had intended offering what he considered a usual bribe in live mutton. It took California John somewhat longer to convince the sheepman that he really intended a *bona-fide* ejection, and was not standing out for a higher price. Then the Basque's mountain-and-sheep-bred calm went to pieces. He shrieked and gesticulated and prophesied many dire things.


Doing Nothing, Reading Not at All, Watching

"I geeve the soldier three sheep—*three!*" he vociferated, holding up three fingers. "I stay all summer."

But, in spite of all the row, next day California John made a start with the bleating sheep, the quick, intelligent dogs, the stolid herdsmen, the quaint and laden burros, and the alternately sulky and explosive boss herdsman. They were all Basques. Although they would suffer many hardships and take all chances to get feed for their beloved sheep, they never dreamed of overt resistance to authority. In two days the flock had topped the main crest and was pouring down toward the sage-brush of Inyo County.

III

HE DID not have such good luck with the next camp. This he trailed by the feet of the flock straight to its meadow behind the Isberg Pass. Little attempt had been made at concealment; only the sheep had been held far in the back country out of the way of travel. By these signs California John knew he had to deal with American herders, and that when evening fell the flock would be brought into the rough brush corral. Few will stay out with the sheep as do the Basques.

Sure enough, at sundown the dust of their coming puffed against the darkening granite, strangely little, strangely insignificant in contrast to the grandeurs of the spaced crags and peaks. The sharp yelping of the eager dogs sounded small across the silence of the upper air. In a few moments the flock came into view, the leaders alternately appearing and vanishing in the clouds of dust, the main body of the sheep lost to sight entirely. They clambered out of the dry bottom to the greenness of the meadow. Abruptly the mist fell. The smooth, round bodies glided into visibility.

At the entrance to the brush corral the four dogs went frantic with eagerness to accomplish their task. Here and there they dashed, nipping reluctant laggards, heading the too enterprising, moulding the plastic, erratic flock-mind to the idea of the corral and rest. By way of unconscious but ironic contrast were the human herders slouching in the rear. Two of them were well below the level of the brutes that obeyed them—clods, slow of thought, vacant of eye, without ambition, without pride, without other desire than to eat, to sleep, and to indulge their vices whenever they could reach a settlement. The third, however, was evidently the moving spirit of the expedition. He was short and squat, and inconceivably dirty. A week's stubble covered his chin, and he had a badly-broken nose. California John, from the vantage-point of his saddle, surveyed the trio with disgust. No expression of this emotion appeared, however, unless a particularly careful expectoration might be so considered.

The broken-nosed man pushed forward to the entrance of the corral against which the sheep were huddled. He drew out the bar. Immediately the animals poured through. Occasionally, when the count came too fast for him, the broken-nosed man would thrust his staff across the opening, momentarily stemming the tide. The two herders, standing guard at the flanks, watched with lack-lustre eyes. When the last sheep had hurried into the opening, all three, followed by the triumphant and panting dogs, turned toward the scattered camp under the junipers.

The herders, with a perfunctory nod to California John, began to build a fire. The broken-nosed man was more cordial.

"Light and eat," he proffered briefly.

"Whose sheep are these?" old California John asked his usual question.

"Mine." The sheepman returned the usual lie.

"Don't you know you're feeding over the line?"

"Whose line?" asked the broken-nosed man.

"The Forest Reserve line."

"Oh, that!" replied the broken-nosed man. "I thought you meant the Park."

"No, the Reserve line," repeated California John.

"What's it to you?" queried the sheepman, for the first time abandoning his careless tone of good humor.

"I'm a ranger," replied California John, fumbling for his old suspender, beneath which he wore his badge.

The broken-nosed man laughed.

"Well, I never even see the tail-feathers of one up in this country before. How'd you happen to blow in here?"

"Lookin' for sheep," replied California John mildly.

"Well, you found them," retorted the sheepman.

"I reckon you'll have to get off," said California John.

The broken-nosed man's hand dropped carelessly to the butt of a worn and shiny six-shooter.

"That so?" said he.

The other two, who had apparently been occupied with the fire to the complete exclusion of everything else, now drew near, their sullen faces slowly lighting with animosity.

"Yes," said California John. "The sheep'll have to be put off."

The sheepman looked California John up and down, a sneer on his ugly face. His baleful little eyes rested on the old man's nondescript clothes, his gaunt frame, his mild countenance; then fell with admiration to Star with his silver-mounted bit and bridle and his carved-leather saddle. A thought was born back of those little eyes.

"Who's going to put them off?" he asked truculently. California John straightened unconsciously in his saddle.

"Uncle Sam is going to put them off," he replied simply.

At this unexpected and diplomatic reply the broken-nosed man was for a moment nonplused. He had, of course, anticipated a direct "I am," which would lead without transition to the personal issue.

"Uncle Sam can't," said he after an instant.

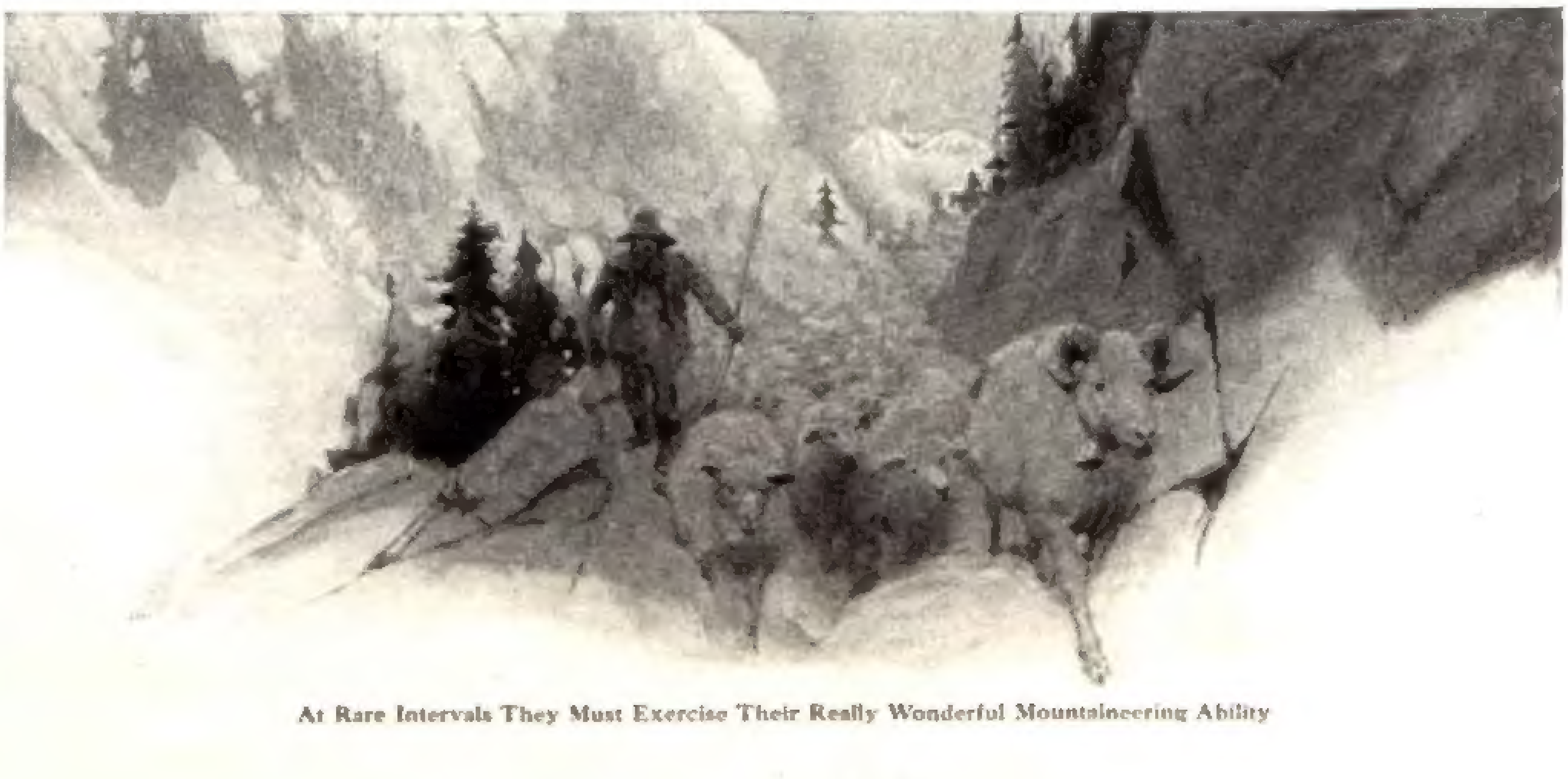
California John relaxed in his saddle and the humorous wrinkles deepened about his eyes. He leaned one elbow on the pommel and leveled a forefinger at the broken-nosed man.

"My friend," he drawled, "don't you make no mistakes. Back in '63 me and seven million others south of the Mason and Dixon Line thought Uncle Sam couldn't, *but he did!*"

Into the sheepman's face crept a faint uncertainty. He had been out of touch with civilization these four months past, and had no means of telling what new policy might have sprung up. His hand slid from the butt of the six-shooter.

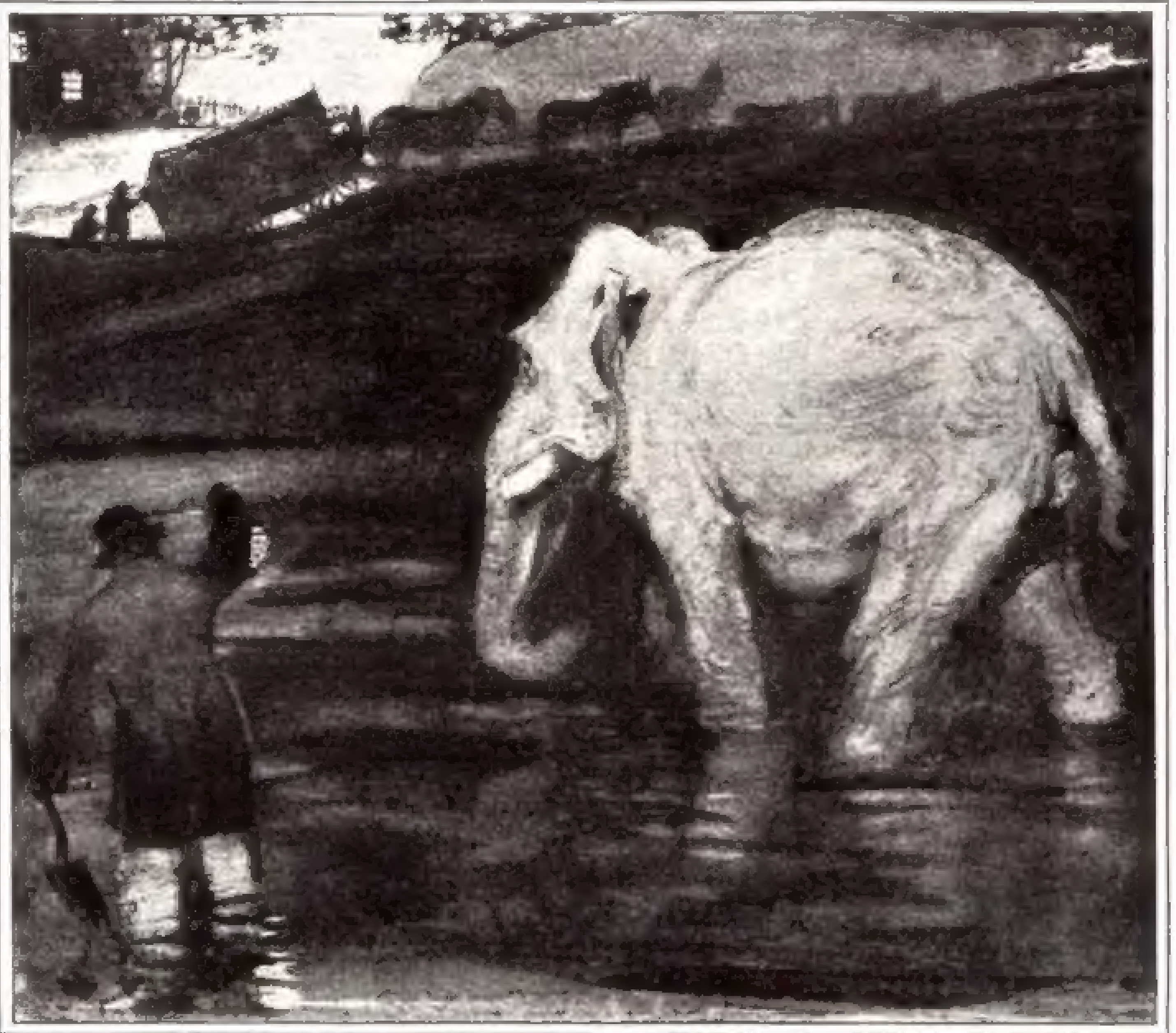
"That's right," said California John.

(Continued on Page 30)


At Rare Intervals They Must Exercise Their Really Wonderful Mountaineering Ability

BAD ANIMALS—By A. E. McFarlane

How the Two-Legged Animal Tames the One with Four



IN 1858 there arrived in England a small, sinewy, clear-browed Ohioan named Rarey; and he let it be known that he was in England for the purpose of meeting and breaking bad horses.

Now, as Melville, or Herzog, or Wulff, or any of the big present-day horse-tamers will tell you, a horse can be the wickedest animal on earth, and the English thoroughbred is the wickedest of his family. The Arab and Cossack racers live with their masters like house-dogs; and the bronco, for all his fitfulness, still keeps a substratum of the "kindness" of his Andalusian progenitors. But the English thoroughbred is a bad horse; and in 1858 there was in the stables of Lord Dorchester the worst English thoroughbred of which equine history has left us any chronicle. This was the terrible black stallion, Cruiser.

He was an animal that had been bred for the Derby, and he had the blood for it. But he was of a spirit that had never been mastered even when he was a colt. The succession of stand-up fights—the man using a bludgeon and the horse its teeth and hoofs—in which bad horses were then wont to be either tamed or killed in England, had resulted in his case in the killing of two grooms and the maiming of several others. When sent back at last to a solitary, dark-windowed stall, he would "lean up against the side of it and kick and scream for ten minutes at a time." "He met the approach of any one with blazing eyes and fearful yells of fury." In an attempt to get at a man he showed the power of his jaws by snapping off a heavy bar of iron. He was heavily hobbled, muzzled with a sort of iron mask, and his food and water were introduced to him by stealth. But his name was still one to frighten children with. For years he had all the notoriety of some ferocious madman criminal; he was known, indeed, as "the demon horse." And the British sporting papers announced with one grim chuckle that, if Rarey's reputation was not founded on Yankee buncombe, in Cruiser he had his opportunity. Rarey saw Lord Dorchester, obtained his consent, and went to work immediately.

It was a "breaking" unlike any that had ever been seen before. The story of it has been passed down among tamers from father to son. But at the time, for reasons to be explained later, it was kept absolutely secret; and, to the writer's knowledge, no account has until now appeared in print.

Rarey began by keeping Cruiser in mask and halter, tying him to a pole behind a dogcart and giving him a fagging, forty-mile run. Then, without taking any rest himself, he put the beast back into his stall, cut the mask away with pruning shears and had the windows lightened.

The Education of Lord Dorchester's Cruiser

IT WAS a big box-stall, divided into two parts by a four-foot barrier and, a foot above it, a heavy iron guard-rail. Rarey caught the animal's eyes, walked slowly up to the barrier, and laid his arm inside of the metal. Cruiser rushed at him foamy-mouthed, and, whipping his arm away in a flicker, yet still standing like a statue, the Ohioan left him champing upon the iron. This was repeated again and again, till the beast's fury, if not really diminishing, began to be mixed with awe. There must be something in this two-legged creature not like other humans. . . . And after a time he came to a stand, staring his wonder.

He was ready for the next part of the lesson. Rarey prepared to go inside. "Whatever happens now, my lord," he warned Cruiser's owner—the only onlooker he would permit—"don't you speak or interfere, at least not till you see me down under his feet and him worrying me." Then, in place of the customary bludgeon, he picked up an apple and walked in. At the same time he began a sort of casual conversation, as if with an old acquaintance. He must get into touch with the animal, yet do it without alarming him. He spent fifteen minutes crossing the stall. And he was always careful, too, to direct his movements neither toward the head nor toward the tail, lest the big horse should start forward or shy back. And, at the end, stopping just at his shoulder, he gave him the apple and then patted him on the forehead. Rarey used to say afterward that the forehead is the helm or handle of a bad horse. And the same curious thing, circus people say, is true of other bad animals.

Then he began his "gentling" process. From the forehead, in a series of smoothing caresses, he worked his hand first down to the nose and then, always with the lay of the hair, along the neck and withers to the back and shoulders and down the legs. Never ceasing to talk—the process was one that took almost an hour—he passed from the hoofs to what he said was always the test of his "gentling": he lifted and handled the tail.

"Now," said Rarey, "he doesn't understand me exactly, but he sort of likes me in his own way. And the next thing is to show him *that I'm stronger than he is.*"

By the exercise of tact he slipped a halter on him again. By a little more he got a broad, strong surcingle about his middle. Next, to the unresisting Cruiser's further puzzlement, he raised his nigh forefoot, and, with a small, noose-ended strap, buckled it above the knee. The big horse was now on three legs. And already Rarey had another strap looped about that strong off fetlock. The strap was carried up, under the surcingle, and out on the other side. And the moment Cruiser shifted his weight Rarey drew his strap taut and the animal was on his knees.

An hour followed of the fiercest fighting. Cruiser reared and reared, and flung himself from side to side. He was not friendly now. But Rarey clung like a leech to his strap and surcingle, and thus kept out of reach of teeth and hoofs together. Indeed, when Cruiser stopped rearing he stirred him to try it again, and only when he was on his knees for good did his tamer take the next step. Pushing gently but steadily Rarey toppled him over.

Fearless Gentleness Makes Good

AGAIN there was a renewal of desperate resistance. But by then, too, awe was again filling the brain of that "bad horse." Rarey encouraged him to struggle till his exhaustion was pitifully complete, and for the first time in his life Cruiser saw himself entirely in the power of one of the man tribe. It was the moment when the old-time tamer would have gone to work with a club or crop-stick to "break his spirit." But Rarey had learned somehow that it is almost as great a folly to break the spirit of an animal as to break the spirit of a man. He had no such intention. He merely wanted to show Cruiser that man is the master, and that he can at any time give a full and convincing proof of it. . . . Now, sitting down beside the horse, he began to talk and smile and "gentle" him again.

"For now," he explained finally, "I've got to tell him that this has only been a little joke between friends; and, of course, while I *am* stronger than he is, I think he's really about the nicest, dandiest horse I've ever met." And Lord Dorchester was the first to see, in Cruiser's eyes, that look of "admiration," later to be marked in the eyes of practically every horse that Rarey tamed. Before the end of the year the "demon horse" had been fondled by Queen Victoria "and all the royal family." The Ohioan was imparting his method to some eleven hundred gentlemen riders at £20 apiece—which may go to show that his first secrecy was not without its reason. But he had done much more than make his fortune. He had inaugurated a system of animal training which was to make as great a difference in the education of four-footed creatures as Froebel's ideas were making in the education of little children.

If you wish to see how universal has become the spread of the "Rarey way," even among tamers who have never heard of Rarey, you can do it best by spending a few spring days in Bridgeport or Columbus, at the training quarters of a great modern circus.

Of bad horses we have said enough, though Frank Melville has modified the Rarey idea by inventing a way to use his "longeing line" so that it may cut off the blood from the animal's head: this is quicker than throwing, and has the doubly awing effect of the occult. But let us get to the elephants.

Badness in elephants is of two sorts: temporary insanity, or *must*, in which case the beast has generally to be destroyed, for lack of an elephant sanitarium; and badness resulting from evil handling. From the two great Indian elephant-capturing establishments, at Dacca in Bengal, and Morlay in Mysore, every year several score of new beasts are put upon the market.' They are, supposititiously, broken by the natives, which means that they have most frequently been the victims of abominable cruelty; some of them come to Hamburg and New York with holes in their heads two inches deep made by the mahout's guiding hook. And, very naturally, they have come to look upon the human race as a race of malignant spirits. They fear the hook, but hate the man. A few years ago a mahout-governed animal was standing with its "master" on the stage of a Palermo theatre, waiting to "show" when the curtain went up, and for a moment the mahout so far forgot himself as to put down his hook. The elephant saw it, careened about, caught the man and flung him clean through the curtain and out into the orchestra! Some of these animals kill one mahout after another; but their fellows accept their fate as the will of Allah, and go ahead with the hook to make themselves their successors.

The Kindergarten for Elephants

IT IS evident, too, that the Hindu has other and private methods of torture. Thus many elephants come to the big circuses and menageries "trunk shy"—or "trunk proud"—"foot shy," "tail shy," etc. An elephant that is "trunk shy" will lift his trunk high up, curl it into his mouth, turn round and round to keep you from approaching, and cry out when you try to touch it. These are hardly natural characteristics, and you may draw your own inference. On the other hand, if the beast has not been tortured he has almost certainly been neglected. His nails—they are not solid like a horse's hoof—have been left unpared till they have curled back upward or "scissored" together and cut deep into the foot. Altogether, if he is to be of any value to a white man, his education must begin all over again.

In many cases kindness alone, as represented first by carrots—the great elephant delicacy—and then by "gentlings" and the dressing of sores, will prove enough to take all the "badness" out of him. But in those instances where the great brute must be shown that man "is stronger than he is," in the place of a buckled strap and surcingle a powerful derrick and tackle is brought into play. His hindlegs are made fast, he is stood upon his head, bumped down upon his nose, turned over, and, like Cruiser, manœuvred until understanding and respect have come with complete exhaustion. Then there is another season of carrots and "gentlings." Elephants and keepers make it up. And in all probability the lesson will never have to be repeated.

As Henry Mooney, master of the Barnum and Bailey herd, expressed it to me, "An elephant doesn't understand anatomy." To him the man has somehow developed the derrick even as a big bird might open its wings; and as the elephant sees it, the man may at any moment do it again. When, resultant upon such a lesson, one of the big beasts goes back on his haunches as soon as a nine-stone trainer shoves him in that direction, this is because he has a firm belief that if he doesn't go back himself, that trainer will pick up his front legs and make him! When elephants stampede, it is fear, not badness, working in them. After the Summerville stampede, last year, the herd in question was *six weeks* getting back its courage. The one elephant reputed to be bad stood his ground to the last, eating peanuts as unshakably as Casabianca in the parody.

The Cage No Place for a Clouded Brain

AGAIN, when a keeper is killed in what the public is led to believe is a sudden outbreak of elephant viciousness, there is frequently an explanation known to all showmen which does not get into the newspapers. In circus slang, the keeper has been "wearing his arm out"—that is, drinking. He goes in to his animals, they recognize him by sight, but in every other way he appears to be some one else! They are frightened in a minute, and it ends with their getting beside themselves. Two years ago a famous German trainer was killed in Breslau. He had been giving a champagne supper to some friends, and after it was over he insisted on taking them out and showing them "how his elephants loved him." It was no time till he had them in a veritable panic, starting, trembling and plunging to get away. And when at last he made one of them take him up on its trunk, like a man battened upon by the superhuman, it turned and threshed the life out of him from pure terror. In those rare cases where an elephant kills a drunken keeper craftily and with no appearance of fear, the other keepers will still assert that the animal knew at least that in some way the man had ceased to be its master.

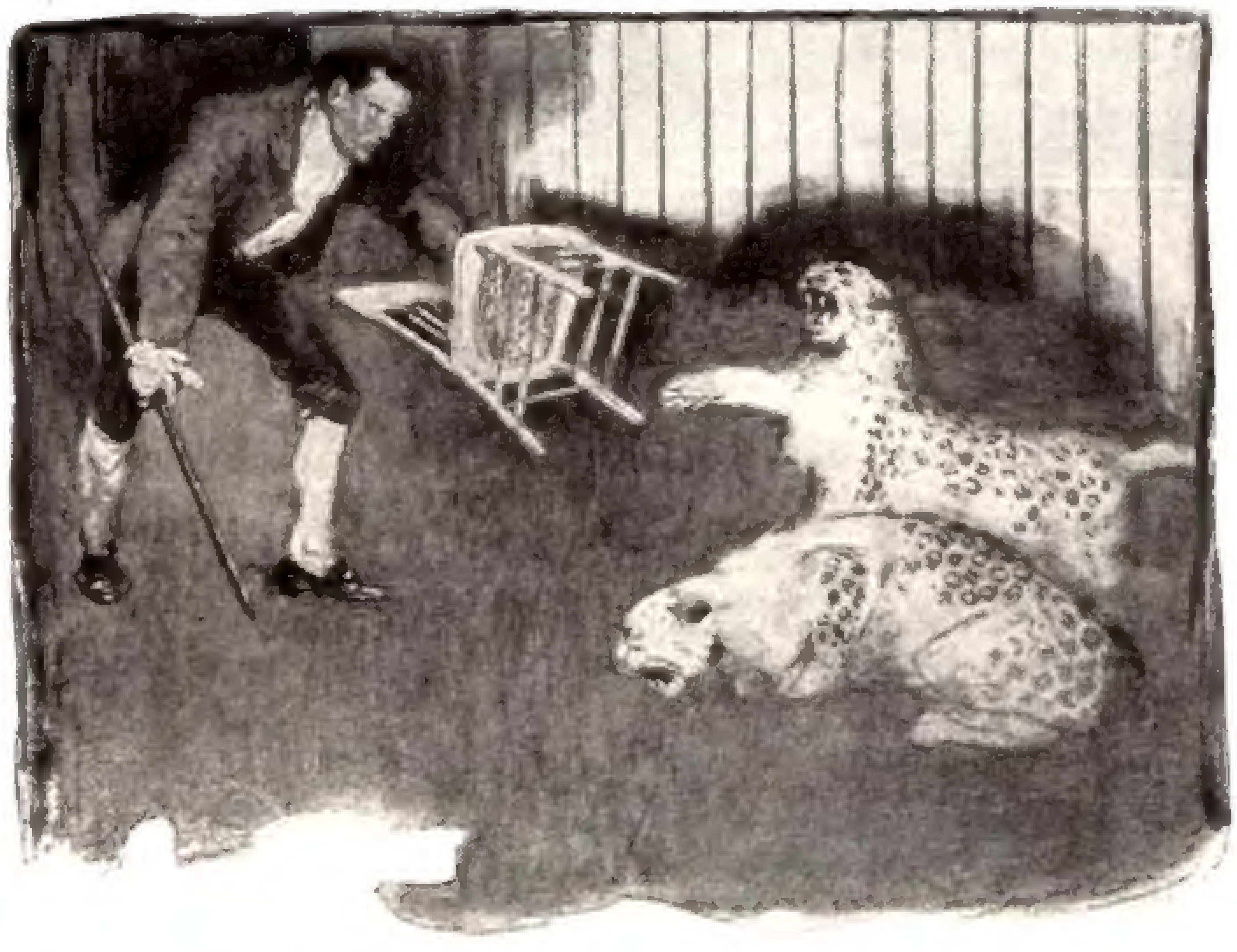
With the big cats the phenomena of "breaking" are markedly different. In one way, there is no such thing as "breaking" at all. No tamer outside of the ten-cent thriller ever attempted to do anything with an African lion or a Bengal tiger captured when full grown. It is enough to have gentled the big cats as cubs, to have picked out the most spirited—in other words, the most dangerous—to work with, and to be able to deal with them in their reversions to native "badness" when they have grown up. And this latter is less a matter of making such animals believe that a man's *strength* is superior to theirs—though an occasional roping and claw-clipping from outside the bars has its own effect—than of "cramming it down their gizzards right away that the man is miles ahead of them in fighting nerve!"

The idea is something like this: Put two male baboons into the same cage, and they will open their mouths, show all their teeth, and "blow" at each other. But one of them, even though he may possess the uglier dentition, will blow with a difference, with an inward shakiness that marks him for the under dog at once. No test of battle is needed at all. It is the same with the big cats. Put two, or four, or a dozen lions in together, and they also, probably without a single contest, will soon discover which one of them possesses the mettle of the master. Thereafter he takes his choice of the meat; if he chooses, the rest shall not even begin to eat until he has finished; he goes first to the fresh pan of water. In short, he is "king of the cage."

Now, then, when a tamer goes into a den with a big cat that has taken a notion to "act funny," his attitude is almost exactly what that of the "king beast" above mentioned would be toward a subject rash and ill-advised enough to challenge his kingship. The tamer's wrath is most largely made up of wonder and astonishment. He "lights upon" that big cat as a Bowery champion might descend upon a would-be rival on a Coney Island boat, blowing his scorn and cigar-smoke upon him together. "And what are *you* lookin' for?" witheringly inquires that wild-beast man; "What's *your* particular bug?"—he whinnies the air invitingly with his little blacksnake; "Who do you think *you*'re gettin' to be?" He backs the animal from corner to corner, flicking him with contumely across his ragged jaws. And that "cat" has it borne in upon him once more that here is a nerve before which his own can never venture to come to the leap. He has been outdared; and so long as that trainer remains himself, his insurance will always be well worth underwriting. Of course, if the beast is suffering from a bad attack of indigestion or a broken tooth—conditions which, however, the trainer, in his less public capacity of keeper, should know about—the pain may work him up to a frenzy; he is ready to fling himself upon any one or anything. But that situation should never arise.

When there are a number of "cats" in the exhibition, the trainer has much less cause for apprehension than when there is only one. In fact, to the man in the skin-tight breeches and frogged uniform-jacket, there *is* only one, that "king beast." And the "king" is at all times giving half his attention to the maintenance of his sovereignty. In the old John Bryan show, one of the first to make a specialty of exhibiting a cageful of lions "working" together, the "king" did, in the lashing excitement of an "untamable act," whirl about and strike down the tamer. But the man's danger ended there. For, the next instant, the "king" had whirled about again and was fiercely standing off the others. "What do you think *you*'re coming in on?" he seemed to say. As it was put by the ancient wild-animal man who told the story, "he just wanted him for himself." And the delay gave the attendants time to seize the big forks which are under every den and get the trainer out. When he had had the number of his floating ribs reduced he left the hospital for the cage, and, weak as he was, resumed command. There is a great deal more than brute strength in it.

Peter Conklin, now head of the Barnum and Bailey menagerie, in his adventurous youth carried taming to a length that was calculated to give an audience dreams for the ensuing year. He used to take a tough bit of shank beef, run a strap through it, catch the strap between his teeth, and, flinging himself on the floor of the cage, let his boss lion seize the meat end. Then they would fight for it! Try to take a mouse away from a cat and then multiply that by a million. You will thereby get some idea of the five minutes which would follow. Conklin was also one of the strong cards in the good old-time one-ring business of putting the head into the lion's mouth. But, as he was more than usually broad in the cheekbones, it was always his complaint that he could never get his head in "without hurting himself on the tushes!"



The Woman that Spanked a Lion with a Broom

BUT then, again, you never can tell just what a bad lion will do in a contingency. In a circus-train smash at night, near Defiance, Ohio, a good part of the menagerie escaped. Next morning this came to the knowledge of the townspeople. And the soul of one big-hearted woman, Mrs. Gallegher by name, filled at once with a single, torturing thought. In her shed, open at the back, she kept a young Jersey heifer, the pride and hope of her existence. What if anything had happened to *her!* The lady grasped her broom and instantly fled down to see. Alas, the heifer was already all but eaten, and a lion that had been a terror to old showmen was standing growling over the "remainders." "Oh-h!" cried the outraged Mrs. Gallegher. "*Oh-h!*—you—great—big—brute—you!" And she gave him the flat of the broom first on one side of his head and then on the other. The smash-up had not worried that lion at all; but when the circus people found him, some hours after his encounter with Mrs. Gallegher, they said he looked as if he'd been running ever since! Mrs. G. should have been a lion queen on high salary!

A few seasons ago Jack Phillips, an English showman and tamer, was playing in Johannesburg when, just before the performance, his tiger—he was a big Royal Bengal—showed that *he* was going to "act funny." He hung out all the signals in spite of himself—a slowly-twisting tail, flattening ears, and eyes that watched his keepers steadily while they pretended to look at something else. Phillips was "sore" in a minute. But he was "sore" without the remotest idea of altering his program. Seizing his exhibition chair, and carrying it ahead of him as usual, he shoved the cage door open and started in. With one catapulting spring that Bengal had crushed the chair into a rattle of broken basket-work! The concussion, indeed, knocked Phillips out of the cage backward; and the door, being on a spring, snapped to behind him.

Fighting a Tiger with Bare Fists

NOW he was sore in earnest! He rose with a fine line of English profanity, picked up another chair, and this time holding it *behind* him, fairly charged up the steps and into the cage. . . . By the luck of the fraternity the chair caught in the iron upright of the door-frame, jerked him back and out again, while, a second time, the full weight of the big cat slammed the door crashing to. . . . To such onlookers as were not acquainted with Mr. Jack Phillips, it was for him to send up a gasping Te Deum and postpone any more such exits and entrances *sine die*—which, as the little boy translated it, was, "till he died." But, as a tamer, Phillips did not look at it in that way. *His* mental attitude was precisely that of a man who has been snapped at by his own dog. With neither chair, whip nor shooting iron, he rushed into that cage a third time and ran the tiger round and round with his fists!

But perhaps the cap-sheaf story of nerve in menagerie annals—though it is rather lacking in the dramatic quality—is one that goes back more than a generation to the summer when Jumbo "went bad." If you are old enough you may remember, in Barnum's time, a little, gray-mustached keeper who used to walk beside the Emperor of Elephants leading him by a ridiculous little chain attached to a silver tusk-ring. Well, that was Matthew Scott; and it was Matthew Scott who "gentled" Jumbo from the day he was brought, a lean, unkempt, rebellious stripling, to the London Zoo. Jumbo was never an entirely placable elephant—few Africans are—and while he was reaching maturity he went terrifyingly on the loose again and again. It took six weeks and an expense account of $5000 to put him into his traveling box for America. No one could handle him but Scott and Alfred Bartlett, the superintendent; and two years before Barnum bought him they had *their* trying-out. Jumbo ended an outbreak by ramming both tusks through the iron sheathing of his "house," and breaking them off inside the jaw; and when they began to grow again they did not put forth from the old socket, but commenced to lift the skin beneath the eyes. In a month both cheeks were frightfully ulcerated, and the huge animal was crazy with the pain. If his life was to be saved those ragged ends of ivory must be let through by lancing.

It might have been possible to chain his legs fast, but not his trunk; and Bartlett and Scott made up their minds that they would rather work with him standing wholly free. They even refused to allow any one else in the house for fear of being disturbed, and, coaxing Jumbo into a corner, they went to work. Time after time the great trunk went blaring up—compared with it the sword of Damocles was a stage weapon—but the two men finished the operation as if it were a part of their daily routine. When the writer was given the chance to ask Scott himself about it, the old man remembered the affair only as another proof of the virtues of *his* hero, Jumbo!

And possibly we wonder at these things because, in an age over-æstheticized, we have forgotten that man had fought his way to supremacy in the animal world, that he had begun to be the real king of the beasts, before he had ceased to be a cave-dweller. The race at large may have gone out of the business of selecting those creatures great and small which it has decided will suit its use or pleasure, and subduing them thereto as if this were wholly a matter of course. And such man-people as are still doing these things no longer work with stone hammers and red-hot bronze. As moderns, they bring to bear the sheer mastery of contemptuous, fear-denying gray matter.

Yet the process is still going on. Our own generation has seen the ostrich saddled and harnessed. It has seen the outlandish kangaroo put on six-ounce gloves. It has seen Lord Rothschild, in high hat and white kids, driving about his park at Thwing behind a team of zebras—and the zebra, by your leave, is the hardest animal wearing stripes to tame and gentle. To steal an idea from an old showman philosopher, we would be using the *so-called* king of beasts to turn our dog-churns and washing-machines if there were enough of him and he was sufficiently inexpensive in the upkeep.

The Small College Versus the University

By JOHN CORBIN

The Personal Equation in Education in the Middle West

Campus View Toward Library and Memorial Hall, Beloit College

Emerson Hall, Interior Drawing-Room, Beloit College

WHY neglect the small college? Is it not doing a work that never has been and cannot be done by the university? Are not the influences of a compact, well-organized community more powerful on the individual than those of a vast, multifarious institution, however advanced? Is not character building more vital to the nation than science? The cry has long been familiar. While lately preparing for these pages a series of articles on typical American universities, I received many letters inviting attention to the virtues of particular small colleges.

The issue had not been wholly overlooked. Wisconsin, Michigan, Cornell and Harvard were all criticised for their failure in the humanities. Chicago escaped censure only because, a large proportion of its students being residents of the city, it cannot take a firm hold upon the life of the individual. Princeton, which, of all the institutions reviewed, bends its energies most ably and insistently toward the development of character, and the ideal and scope of which are essentially collegiate, was cited as having, in appearance at least, abandoned its proper field by assuming the grandiose title of university. I now propose a frank and, I hope, a sympathetic examination of the claim of the small college. If it proves well founded nothing could be more fortunate for American education.

Smallness as a Reason for Growth

IN AN article on Harvard and the Individual, Dean Briggs once suggested that the small colleges proclaim the advantages of smallness only in order to become bigger. Perhaps his satire was edged by the fact that Harvard's neighbor, Dartmouth, until lately a typical small college, now numbers well over a thousand students—within two hundred of as many as Princeton—and is yearly diverting a larger number of freshmen from Cambridge. Certain it is that only one small college, Williams, has ever seriously discussed limiting its size. Ten years ago the project caused much favorable comment. But to-day if you ask the trustees how the experiment is prospering, they answer, somewhat curtly, that it never was tried.

It is in the West, however, that the problem is most vital. There the ideal of the small college is beset with a double danger. Many institutions with less than half the students and only a small fraction of the equipment of Princeton, or even of Dartmouth, have abandoned the collegiate ideal to assume the name and the work of a university. The head of Western Reserve has been called the foremost university president in Ohio; and the malice of the phrase is not without warrant, for this single State has more institutions assuming the highest rank than the whole of Germany, where the university has reached its broadest development. The true universities of the West, on the other hand—the State universities—have as yet been prevented by their youth, their lack of traditions and endowment, from developing the personal and social—the distinctively collegiate—side of undergraduate life. Nowhere is the need of the presumed virtues of the small college so pressing as in the West, or its opportunities so great.

The General Education Board, which pays particular attention to the small college, has lately stamped Knox College, at Galesburg, Illinois, and Beloit College, at Beloit, Wisconsin, as standard in their respective districts. The aim of the small college has seldom been more forcibly expressed than in the catalogue of Knox College: "While in scholarship and methods its aim is to maintain its place with the best institutions of the day, . . . [Knox] still holds to the old-established and significant ideals; it still tries to lay the foundation of its educational plans on the rock-bottom principles of integrity, of hard work, of manly and womanly character. . . . The earnest moral and Christian spirit of the founders is cherished as the most sacred heritage of the institution and its most vital educational force." The ideal of Beloit is precisely similar: "To teach the heart as well as the mind, and to give personal care that shall reach the individual needs of every student."

Mere smallness, it is obvious, cannot achieve such an ideal. Two factors are necessary: a Faculty capable of exerting a strong personal influence on the minds and morals of the undergraduates, and a student body inspired and permeated by high standards of character and conduct.

Knox and Beloit as Examples

AS REGARDS the influence of the Faculty (neglecting for the moment the question of its methods and its ability), we may expect to find it strong in institutions in which the proportion of students to teachers is small. With the best of intentions there are limits beyond which one cannot exert his personality. Knox College, according to its latest catalogue, had 224 students and a Faculty of 19, or 11.8 students to one teacher. Beloit had 322 students and a Faculty of 35, or 9.2 to one. Each college, however, has an affiliated academy receiving instruction from the Faculty, and the advantage of Beloit is diminished by the fact that its academy students number 178 to 82 at Knox.

Including the academies, the proportion for Knox is 16.1 to one; for Beloit 14.28 to one. The students in the academy, however, receive less personal attention than those in the college; so that it is only fair to reduce the proportion—let us say to 14 to one for Knox and 13 to one for Beloit. As against this, the University of Michigan has only 12.9 students to one teacher and the University of Wisconsin 10.48 to one.

In the East, it may be remarked in passing, the small colleges are at a similar disadvantage. Amherst has 11.3 students, and Williams 9.6, to each teacher; while Yale has 8.47, Princeton 8.2, and Harvard only 7.2. In comparison with the Western university, it is true, the Eastern small college has a slight advantage; but, turning the tables, we find that the Western small college has almost twice as many students to each teacher as the Eastern university.

If the Faculties of small colleges excel, it must obviously be by virtue of methods and abilities vastly better fitted "to teach the heart as well as the mind, and to give personal care that shall reach the needs of every student."

In our universities there is certainly room for a vast increase of personal instruction. Where the German ideal prevails, as at Yale, and especially at Harvard, the professors' time and energies are largely given to original research, quite apart from teaching; and when they teach they do not come into personal relations with their pupils except in advanced and highly specialized courses, for upperclassmen and graduates. Even there the relations are of scholar to scholar rather than of man to man. In the general courses, which make up a very great part of the work of a vast majority of the undergraduates, the classes are large, frequently mounting into the hundreds, and the means of instruction is nothing more personal than a formal lecture.

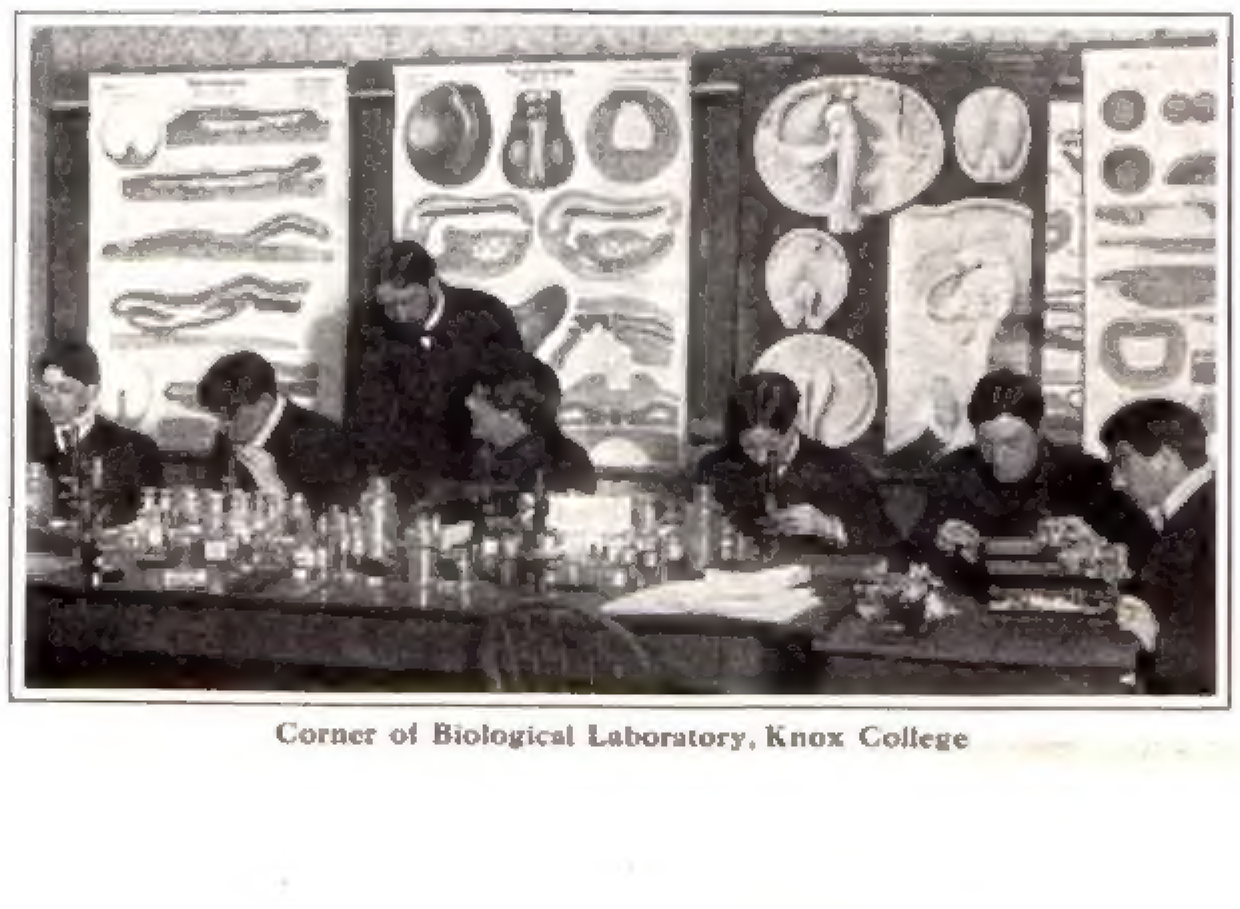
Now the university lecture is a survival of the Middle Ages, when, books being few and prohibitively dear, the only feasible way of imparting knowledge was by word of mouth. The lecture was, in fact as in etymology, a mere reading, the students copying it word for word. The modern lecture, even at its best, offers little more scope for personal influence on character; and our university professors, being chosen as scientists rather than as teachers, are seldom accomplished lecturers. Many of them frankly scorn the art of the platform. At Harvard, for example, in fully half the general courses, a student who knows how to use a library would gain time by spending the lecture-hour in reading; and nothing prevents many from doing so except the rigorously enforced rule against absences.

The Getting Together of Professor and Student

HOW far have the small colleges escaped from this melancholy predicament? At Knox one lecture I heard, on early New England literature, was a mere mediæval reading, every phrase being uttered twice or thrice and laboriously copied. The explanation was that there was no textbook on the subject; but surely the printing press, or at the worst the mimeograph, offers a cheap enough escape from this soulless drudgery? And for students of literature are not real books preferable to textbooks? It was comforting to hear that this reading was the only one of the kind at Knox. At both Knox and Beloit a large part of the instruction is by recitation from stated lessons in textbooks, a method obsolescent or obsolete in our leading universities. An even larger part of the instruction is by lecture.

One great advantage both colleges possess; and they are intelligently making the most of it: the classes are small enough to permit personal relations between teachers and taught. "Quiz sections," in which the work of the course is reviewed by *viva voce* examination and discussion, are an important part of the method. In the more advanced and smaller courses a dozen or so students gather with the instructor about a table and proceed by intimate and personal discussion. These methods are ideal. The object of education is to make men think, of culture, to make them feel. In a philosophy class I attended at Knox and a literature class at Beloit the results, it seemed to me, left little to be desired.

On the whole, however, it can scarcely be said that these two typical small colleges have made any notable advance in the matter of personal instruction. The universities everywhere are tending to revert to the earlier collegiate ideal with which historically they began, and to blend it with that of the university. Wisconsin is dividing its larger courses into more wieldy units, and both Wisconsin and Michigan have long had quiz sections. At institutions of the type of Harvard the large proportion of teachers to taught gives



Corner of Biological Laboratory, Knox College scope, in the distinctively university courses, to a vast amount of personal instruction in laboratory and seminar. Even the large lecture courses are beginning to have personal conferences. Princeton, true to the collegiate ideal, has thrown the weight of its numbers into the tutorial, or so-called preceptorial, system, powerfully supplementing and vitalizing the large lecture course. This, the climax and ideal of personal instruction, is obviously beyond the powers of the hard-worked Faculties of our small colleges.

Even on the question of the elective system our two small colleges have taken no decided stand. Allowing for the difference in entrance requirements, Beloit offers almost as great freedom—though, of course, not the same scope—as Harvard and Yale; while Knox, in spite of its championship of the "rock-bottom principle of hard work," is less severe in its prescription of courses than Princeton. As it happens, Beloit, in addition to a slight superiority in its teaching force, is decidedly superior in laboratories, library and general equipment. It is by no means improbable that if Knox were as well equipped it would be as unrestricted in the matter of electives. If the collegiate ideal flourishes in these institutions it must, pretty clearly, be in their general life.

Beloit enjoys all natural advantages. The city has only twelve thousand inhabitants, and the college is separated from it by the broad and beautiful waters of Rock River. The campus lies on the edge of a bluff overlooking the valley; the country round is gently rolling and studded with groves of prairie oak. Without being wholly removed from the world, the college is sequestered and its life concentrated. Founded in 1845, it has grown steadily in wealth and traditions. In size it is ideal—237 men and 85 women. No purely collegiate institution in the West is more aptly situated for the development of the truly collegiate life.

Failure of Social Experiments

ITS success has not been complete in all respects. The size of professorial salaries and the ever-present servant problem make against the attempt to bring the undergraduates into social relations with the Faculty. The wife of one of the Faculty leaders told me that, for three years, she had given a series of small dinners, including the entire freshman class. One year she had been obliged to cook the dinners as well as preside at them. The first year only three per cent. of her guests ever came to her house again, and, though remonstrance improved the showing, she was not encouraged to continue. There remains, however, an association of Faculty ladies, which has been successful in getting the students to call for tea.

In the chosen student activities, however, Beloit has had marked success. In athletics—that sure index of the health of college spirit—it has always been prominent. In the bad old days, when the imported athlete was rampant throughout the West, it put forth what is known as a scrappy team, often fighting on equal terms with the State universities. To-day it is pure—and more moderately successful.

Debating and oratory are scarcely less prized than athletics. Courses are given on declamation, the forms of public address, oratorical masterpieces, debating and extempore speaking. Two literary societies, the Cliosophic and the Delian, debate weekly. Every year the colleges of the Mississippi Valley hold contests in public speaking. In debating Beloit has won more victories than any of its rivals, and in oratory it has won three times as many victories and four times as much prize money.

A democratic student association, the Archæan Union, fosters not only oratory and debating, but the general literary interests of the college, including the publication of a weekly paper and the maintenance of a reading-room. Out of the 322 students last year 276 paid the annual fee of one dollar. The more purely literary interests of the college are fostered by an English Club which holds thirteen meetings yearly, the average attendance of which is thirty-five, and by a Shakespeare Society for women only.

Self-Government Under Faculty Supervision

BELOIT holds strongly for self-government—under control of the Faculty. At the time of my visit the eleven had not been giving a good account of itself; and it became known that a certain player had flagrantly broken training. One morning in chapel the Dean spoke briefly but pointedly to the student body, making it clear that, if the team and the college wished to retain the services of the offender, his offenses must cease. Even the college papers profit by the Dean's watchful eye. There had been a Beloit banquet in Milwaukee, and the alumni had behaved badly, abandoning the undergraduates and flocking by themselves to the theatre. The college editor was for scoring them roundly; but the Dean prevailed upon him to deal gently with the erring grad. Clearly, those words in the catalogue about individual needs and personal care are not altogether vain.

Yet student self-government is no myth. Associated with the Dean is a cabinet of seven undergraduates: three seniors, two juniors, one sophomore and one freshman. Its function is to suggest and promote methods for making college work more effective and college life more attractive, and it has met with marked success. Examinations are held under the honor system, administered by a judicial committee of nine undergraduates of all classes. There has been some cheating, for it is hard to create a high standard where none has existed. On the other hand, the Faculty has been slow to meet the logic of the situation by trusting the students absolutely. But, on the whole, the system is said to work well.

The sense of social responsibility extends into almost every phase of undergraduate life. When the freshman arrives at Beloit he is met at the train by friendly upperclassmen, who escort him to his quarters and teach him to box the local compass. On the first Friday of term-time the Y. M. C. A. and the Y. W. C. A. each holds a reception to newcomers. On the second Friday the two associations hold a joint reception, with refreshments. Every one present wears his name on a tag in his buttonhole, and it is assumed that all are acquainted. There is a grand march by classes, and, to insure a thorough mixing, senior men pair with freshmen women (if the expression be permitted), and freshmen men with senior women.

Last year the Dean and his cabinet instituted a new general function, Big Hill Day, which promises to become as popular as it is picturesque. In the soft season of Indian summer, when the oak leaves are fading from dull, rich crimson to a dusty purple bloom, the whole college assembles at the hill for one large family picnic. Eatables are provided by means of an assessment of twenty-five cents a head. There is a baseball game between the young women and the Faculty, and each class provides a stunt for the general entertainment.

The Way to Knox

Last autumn, to the bewilderment of the spectators, three ranks of men, eight broad, marched out of the woods and, wheeling, faced the audience. Behind them stood the inventor of the stunt, and at one end a helper worked the arm of one of the performers like a pump. The whole, it developed, presented a vocal octave, with three voices to each note. While the pumper pumped the inventor, an undergraduate organist, pressed on the heads of now one row and now another. The result was a series of songs that smote the welkin. Advanced vaudeville please copy.

On the whole, the general life at Beloit presents a bright contrast to that at our universities, Eastern or Western. A recent graduate who went to Harvard to continue his studies was asked if the university had extended the glad hand. "They extended it," he replied, "to receive what they call a bond, securing them against failure to pay my term bills. I hadn't known it was necessary, and the glad hand turned to the frosty mitt."

At Knox the general student life is a trifle less fortunate. Galesburg is several thousands larger than Beloit, and the college lies at the heart of it. Both Faculty and students are hopelessly scattered. At Beloit it is said that forty per cent. of the students work their way through college in whole or in part. At a Faculty meeting I attended it was reported that a certain student had been absent for over a week. It appeared that he was a piano tuner and had been obliged to go forth to earn money to pay his bills.

At Knox, thanks to the greater opportunities of the city, sixty-five per cent. of the students are wholly or in part self-supporting. They are reporters and newspaper correspondents, clerks in clothing stores, waiters in restaurants; in many cases they do chores in return for board and lodging. Athletics flourish, and societies for the cultivation of oratory, debating and literature; there are receptions, teas and picnics as at Beloit. But success in these student activities is less marked.

The Pipeless Fraternity

AS AGAINST this the moral life at Knox is extraordinarily strong and austere. Founded in 1837 by a colony of fervent Christians from Western New York, the spirit of the fathers has been only slightly affected by modern luxury and free thought. The small Faculty copes with its task of personal instruction in a spirit truly heroic. Graduates of Eastern institutions though many of them are, and alien in traditions to the strenuous life of the West, their loyalty to the college and interest in the vital work it is doing has, in several cases, led them to refuse higher salaries elsewhere.

As for the moral life of the undergraduates, the only difficulty is to make a true account of it credible. At both Beloit and Knox chapel is compulsory. Instead of preceding the day's work, as is the custom in the East, it comes just before noon, and is thus robbed of many of its terrors. But even this will not account for the fact that at Knox chapel seems to be heartily enjoyed. At Beloit drinking is rare and smoking prohibited on the campus. At Knox both are all but unknown. One student of cosmopolitan travel told me that in Europe he took wine with his meals, but at Knox he would never dream of going into a barroom.

I was told that a certain one of the fraternities was inclined to be fast. This reputation, as its members regretfully admitted, was due to the fact that the year before two of the men, since graduated, had resorted to the bar of the Union Hotel. In some mysterious manner the lady who holds the office of registrar is minutely informed of all the shortcomings of the students, and especially of their long goings. The guilty fraternity assured me that it was doing its best to live down its reputation. At the two other fraternity houses no one had smoked. Here I ventured the postprandial weed. With hospitable tact the senior resident sent a freshman downtown by bicycle to get tobacco; but when he returned it appeared that nobody had a pipe.

Billy Sunday's Ban on Dancing

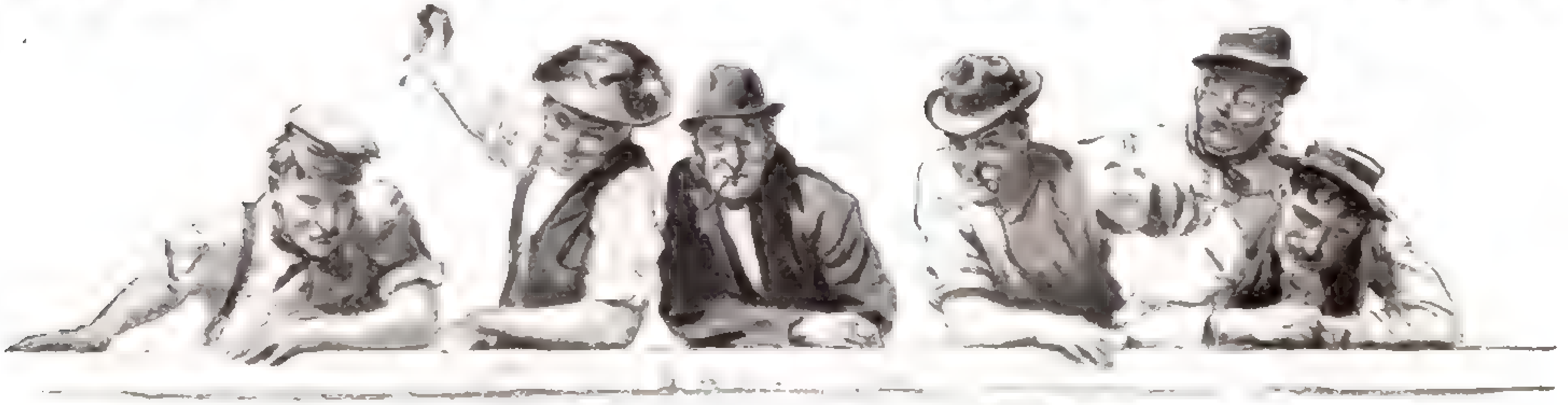
DURING my stay at Galesburg, Billy Sunday, once a Chicago ball-player under Pop Anson, and now a revivalist famous throughout the Middle West, concluded a campaign against the Devil in which eternal fire flared hot. He is a remarkably dramatic exhorter and a man of manifest sincerity; and he converted large quantities of students, including several of this wickedest fraternity. Among the young women his harvest was vast. Now Knox is just finishing a gymnasium, not the least anticipated feature of which is a hardwood floor flanked by alcoves, an ideal spot for the college dances, which hitherto have been held in a dingy hall in town. But, among the unregenerate, anticipation had turned to despair. Billy Sunday had forbidden dancing, so where were the partners to come from?

At both Knox and Beloit the young women live in a single community in a separate building equipped with kitchen, dining-room, reception and drawing rooms, gymnasium, and under a closely similar régime. Emerson Hall, at Beloit, is fine architecturally and also beautifully equipped, and the life in it, as it seemed to me, exemplary. The food is so good and the dining-room so attractive that several of the young instructors come there for their meals—at least that is the only motive they would admit. Among the students a constant permutation of seats at table promotes general sociability. Every evening after dinner there is dancing (non-coeducational) in a large and beautifully furnished drawing-room.

Life in Emerson Hall is governed by an association similar in aim and in composition to the Dean's cabinet of men. To maintain quiet in study hours there is a system of proctors, and on each floor one or more officers known as "squelchers." The ideal of the hall is democratic unity and loyalty. There is, however, a tendency to form exclusive societies. It is generally believed that the Shakespeare Society is a veiled sorority.

(Continued on Page 28)

YOUNG LORD STRANLEIGH



A Group of Navvies and Bargees were Leaning Over the Granite Parapet

THE EARL AT PLAY

By Robert Barr

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE GIBBS

IN INDIA, Edward the Seventh is an Emperor; in Great Britain he is a King, but on the Island of Guernsey he is merely Duke of Normandy. Canada, Australia, New Zealand and other portions of the British Empire display the medallion of Edward the Seventh on their coinage, but the Guernsey penny shows no head of emperor, king or duke.

Lord Stranleigh was an earl in every portion of the king's dominions except one, and that was the beautiful little coast town of Pebblesdale, the home of stalwart sea fishermen, said, when caught young, to be the very best recruits for His Majesty's navy. On this idyllic spot Lord Stranleigh was known as Tom Pitts, and was probably the most popular young fellow in the neighborhood. There was hardly a fisher lass in the place but would have married him if he had asked her, yet Tom caused no heart-burnings, for it became universally known that he was not a lady's man. Tom Pitts, hard-working mariner and able seaman, preferred to spend his scant leisure time yarning and smoking with his fellow-fishermen, or, alas, sometimes acting as chairman of a jovial gathering at the Mermaid, the one public house which Pebblesdale possesses; and, on these occasions, rumor has it that much old ale was drunk, and that Tom had been known to descend the steep village street late at night, singing vociferously that he wouldn't go home till morning

Professor Bronson Marlow had returned from his yachting trip down along the African coast with his health practically reëstablished. The doctor said he had done it, but Stranleigh insisted that the air of the Atlantic Ocean had been the best physician. Stranleigh had got back from the naval review at Cadiz, and the two men met in his town house just off Piccadilly. The scientist had come to bid farewell to his friend, and to thank him once again for his practical assistance in a time of need.

"I'm all right now, and must be getting back to work again," he said.

"Not on your life," flippantly replied Stranleigh.

"What do you mean?"

"Well, that is a slang phrase, but I'm using it as it stands, meaning that your life might be jeopardized if you began work too soon. Your health is not reëstablished, and you've got to spend another month with me as the final and supreme physician."

"I must begin my researches again. Time is flying, and I'm eager for the laboratory once more."

"Nonsense; time is standing still, and it's going to stand still for another month, so far as you are concerned. I will take you to Pebblesdale as an after-cure. Then, if you wish to return to 'stinks' as we used to call chemistry at Oxford, you may do so, but you must not spend the month of August in any London laboratory."

"Where's Pebblesdale?" asked the man of science.

"Never you mind where it is, but it's you for Pebblesdale, as they say out West. I've engaged rooms for you at Mother Simpson's, where, from your window, you may look out on the coolest and bluest portion of the Atlantic Ocean you ever saw."

"That would be very nice, Lord Stranleigh, but ——"

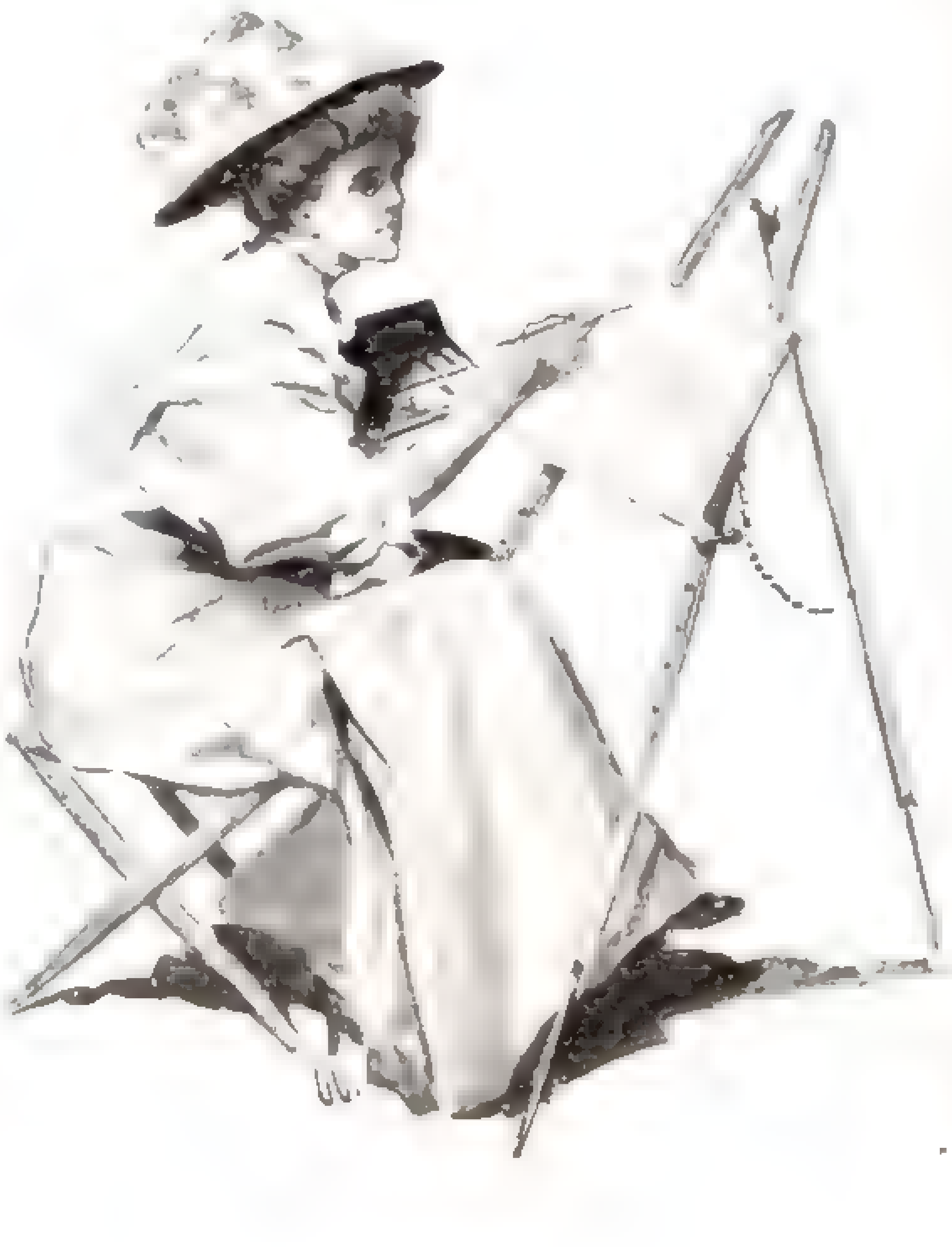
"Listen to me," cried his lordship. "Don't interrupt. I've engaged two rooms, as I told you. Pebblesdale is a working-village — toilers of the sea, as Victor Hugo would call them. There is no fashionable society in the place. It is quite unknown to the tourist world; no trippers, no promenade, no music hall or pavilion, no pier, except myself, and I'm spelt p-double-e-r, and besides, the inhabitants haven't the least idea I'm a peer. To them I'm a fishmonger's clerk in Billingsgate, badly used by my employers, yet given two months each year, during which time I am supposed to win over the fishers of Pebblesdale to the sending of their catch to the great London fish-market, which they steadfastly refuse to do."

"That's all very delightful, Lord Stranleigh, and I should like, if I had the time ——"

"Again you're interrupting. I dropped in to-day to my friends, Hatchards, the booksellers of Piccadilly, and I said to them: 'Send down at once all the scientific books that have been published this year. Send the bale to Professor Marlow, care of Mrs. Simpson, Shrimp Cottage, Pebblesdale.' Those books have gone, Professor, and they are waiting for you; at least, they'll be waiting for you when you arrive, because we can't travel to-morrow, being it's bank holiday. Although my friends, now and then, notice deplorable democratic tendencies in me, there's one democratic institution I hate, and that is our four bank holidays, which make travel impossible for a man who likes his comfort as well as I do. So to-morrow you and I will take a stroll through deserted London, and next day we'll set off for Pebblesdale."

The books did the trick. The professor's eyes sparkled at the very mention of them.

"Well," he said, "I suppose it wouldn't do me any harm at all to put in a month or so by the seashore, and, if the books are there, the time won't be misspent."



"For Heaven's sake, Professor, don't make good resolutions, and remember you are going to Pebblesdale primarily for the strengthening of the body, and not for the improvement of the mind. I'm taking a lot of trashy novels myself, and, please Heaven, I'll not hear an original remark till I'm back in London again. A story lasts for a hundred years in Pebblesdale, and a joke twice as long. You'll listen to all the old yarns at the pub, if you're wise, and not devote yourself too much to science. You'll find the ale excellent at the pub, and will forget there are such vile things in this world as champagne, brandy and liquors."

Next day they strolled up to Chelsea and walked along the Embankment together. A group of navvies and bargees were leaning over the granite parapet, gazing down at the river ten or twelve feet below. They were laughing uproariously.

"I suppose," said the professor, "that's the kind of company we'll have at Pebblesdale."

"Don't you believe it. The Pebblesdale people are clean and decently dressed, and their talk contains nothing of the luridness that doubtless marks the language of these chaps. I wonder what they're laughing at? Some poor wretch drowning, very likely. That's their idea of a joke." And, by mutual impulse, the two young men crossed to the riverside pavement and looked down upon the Thames.

The tide was out, and they saw below them a broad strip of pebbly ground on which a very pretty young girl had set her easel and camp-stool, close to the wall, apparently so that she might not be observed by the passers-by. On a drawing-block had been painted a picture of the river in the foreground, Battersea Church and Bridge to the rear. If it had been an oil painting, perhaps the handful of mud from the gutter above that had been dropped upon it might have been washed off, but it was a delicate water-color, and that act of vandalism had ruined it. The mud, too, had splashed the young woman's dress, a white costume suitable for the first of August.

The girl's pretty face was aflame with indignation, and it was evident she had some ado to keep back the tears. She had got up from her camp-stool and was trying to remove the mud from her gown, and the ineffectiveness of her methods seemed to cause great mirth among the hooligans on the parapet, one of whom had, doubtless, thrown the mud.

Lord Stranleigh strolled toward the group with his hands in his pockets.

"That was a brave act," he said quietly. "Whoever had the courage to defy that little girl, and throw mud on her clothes and on her picture must have been a heroic soul, thus recklessly to brave a girl's anger."

"What's that got to do with you?" said a great, hulking brute, whose hands were black with mud — circumstantial evidence, at least, that he was the perpetrator of the excellent joke.

The bargee made use of several sanguinary expressions, and then returned to his original question: "What's that got to do with you?"

Meanwhile, he wiped the mud off his huge paws on to his trousers, lowered his head, and took a threatening step forward, while Lord Stranleigh was daintily peeling off his gloves.

"I say," whispered the professor, "don't let us get into a street row. These men have been drinking. We must escort the girl away, and let it go at that."

"There are various kinds of science," said Lord Stranleigh. "You are master of one branch and I of another. You can floor me with your intellect, but you can't with your fists. Just let this chap and me settle our differences our own way."

"I arsk you," said the bargeman, in louder and more truculent tones, "what's this got to do with you?"

"Sir, you deserve an answer," said Stranleigh with great gentleness. "Anything's got to do with me that I interfere in. Understand? I've interfered. It is now your privilege to knock me down. Come on to the shingle, where the police can't see us, and do it."

There was a great laugh from the bargee's comrades, but one of them said admiringly:

"That's the way to talk. Get down the steps."

Stranleigh ran down the steps to the shingle, lifted his hat to the girl, and said:

"Would you mind taking a stroll toward Battersea Bridge? My friend above and I have a little difference of opinion on a point of etiquette."

"You're surely not going to fight?" cried the girl with alarm.

"Oh, dear no. I shouldn't think of such a thing. I'm merely going to play with him."

"Shall I take my easel and camp-stool?"

"No, don't trouble about them. Are you a professional painter?"

"I'm trying to be."

"Then I wish to buy this mud-stained picture as a souvenir of this occasion."

"Oh, it's completely spoilt," she said. "I'll do you another."

"I want this one. My name is Tom Pitts. Will you tell me yours?"

"I am Alice Drummond," she answered, a little surprised at his abruptness.

"May I introduce to you my friend, Professor Bronson Marlow, of the University of London? He wanted to see Carlyle's house. Perhaps you would show it to him? I don't know where it is, myself."

The girl laughed a little.

"Oh, I don't mind, but I'm sure you are going to fight, and I'd rather you wouldn't."

"My dear girl," said Stranleigh earnestly, "that fellow looks like an elephant, but he hasn't the slightest chance with me; not the remotest. The thing will be all over in about three seconds. I'll escort you up the steps if I may," and he did so.

"Professor, I have just told this young lady that my name is the unromantic one of Tom Pitts, but the Professor here has a name worth owning to. Miss Alice Drummond — Professor Marlow. Painter and scientist, I make you acquainted."

"If you wish to see Carlyle's house, come this way," said the girl, and they departed together.

"Now, my bulky friend, if you will come downstairs we'll settle this little matter. No, I don't want any one else to come down. You all stop up there, where you'll see better, and keep an eye out in both directions for the police, will you? Five minutes' bout, this round. Anybody got a watch?"

"If we had," said one, "we wouldn't show it with you about."

"That's right. Nothing like being cautious. Very well, shout when you think the five minutes are up."

Stranleigh took off his coat and threw it on the camp-stool. The big fellow disdained any such compliment to his opponent.

"Come on, you ——" and here followed a number of descriptive epithets that were not only coarse but uncomplimentary.

Stranleigh sprang at him like a tiger-cat; landed one right-hander in his left eye and a left-hander in his right eye in such quick succession that the man staggered and threw up his hands, only to get a right-hander square in the mouth, then a left-hand blow at the point of the jaw, and a terrific right-hander, as the man's head turned sideways, under the ear, that sounded like the back of an axe striking an oak post. The bargee fell as a tree falls, and lay there.

"How's that, umpire?" cried Stranleigh, smiling up at the man who would have taken care of a watch if he had it. "What's the time?"

"Blimy!" cried the man, "you never gave him a chance. Is that what you call science?"

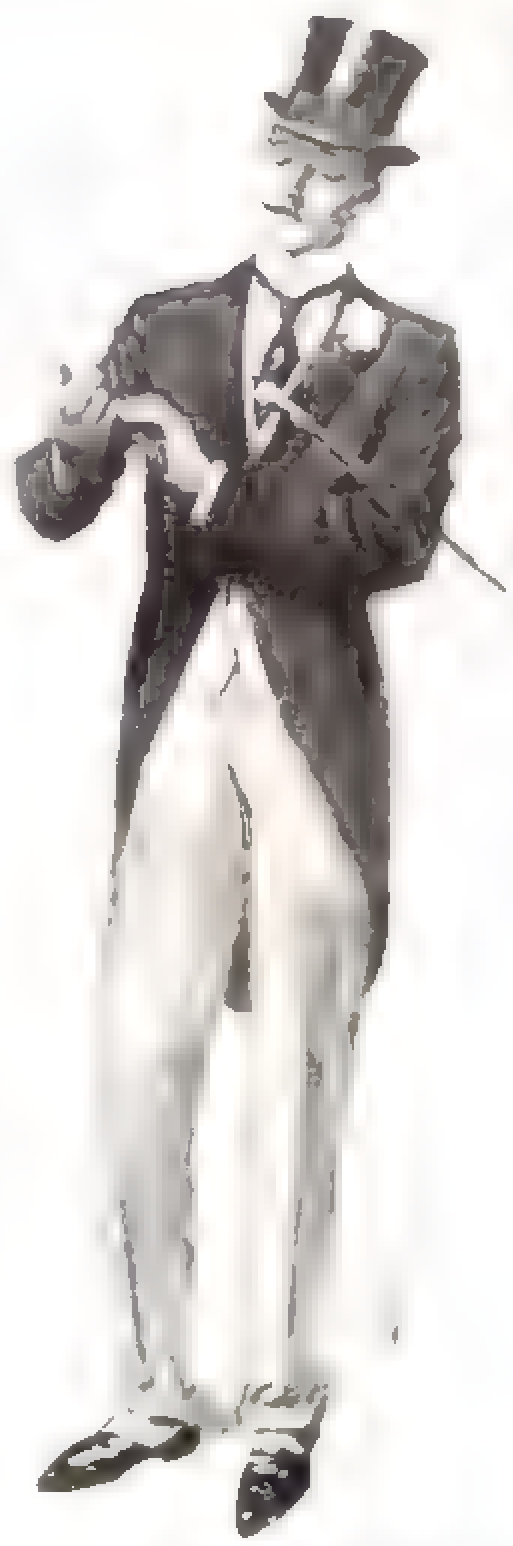
"No," said Stranleigh, "there's no science about that at all—simply straight slugging. If any other of you chaps wants to see a bit of science, I'll take you on."

But they weren't having any, they said. It was bank holiday, and they'd come out to enjoy themselves.

"One of you had better fill his hat with water and throw it into this chap's face. He's perfectly happy just now, but it might be well to get him out of his trance, and tell him he should keep himself in better condition."

As he came up the steps they made respectful way for him.

"Good-day to you, gentlemen. Thank you very much for seeing fair play and keeping an eye out for the police. Neither you nor I want any bobbies interrupting a little friendly sport."



"It is Now Your Privilege to Knock Me Down"

"Right you are, my lord," said one, little dreaming how accurate he was in his salutation.

Stranleigh walked along the Embankment, carrying the painter's kit as if it had been the spoils of combat. He asked the man he met where Carlyle's house was situated, and the stranger pointed out the end of Cheyne Row.

"Go up that street," he said, "and you'll find the house to the right. I don't know its number, but any one will tell you which it is. I think there's a tablet on it, but I'm not sure. They've made a museum of it, and you can get in for a shilling."

Stranleigh thanked him. He found scientist and artist on the opposite side of the street from Carlyle's house engaged in a friendly conversation, and not looking at the celebrated building at all.

"Hello," cried Marlow. "All over already?"

"Then there wasn't a fight, after all?" chimed in the girl. "I'm so glad."

"I told you there wasn't going to be a fight," said Stranleigh. "Here are camp-stool and easel, quite intact."

"Oh, thank you so much. Did you bring my drawing-block? Oh, yes, there it is under your arm. Why, your knuckles are bleeding!"

"So they are. I hadn't noticed it. But that's nothing. I just gave him a biff under the ear, and got a scratch in doing it, and now, miss, I want this picture."

"Oh, the picture is ruined. Let me draw you one worth while, and I'll very gladly send it to you if you'll give me your address."

"My address is Tom Pitts, Pebblesdale-on-Sea."

"Oh, I thought you were a Londoner?"

"I am a fisherman, madam."

"With rod and line?"

"Oh, no. I am quarter-owner of the Laughing Jane, as staunch a fishing-boat as ever put out to sea, and sometimes my share in the catch is as much as four pounds a week."

"I wish I did as well. Of course you don't work on your fishing-boat—that is, you don't haul in nets and that sort of thing?"

"Indeed I do. You can't make four pounds a week and sit idly on the beach. You look as if you didn't believe that; but, you see, it's bank holiday, and I'm up in London for the day, and when a man comes to London he must dress as Londoners do."

"Well, you certainly succeed marvelously, Mr. Pitts."

"I don't deny that I'm more than an ordinary fisherman. I am supposed to possess a talent for organization, and I've organized that little town so that we make the most of ourselves. We don't send our fish to Billingsgate, but deal direct with the public, and I write the advertisements that appear from time to time in the newspapers. As a boy I got a good schooling, if I do say it myself. The men make more by their fishing than ever they did before I took hold. Then the women have been taught lace-making, and Pebblesdale is acquiring quite a reputation as one centre of the lace trade. Why, you can buy our work in Bond Street. Both men and women depute me to do the business part of the combination, and this brings me a good deal to London, although I always grudge the time spent away from Pebblesdale, which is one of the most beautiful little places in all England. It lies in a steep valley, running down to a little cove that forms the harbor for our fishing-boats. You should came and paint in Pebblesdale, Miss Drummond."

"I wish I could, but I can't afford it."

"I'm going to give you two pounds for this picture."

"Oh, but you can't afford that!"

"Yes, I can. I tell you I make a lot of money, with commissions and all that, aside from my share in the Laughing Jane."

"I'd be very glad if I got ten shillings each for my pictures."

"How many could you do in a month?"

"Oh, thirty or forty, if I worked hard."

"We fishermen will buy them."

The girl laughed joyously.

"Fishermen don't buy water-colors," she said.

"They ought to; they make their living on the water; but, you see, I sell, as I tell you, on commission. If you give me forty pictures by the end of August, I'll give you twenty pounds now and take my chance of selling them for more than ten shillings each."

"You must surely think I am a highway robber. The price you offer is absurd, and you would never see a tithe of your money back again. I cannot accept so much, but give me ten pounds and I'll go to Pebblesdale day after to-morrow and hand over to you all the work I do there."

"It's a bargain. Here are two five-pound notes, and I will divide with you what I get beyond the ten pounds."

"Agreed, so long as you allow me to share equally in the loss, should there be a loss."

"Oh, there won't be any loss. I have West End connections, too."

"Do you mean picture dealers? Now, do satisfy a woman's curiosity, and tell me the name of any one in the West End whom you can hypnotize into buying my work."

"Well, there's—there's—there's Lord Stranleigh, for instance."

"Oh, do you know Lord Stranleigh of Wychwood?"

"I'm acquainted with him. I think I can sell him pictures."

"Are you aware that at Stranleigh Park he owns one of the finest collections of paintings in the world?"

"Yes, and I've seen the collection, but Stranleigh himself knows nothing about art. In many ways he's a stupid ass, but I'm sure I can palm off your water-colors on him."

This reply seemed to amuse Alice Drummond immensely.

"You have at last convinced me that you are really a fisherman," she said, "and not a courtier, as your Bond Street coat seems to indicate. Yes, Tom Pitts is your name, after all, although at first I did not believe it."

Tom Pitts reddened. Hang it all, he thought, even the greatest statesman was easier to converse with than this unknown slip of a girl, who saw in your sentences much more than you intended to place there.

"Are you as good at figure drawing as at landscapes?" stammered Tom Pitts.

"Better, I think."

"Then Pebblesdale will give you the chance of your life. Both men and women there are splendid, with any amount of character in their faces. There's old Ned Stover, for instance. If you can get his thousand-and-one wrinkles into a portrait I can sell it for a big price to the Duke of Belmont."

"Dear me, what aristocratic acquaintances you possess. And is the Duke interested in portraits of the men who catch his breakfast for him?"

"Well, you see, Miss Drummond, it's this way. Old Ned Stover is the principal character of Pebblesdale. He knocked off work several years ago, because he got it into his head that he was the real Duke of Belmont."

"A claimant, is he?"

"Yes. He admits that the reigning Duke is the son of the late Duke, but he claims that he, Ned Stover, is the elder son, by a former and secret marriage, disowned by the haughty nobleman because Stover's mother was of low degree. There seems no doubt that Ned Stover was born on the estate of the late Duke, but there appears to be a trifling difficulty in proving the secret marriage. This has baffled Ned for some time now, and his latest assertion is that the present Duke has made away with the proofs."

"Did the Duke of Belmont ever meet Ned Stover?"

"No; but he is much interested in him, receiving every now and then threatening letters from him, asking him to step aside and give place to the rightful heir. The present Duke, who is a nice young fellow of about my own age, is vastly amused by Ned's pretensions, and I am sure he would buy a picture of him. At Pebblesdale I sometimes pretend to be the rich Earl of Stranleigh, which causes great hilarity at the tavern, except with old Stover, for he's in deadly earnest, and he knows I'm just fooling

"Well, Mr. Pitts, I hope to paint so excellent a picture of the bogus Duke of Belmont that the real Duke will be satisfied with it. Thank you so much for your kindness to me. My only anxiety is that I may disappoint you in my water-colors of Pebblesdale, a place which I am sure you are very fond of."

She held out her hand with a smile of farewell

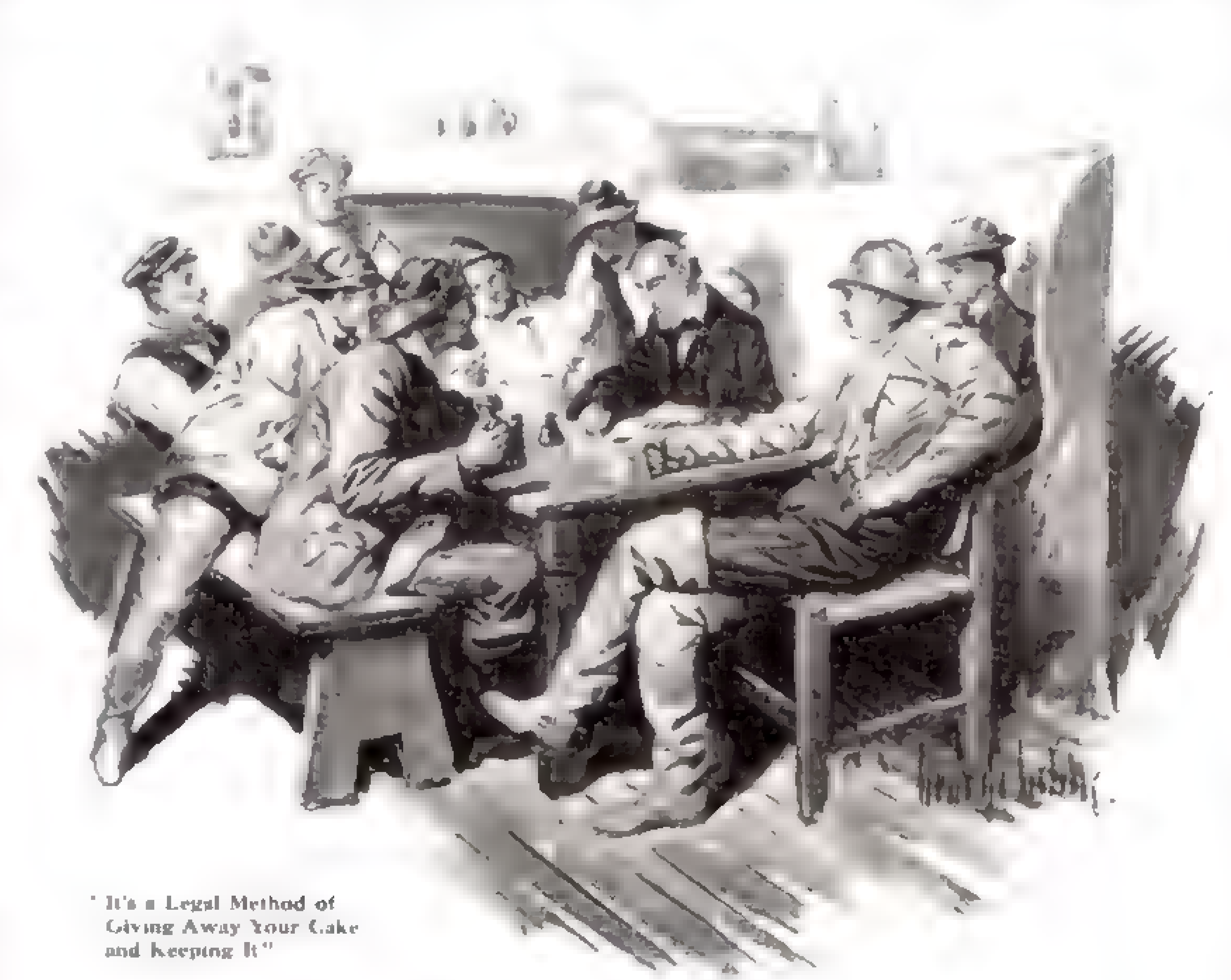
"There is no fear of your disappointing anybody," said Tom confidently, taking the offered hand and bidding her good-by. "I'll see you day after to-morrow then?"

Next morning Lord Stranleigh breakfasted in his room and came down equipped for the automobile, followed by a servant carrying a valise, and bearing over his arm a fur overcoat for the professor

At half-past twelve that day the motor stopped at a rustic porter's lodge, from which an old woman came out and opened the gate. The lodge stood on the edge of a widely extending forest, into the depths of which an excellent private road penetrated, and up this avenue Henri guided his machine until, in a clearing of the wood he stopped before an uninhabited hunting lodge, surrounded by a wide veranda. The chauffeur jumped down, received the key from his master and unlocked the door; then he unstrapped the portmanteau and took this and a well-filled lunch-basket inside. The two travelers discarded overcoats, caps and goggles. Stranleigh bade farewell to the chauffeur, telling him that unless he heard to the contrary he was to bring the automobile from London to the lodge at one o'clock on the second of September, and finally counseled Henri not to drink too much wine of the country during the month he was to spend in his native city of Tours. Receiving these admonitions and instructions, Henri circled round the stone house with his machine, and disappeared down the forest road, all the more eagerly because the hot lunch ordered on the way thither would be ready for him by the time he reached a village inn ten miles distant.

Meanwhile, Stranleigh and the professor enjoyed the cold repast that had been put up for them in London, washed down by a wine whose equal they would not meet in the place to which they were bound. After a comforting smoke on the veranda, Stranleigh retired within, and presently emerged divested of the clothes of Bond Street, and dressed in a hand-me-down suit such as a Billingsgate clerk would have considered his Sunday best. The professor laughed heartily at the transformation, but Stranleigh assured him that this array was considered the height of fashion in Pebblesdale, and was the despair of the one tailor in the place, who vainly strove to emulate its elegance

"But wait," he added, "till you see me some stormy day in my dripping oilskins, then you'll realize that a man's a man for a' that."



"It's a Legal Method of Giving Away Your Cake and Keeping It"

The two now set out along a forest path, that, after a brisk half-hour's walk, led them to a door in the stone wall which Stranleigh unlocked and passed out into a country lane. Following this for an hour they came within sight and smell of the sea, then, descending and descending, they arrived at the picturesque little village in the cove, climbing up from the shore between the high hills, musical with the babble of the stream near at hand and the distant thunder of the breakers on the sands. There were not many people to be seen as the two walked down the one street of the place into which the country road had led. Stranleigh conducted his companion to Mother Simpson's, where he himself lodged when he was ashore.

"Aye, Tom, here ye be again, large as life and twice as handsome," greeted the old woman with a laugh. She always accosted him thus, and seemed to regard the phrase as a witticism of the first order

"Yes, Mother Simpson, and I've brought you a lodger. Have you got his two rooms ready?"

"Oh, yes, Tom."

"Have any boxes arrived?"

"No, Tom, they haven't

"Ah, well, Marlow, they'll be here to-morrow. The carrier will leave them at your door. Meanwhile, whatever you want for to-night you'll have to borrow from me. What time's high tide, Mrs. Simpson?"

"Twenty-three minutes after four o'clock."

"Very well, we'll enjoy an early tea and go down afterward to the beach and see the lads bring in the boats. The Laughing Jane, I hope, is all right, Mrs. Simpson?"

"Oh, yes, Tom, and doing better than ever this season She's a-waiting for ye."

"Here, you see, Professor, in spite of what we were saying yesterday about women, there's one awaiting me, and her name's Laughing Jane. Any news, Mrs. Simpson?"

"You won't have heard the news about Ned Stover?"

"No, don't tell me old Ned's dead, too. I've been looking forward to meeting him

"Dead? No, not a bit of it, and he's supporting the pub just as usual, though the old woman does drag him away every now and then, but he have had a letter yesterday morning from the London lawyers saying that if he don't stop this pretending to be the Duke of Belmont they'll put him in jail."

"Oh, Heavens, they can't do that, because we haven't a jail in Pebblesdale, and we won't allow Ned to go out of our jurisdiction. What does old Ned say about it?"

"He tries to let on that he's not frightened. He says it's against the law to put a man in jail except by *habeas corpus*, or something like that. He's learned in the law, is old Ned. He was going away this morning to see a lawyer, but his wife wouldn't let him. She's in a rare stew about it, and calls him an old fool, and says he's more like an idiot than a nobleman."

"Oh, I've known the terms to be synonymous," put in Tom Pitts, although the phrase missed fire so far as Mother Simpson was concerned.

"Yes, old Mrs. Stover was up at the tavern this morning, threatening the innkeeper, and saying that the pub was the ruin of her husband, but the innkeeper, he says that Ned Stover will be the ruin of the pub unless he either drinks less or pays better."

"That was a nasty one. What did she say?"

"She said she'd see he drank less, whether he paid up his back score or not, and she led old Ned away by the ear, and they do say he hasn't been let out all day"

"Well, when the lads return from the sea this afternoon we must rescue him from feminine influence. What with the suffragettes and Mrs. Stover, we poor men can't call our souls our own. The taproom would be a dreary place of an evening lacking old Ned. We must get up a subscription and settle his score, so that Stover may start even once again"

The old woman shook her head, as if these sentiments were not to be commended, and under the cover of her disapproval Tom Pitts departed to his room, and when next the professor saw him he had on not only the jersey, coarse trousers and long sea-boots of a fisherman, but also seemed to have acquired the rolling gait of the mariner on land.

After a plain and frugal supper Tom Pitts conducted his friend up the street to the Mermaid Inn, locally known as "the pub." The professor was rather silent. The whole place was new to him, and he wasn't sure whether he liked it or not. The fare promised to be plentiful, but coarse; the inhabitants were rough, uncouth, unintellectual. He could not understand what a man like Stranleigh found to enjoy in their company. Stranleigh, however, was very joyous, and apparently happy. He said, enthusiastically, that he would head a rescue party to free old Stover from the custody of his commandeering wife. The divorce of the old man from his mug of ale was a thing not to be contemplated—was an exercise of tyranny that freemen must put down

Because of a turning to the left in the mounting street, the inn, as viewed from the shore, seemed to stand across the road and the long, low window of its common room gave a constant view of the sea, for toilers of the deep are always uneasy if cut off from sight or sound of the element that provides the means of life, and also, alas, sometimes the means of death. At night this red-curtained window sent forth a lurid invitation down the street: a signal of danger, as the Salvation Army captain called it, but the sea-captains regarded it as the opposite. They were safe in port when they saw its friendly gleam

When the two strangers pushed open the door and entered the low-ceilinged assembly-room, Tom Pitts saw at once that his projected forlorn hope was unnecessary. Old Stover sat in his usual corner, with his long-stemmed churchwarden clay pipe in his hand and a tankard of ale on the little shelf at his elbow. Most of those present had already greeted Tom Pitts at the landing of the boats, but again they welcomed him with a kind of subdued hilarity. It was palpable that a mitigated gloom hung over the conference, and the evening was yet too young for sufficient malt to have been consumed to lift the pall. Old Stover, usually the voluble braggart of the evening session, reclined mute in his wooden armchair. At the middle of the long table sat the wizened, comically antique figure of the village schoolmaster, with writing materials before him, and the one mug of ale, which he never exceeded, beside them He looked as if he had stepped out of a page of Sir Walter Scott, and at the moment of the entry his wrinkled face showed a state of suspended perplexity.

"Well, lads," cried Tom Pitts, as the barman shoved across the counter his flagon of ale, "here's to you all! Is this a Quakers' meeting? What's gone wrong?"

"Owd Ned," said one, "has chucked oop t'e sponge. He's had a printed letter from London lawyers, threatening he with jail, so he's a-writing of 'em that he's got no claim to be Duke of Belmont. Schoolmaster's just finished t' letter to t' lawyers"

"Gracious powers!" cried Tom Pitts; "you're never going to knuckle under like that?"

The old man cleared his throat once or twice, all his former loquacity gone.

"It's the missus," he growled. "Says her's going to stand no more dommed nonsense. Her says I be no more Duke of Belmont nor she is. Her be a respectable woman, her says, wi' none of her kin ever in jail, and her's not going to begin now."

"Let's see the London letter," demanded Tom.

It was handed to him, and with unnecessary care he scanned it over, for it was no news to him, coming, as it did, not from the Duke of Belmont's solicitors, but from the least employed firm of his own, and dictated by himself. The letter was typewritten, which added to its fearsome authority in the eyes of those present, they never having seen such a document before.

"Now let me look at the reply," and the schoolmaster handed to Tom the written sheet. It was a complete and abject renunciation of Stover's claim, and only awaited his signature. There was a smile on Tom's lips as he tore it carefully into four pieces, and threw the fragments into the empty fireplace

"That's no kind of letter to write to a lawyer shark. Why, don't you see that those London men are frightened to death?"

"They threatened we with jail," murmured old Stover.

"Of course they did. That's one of their tricks, and a very dangerous trick it is, as we'll show them. Now, schoolmaster, take a dip of ink and a fresh sheet. Write at the head, 'Pebblesdale, 8/2/1907.'"

"What's eight-two?" asked old Stover suspiciously, but nevertheless with interest arousing.

"It means," explained the schoolmaster, "the second day of the eighth month."

"That's right," corroborated Pitts; then, to his gaping audience: "You see, it shows that we're in a hurry. We

(Continued on Page 38)

LIFE IN SPIGOTTY LAND

Pets and Pastimes of the Panama People

By SAMUEL G. BLYTHE

Panama, from the Heights

Oh, the chigoe [illegible]
The jhiggre is a jigger
And both are very handy birds
of prey
But if you want to figger
On the real thing in a digger
Just let the genial Red Bug
come your way

—[illegible]

AND that is no Nature-faking yarn, either, as many a person who has gone picnicking on the Isthmus of Panama can testify. Lest the impression may be gained that the Red Bug is a gay and pleasure-loving beast that frequents picnics only, I hasten to say that many a person on the Isthmus who hasn't been picnicking can give expert evidence on the same point.

The Red Bug is a versatile and industrious inhabitant of the Canal Zone, to the number of a few billions or trillions, be the same more or less. To be sure, he inhabits all the rest of the Isthmus outside of the Canal Zone, but since the Americans began digging the Canal his sphere of activity has been so enlarged the Zone may be said to be his principal place of residence—that is, strictly speaking, not the Zone, but the people who live in the Zone. Before the American occupation things were dull and stupid for the Red Bug. The only persons with whom he could get on terms of real intimacy were the natives, and constant association with one class of people for some hundreds of years must have bored the Red Bug, even as the Red Bug bored the natives. Suddenly, there appeared thousands of white feet and legs on the Isthmus and the Red Bug took heart. The course of his life was changed. Instead of drilling into the feet of the natives perfunctorily and merely because there had to be some place for each Mrs. Red Bug to lay her eggs, the Red Bug population became imbued with the joy of living. Here was something worth while: thousands of feet that had never been jiggered or chiggered or red-bugged before.

Not many of the Americans who went to dig the Canal had been in the West Indies. They knew little of the machinations of the chigoe. A few remembered the jiggers of the wheat-fields. So, when they walked through the savannas and stood around in the grass and returned at night to find various red spots on their feet and legs that soon developed into sores, they examined into the cause and named the offender the Red Bug, with that facility Americans have for naming new things. The entomologists of the expedition said, with a great show of learning, that the insects undoubtedly were the chigoe, or *Sarcopsylla penetrans*. The Americans replied they didn't know about the *Sarcopsylla* part, but the *penetrans* was all right, all right, and they guessed they would call them Red Bugs, which they did, and which they are.

Demonstrating the Theory of Expansion

THE Red Bug lives in the grass at all times, but lives there more numerously in the wet season than in the dry. Mr. Red Bug stands watch, and when a pair of feet come along Mrs. Red Bug moves right in, under the skin, makes a comfortable home and proceeds to devote herself to the laying of eggs. When she goes in she is smaller than the head of a pin, but when she is settled, with her curtains up, her rugs down, the furniture in position and the pictures hung, she is about the size of a small pea, being an ardent imperialist and devoted to the theory of expansion. People who do not know about Red Bugs do not notice the moving-in process. Mrs. Red Bug is quiet and unobtrusive about it. Soon, however, the pride of possession of a neat and commodious domicile underneath the skin of the foot or leg causes her to grow, and then instant, active and diligent notice is taken.

The Red Bug is most companionable. Human company is preferred above all things. If you go where the Red Bug is, the Red Bug will go home with you. He insists. There is nothing to be done about it, except to dispossess the little friend as soon as possible. Otherwise, there will be several days of pain and trouble. Many a sighing swain, after a stroll with his sweetheart, has awakened in the morning to find himself spotted like a coach-dog, only the spots were red. Many merry picnickers, after happy hours beneath the palms, have reported "sick" next morning, and have spent tedious hours serving eviction papers on their tenants with needle-points. The tropical moonlight is glorious. It is the spooniest moonshine in the world, but when you are out spooning in it, watching the silver beams filter through the waving palms, the Red Bug is unostentatiously taking apartments in your feet. There is no spoony-moonshine nonsense about the Red Bug. He is always at work.

There is one elevation along the Canal the men call Red-Bug Hill. They say this is the original home of the pest, and that he thrives there in greatest numbers. And, as we are not too serious-minded a people, the Red Bug, although a most irritating feature of life in Spigotty Land, has come to be a joke—that is, it is a joke when the other fellow gets a visitation. If you walk around in the grass you are bound to get on terms with them. One young doctor at the Cristobal Hospital brought in sixty-two on his feet and legs on a historic occasion. So far as known, that is the record.

Native Policeman, Panama

They are more careful now, but in the early days what the Red Bugs did to the picnickers is too sad to relate. So, too, are the stories of the expeditions when the ladies forgot about the intensity of the tropical sun and came back so sunburned they were about half done, and the other tales of experiences due to new conditions and a new climate and a new *insecta*. Still, they came as part of the game, and complaints are fewer than the laughs.

One side line that has flourished regardless of discouragements is love-making. "It will soon be necessary," remarks the editor of the Knocker, printed at Colon, "to increase the size of our Matrimonial Bureau announcements to the size of a magazine supplement." The young doctors and the nurses have been most susceptible to the influence of that moon. Seventeen nurses were married in two months, a time ago. "They say that wedding matches are made in Heaven," said a minstrel wit. "Funny name for the Cristobal Hospital," commented another. But all are not so fortunate, for, in another edition, the Knocker inquires: "Is there a nurse remaining on the reservation who has failed to hand Señor Juan a bunch of lemons?"

When the boat comes in there are always wives returning or sweethearts coming, and when the boat goes out there are always wives going to the States and sweethearts, too, mostly to get ready to be married. All of the employees travel on the Government boats, which dock at Cristobal, and the scenes of welcome or parting observed there on arriving or sailing days bear eloquent witness to the advantages of the Zone as an encourager of matrimony.

It takes all kinds of people to make a world, as the First Bromide remarked, some thousands of years ago, and it takes all kinds of people to help dig an Isthmian Canal. There are just as many bickerings and jealousies in that American colony stretched along the Canal line as there are in any other community of Americans; more, perhaps, for the association is rather closer than in a village or city in the States. At that, this sort of thing is incidental. The Americans are loyal to the work, and underneath is a fine spirit of comradeship and helpfulness. They resent criticism, if that criticism is not just, and sometimes if it is.

The Suffering of the Thin-Skinned Bachelors

IT IS their job, and they are proud of it. They reserve the right to complain themselves and point out deficiencies, but when an outsider tries a hand at it they band together and protest. There was that enterprising critic who went down to rip things apart and discovered that water got into the cellars in Colon when it rained. That certainly was a sad affair, for there are no cellars in Colon, and the Cristobal people were the first to point to this trifling inaccuracy. Then, too, when another critic discoursed censoriously on the discouraging circumstance that there are no bath-houses with hot water for the bachelors, holding there are some men who cannot stand cold shower-baths, the whole Isthmus rose up and recited the fact that the temperature of the water as it comes out of the tap on the Isthmus is seventy-nine degrees, and that the sufferings of these tender bachelors, forced by a brutal Government to use cold shower-baths, must be intense.

"I suppose," said a smug tourist from Wisconsin, sitting on the porch of the Tivoli Hotel, at Ancon, "that some day, possibly in a year or two, when they get all through lavishing money on regiments of clerks, and giving politicians easy jobs, and building fancy buildings they will spend some of the money we are providing in digging a little dirt."

"Come out," shouted six Canal men at once, who were in hearing of the smug Wisconsin man's self-sufficient conversation—"Come out, drat you, and see what is being done before you sit around and talk like that. We'll show you we are digging more dirt than you suppose there is in the world."

Among themselves it is different. There is a complaint basket on Secretary Bishop's desk in the Administration Building at Ancon, and any employee is at liberty to drop a complaint into it on any subject: his work, his food, his treatment or the scheme in general. Usually, the basket is empty, for the machine is shaken together now, and everybody is reasonably happy and not inclined to growl publicly. Some complaints do come in, from time to time. "I observe," wrote a woman who lived down the line, "that Mrs. Thus-and-so, my neighbor, has a student lamp in her sitting-room. Inasmuch as all furniture is supplied by the commission, and as my husband gets more salary than hers does, I think I should have two student lamps, at least. My position entitles me to that recognition. As it is, the only light I have in my quarters is electricity."

"I understand," wrote another employee, "that the nurses in the hospitals are having an easy time of it now, because of the decrease in sickness. I hereby request you to assign one of these trained nurses to my family. I have three small children, and in my opinion, it would be no more than right to employ one of these nurses thus advantageously while things are slack at the hospital." Ladies though they are, what the nurses thought of this proposition need not be set down here. While a polite refusal was being framed for this request things were all torn up again by the protest of an indignant American that an official let his horse stand in front of the indignant one's quarters, thereby spoiling the view, or something equally preposterous.

A Workman (Spaniard), Canal Zone

In Three Months You are Isthmus-Broken

AN AMERICAN who goes to the Isthmus gets Isthmus-broken in about three months. It requires about that time to find out whether Canal conditions will fit him and whether he will fit Canal conditions. If he is sound and healthy, and likes the work, and can do whatever he is assigned to, he will be adapted then. If he is lazy, or inefficient, or not physically capable, the same length of time will tell the story. They pound it into the newcomers pretty hard, and those who survive the grueling and get into the swing become a real part of the machine along about the eleventh or twelfth week. If they tan they are a rich, glossy brown by that time. If they burn they are a fine, deep red and have peeled variously. They are accustomed to the food, the men, the sun, and take their quinine regularly. The force shifts constantly, of course; but there is a Pioneers' Association composed of the men who came down in the earliest stages, and men who have been there two years and more are numerous.

Wages are higher than they are in the United States, and, in addition, quarters and many other necessities are free. Secretary Bishop made a comparison of prices for foodstuffs between those quoted in New York and those in force in the commissary a time ago. It was found that in a selected list, embracing meats, vegetables, dairy products, fruits, cured meats and lard, and poultry and game, the prices in the commissary were, in nineteen instances, higher than the prices on the same articles in New York, lower in thirty-seven instances and equal in eight instances. The aggregate of the higher prices was about ninety cents, and the aggregate of the lower prices was two dollars and forty cents.

The commission is putting out constant warnings to men out of work to stay away from the Isthmus. There is little chance of employment there for skilled workmen of any kind. It is almost hopeless for a man out of a job to go to Panama, for the rolls are filled and the forces in various departments are being reduced, instead of increased. New men are constantly taken on, of course, but they are men who are employed by the officials of the commission in Washington, through the regular channel, and not men who go to the Canal Zone on their own responsibility. Many persons have written to me since my first article on the Canal appeared in these colmns, asking how they can get positions on the Isthmus. The only way is to make application to the Canal Commission in Washington.

"What we need down here," said an old employee, who was discussing the oversupply of labor and the chance of getting more pay, "is a good yellow-fever scare. That would help a lot." That was a cynical way of looking at it, for it is more than likely there would be a stampede if a case of yellow fever should be discovered. This would apply with more force to the working-men than to the clerks and others on the gold roll, but it is probable the gold men would be scared a bit, too. There has been no yellow fever for two years.

The commission has made strict rules against betting and gambling, but there is some of both done. The baseball games afford the men with sporting blood the best opportunity. There have been games where several thousand dollars were wagered on the result. When the baseball rivalry became keen the managers of the various clubs began importing professional players from the States. These men came in under assumed names, in some instances, but were soon discovered, for they were players from the Southern and Eastern and other minor leagues. The Commission ordered that all men who had been brought in to play professional ball under assumed names should be sent back. Every new man who comes is eagerly examined as to his qualifications as a ball-player and, if he makes any claims, is tried out by the ambitious club managers. It is a standing joke on the Isthmus that a man who can play ball need have no fears of having much else to do. As one of the monologue artists at a Culebra minstrel show expressed it: "I came down here to the Isthmus and I didn't have any place to stay and no job, and wasn't met by any committee. You see, I wasn't a ball-player."

Many Americans invest in the Panama Lottery. This institution has weekly drawings, and both men and women peddle the tickets on every corner in Panama. They are forbidden to sell tickets in the Zone territory, but if an American wants a ticket he can find one easily enough. The lottery is a most respected institution in Panama. Some of the most prominent men in the city are in control of it. The drawings are held on Sunday morning, at half-past ten o'clock, in the lottery office on the Plaza, just across from the Cathedral. As I remember it, the capital prize is three thousand five hundred dollars three times a month and double that once a month, or it may be that the prizes are seven thousand five hundred dollars and fifteen thousand dollars. At any rate, tickets are cheap, the usual combinations are made and the drawing is, apparently, as honest as it is open; and occasionally an American wins something.

When the bull-fighters come from Spain on their way to Lima they always stop over in Panama for a time and give a few exhibitions. There is a good-sized bull-ring, and they have fights every Sunday when there are any artists in the city. Unfortunately for the sport, the bulls produced in and about Panama are not up to the mark. They are not wild and ferocious specimens, but, usually, mild-eyed, inoffensive, polite and harmless as sheep. There was great disappointment at one exhibition in February because the prize bull, the one that was expected to rip-snort and eviscerate a few horses and, perhaps, a man or two, came in, walked around, ignored the red flags and the stickers and all the rest, gazed reproachfully at the chief artist, one of the most celebrated in Spain—so the handbills said—and walked over to a corner and laid down, at peace with all the world. He had no time for such nonsense as flaunting shawls of brilliant red and pirouetting artists who desired to engage him in deadly combat. He was bored by the whole proceeding, and took no pains to conceal the fact.

The Bull that Did Not Know He was Dead

THE prize bull at the fight on February 9 was of a different stamp. To make sure, the managers of the fight had secured seven bulls—seven—count 'em—seven—and they were to be fierce and awesome. Three of them came in, kicked up their heels about the way a Jersey cow does when the flies are bothering her, and stood stock-still while the bull-fighter gave them the coup with his sword. The fourth bull was of no such equable temper. He knew what he wanted to do. When he had been given the coup by the artist he did not sink limply down and die in the arena. Not by a jugful. Although he was officially dead he walked over, jumped the fence and started for the jungle. They chased after him, lassoed him and brought him back. The bull jumped the fence again. This time they let him go, arguing, no doubt, that a bull that has not sense enough to know he is dead, after he has been declared so officially, is too stupid for any use.

It was in this bull-ring the Panama police effected one of the most famous of their exploits. A fight between a jaguar and a bull had been arranged. It was to be a sanguinary affair, and many Americans from along the Canal line went over to see it. At the proper time the bull was led in and then, with much impressment, the fierce and bloodthirsty jaguar was hauled out of his cage. The jaguar did not like the look of things. He was distinctly disturbed. He refused to fight with the bull or to look at the bull. He slunk around the edge of the ring and then made a dash up the fence in front of the principal stand.

Everybody stood up and yelled. The people were scared, but the jaguar was more scared than they were. He was anxious for but one thing, and that was to get out. Just here the Panama police came marching to the front. They saw their duty. Unlimbering the long pistols

Ancon, from the Heights

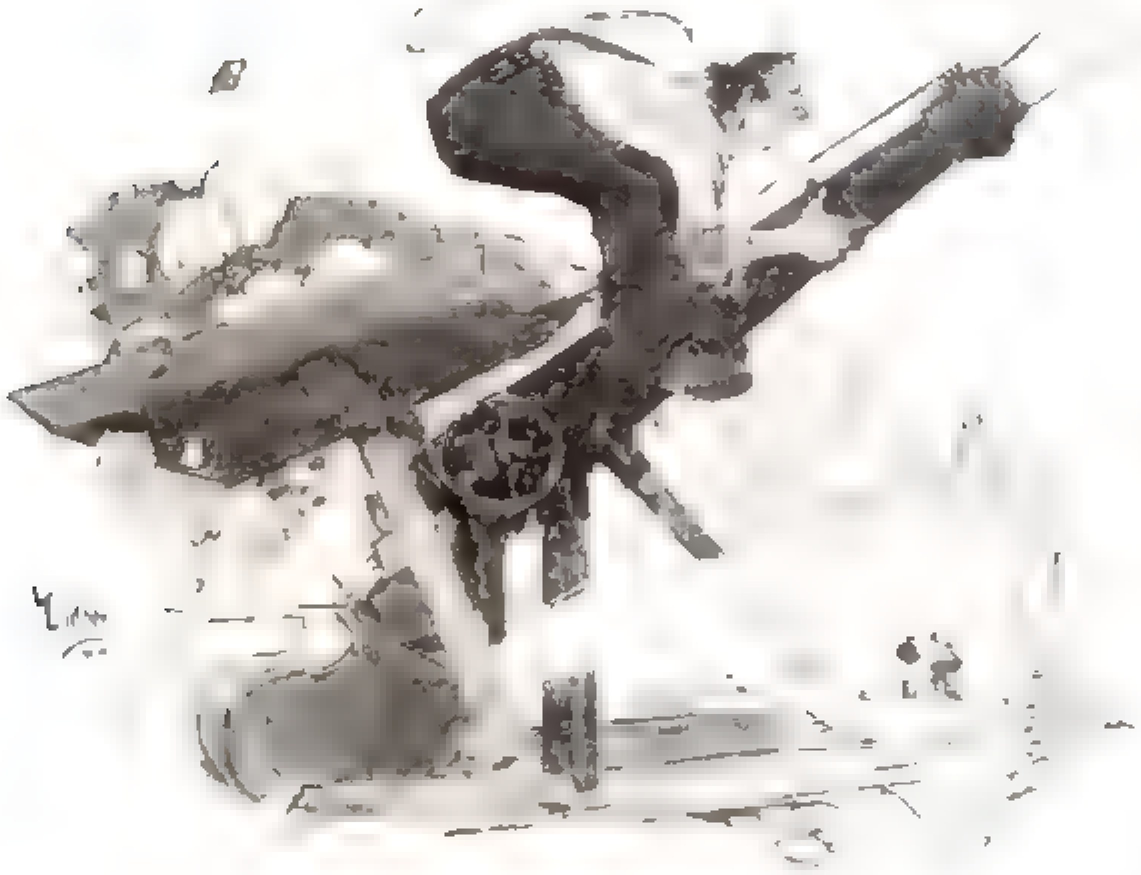
Continued on Page 26)

Hohankton, Pettie and Others

THE TALE OF A TRAINED PIG

By Henry Wallace Phillips

ILLUSTRATED BY GUSTAVUS C. WIDNEY



"'Come on, You Flapjack Faces! Help Me Hold This Critter Down'"

DO YOU remember Red's pig, Foxy Bill?" said Hydraulic Smith. "Well, I was in a camp that had a pig for its chief feature, myself. He wasn't a fat, comfortable old lad like Foxy Bill, but a sort of cross between a razorback and a buffalo. He was a little feller, with a mane on his head and on his shoulders. He had high shoulders on him, like a buffalo, but, as for the rest of him, he was that thin you wouldn't have known him for a pig, except for the curly tail at the end.

"He was our sole and only pet. We was too high in the air for cats. They died of heart disease. Nobody owned a dog. We called piggie Johanus Eliphas Hohankton for a noted statesman in that part of the country, a great man on the pension vote (believe he drew three himself), that told us politics with one wooden leg and a mouthful of language trying to gurgle through Greaser Pepe's gin.

"I think Hohankton discovered the lack of dogs in town, for he tried to act the part as much as he could. He'd go trotting up Main Street, kind of sniffing at you and rolling his eyes, give two or three squeals like a dog, when you called to him, then sometimes he'd go mosying around important, full of his own business, just as you see dogs do.

"He took care of the coats and the lunch-boxes. If a stranger came around he'd show his tusk with his lip all curled up, and growl something ferocious. He was a right smart animal. I can see him now, going the lengths of Main Street, sounding like a busted clarinet player telling his woes in music, to let you know he was there, and that if there was a doughnut or some apple sass, or, in fact, almost anything that a hog might like, you could please your friend Hohankton by putting it forth.

"But nothing in the world would get him fat. He was built like a fish, fore and aft, and in a straightaway I think he could hold a jack-rabbit.

"The Judge, he was a heavy-built old man who wore his chin on his breast most of the time. When Hank walked alongside of him he hunched up his back like the Judge, and put on much the same expression, until the Judge rumbled out, 'Durn that hawg!' and give him a scratch on the back with his cane.

"Then, if there was a lively bunch, why, Hank was merry, too. He would trot and amble with one side, and gallop with the other, make prancing steps, biting at his own tail till an oyster'd laugh.

"We had miles of claims on the bank. The pay was light, howsomever, and you had to send about twenty acres down the stream to get enough to pay the hands off. We had plenty of water on a two-hundred-foot fall, or it wouldn't have paid for the trouble.

"Howsomever, we sent an almighty lot of farm land down where the ranchers didn't want it. They objected to our covering their vegetables with four solid foot of tailings, consequently they kicked like anything, but it was just mine job against vegetable job, and after the law courts had been worn out and decided:

The rose is red, the sky is blue;
We don't know nothing, no more'n you,

and everybody had an injunction out against somebody else, which he couldn't enforce, why it came back to our old friend, physical trouble, again. The farmers outnumbered us, but we ranked in the first class for physical trouble, so there hadn't been anything but an exchange of personal remarks.

"There was just one rancher, who grew too fast when he was young, and then stopped too quick after he grew up, came at us fierce. He called us all kinds of twisted crooks and straight-out thieves he could think of. He had it in for me particular. Once, as he got to putting it on me, he grew excited, and began to swing an axe around. He came nigh hitting the stream one or two passes, and I told him:

"'You jay bird, you'll be a-sitting and a-singing on a limb if you monkey with that little squirt of water. You are perfectly safe from me during working-hours, but don't fool with our piping lay.'

"Not one man in a million knows what a stream of water can do, and he was one of the million that didn't. So he r'ared up and said he would splash the water over me, and he raised his axe. I had half a mind to turn the lever and squirt him over the neighboring bluff, but I had pity in my soul, so I hollers, 'Don't!'

"But them words was too late. He is one of the very few men who will ever tell anybody how he tried cutting a hydraulic stream in two. While he was blasting me he wandered about, sitting on his horse loose; the axe came down. I was looking right plumb at him, but just how, when and in what way he disappeared I will never tell you.

"I followed the direction of the stream until I found him. He was curled up on his back, about half the axe handle in his hand. Soon as I came in sight he hollered, 'WHOA!' I stared at him. I come a little nearer, and he yelled 'WHOA!' again, and tried to scramble to his feet. I learned afterward that he'd been a mule-skinner for a while and thought his team had turned on him.

"I grabbed him by the neck. 'Now, you horny-headed son of toil,' I said to him, 'you've learned one thing to-day. Keep on doing that for three thousand, six hundred and seventy-five days in the year and by the end of that time you won't put your thumb on the buzz-saw.'

"'You don't mean to tell me a stream of water done that!' he gasps out.

"'You have three shies at it,' I said. 'I'll furnish the axes, and every time that stream doesn't knock you one hundred and fifty feet you get a new cigar. Want to buy in the game?' I shambled him off to his wagon and dumped him in.

"He laid low for his revenge, like the darned farmer he was, and meanwhile Hohankton was the cause of our undoing. Animals have a heap more sense about natural things than men has. Hank got in the way of following the boys over to the side of the creek. You know I used to undercut the bank while the boys worked the big stone out for me and loosened up the dirt here and there. They was as careless fellows as you'd see. Yet, at the same time, no man wants an eighty-foot bank of dirt on top of him, and so they'd be quite anxious in their minds for about five minutes before the slide came.

"The first day Hank went over there he threw up his head as though he smelled something, straightened his tail, grunted loud and away he went. The boys near got pinched looking at him and laughing. When they went back, Hank went back, and the next time he blew his signal everybody departed. We were not such a swell-headed crowd we couldn't learn a thing from an animal. Hank, old boy Rocks, was just as right as he was before, and after that he took up his position as Official Notifier and he never went wrong. The boys could work right along till they heard that squeal, and then do fast time to the creek.

"We was proud enough of Hanky before, but now he had this actual stunt of his that we could prove to any or all lookers-on, our chests stuck out till the buttons popped off. Other fellows would drop in with stories of dogs that had done all the wonderful things that you have heard tell of, and cats that used to milk cows, and horses that could figure up to six times six, and all them lovely relations that gets to be natural history around the camps, and we could stand for it and say 'Yes,' just as if we believed it.

"Then we'd remark we had a pig in camp; and wouldn't say anything more until Hank signaled, and the visitor would begin to open his mouth to see everybody a-running, asking why. Then down come the bank!

"Usually the stranger went and put up money that it wouldn't happen again. After three times, though, he'd let go, scratching his head and meditating: 'It's so. I see it's so, but how the blazes a pig knows more about the acts of gravitation than a white man you tell me now.' And we'd answer we weren't going to tell him. Let him find out, same as we did.

"Well, he'd admit in a kind of grudging way that that pig of ours was quite a curiosity. Yes, he'd admit it, in a sort of easy, offhand style, that old Hank was quite a curiosity, and we didn't have to say anything.

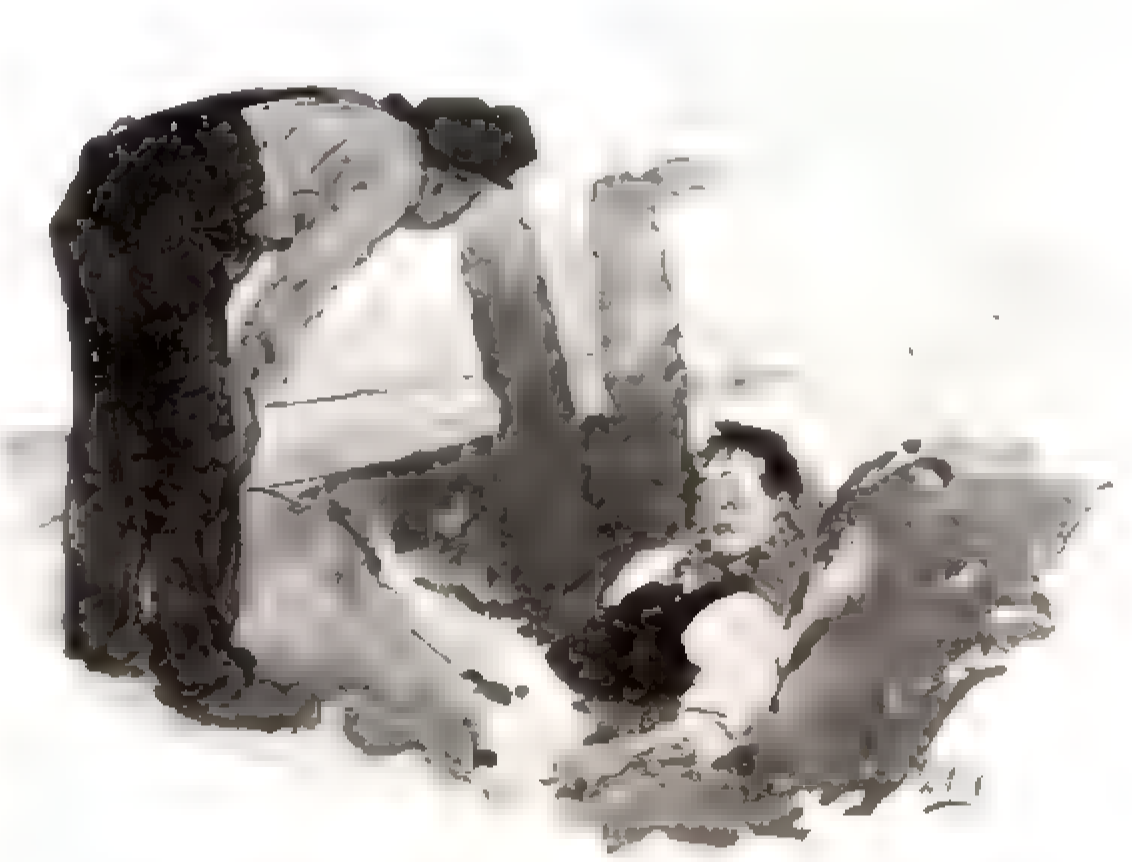
"They would go on from Placerville, working the yarn up, until fifty mile away it seemed we had a pig that could smell a pay streak, always pointing like a pointer dog when he smelled the gold; that he usually walked back home on the hydraulic stream, and that when it was time for a bank to fall he would make sounds that sounded so much like 'Look out!' that you couldn't hardly tell the difference from a man's yelling it, except that it had a kind of pig brogue to it, as it were, and so forth.

"We didn't have to advertise Hank one particle; even that gol-darned farmer heard of it, and slouched around on the quiet till he see how things lay.

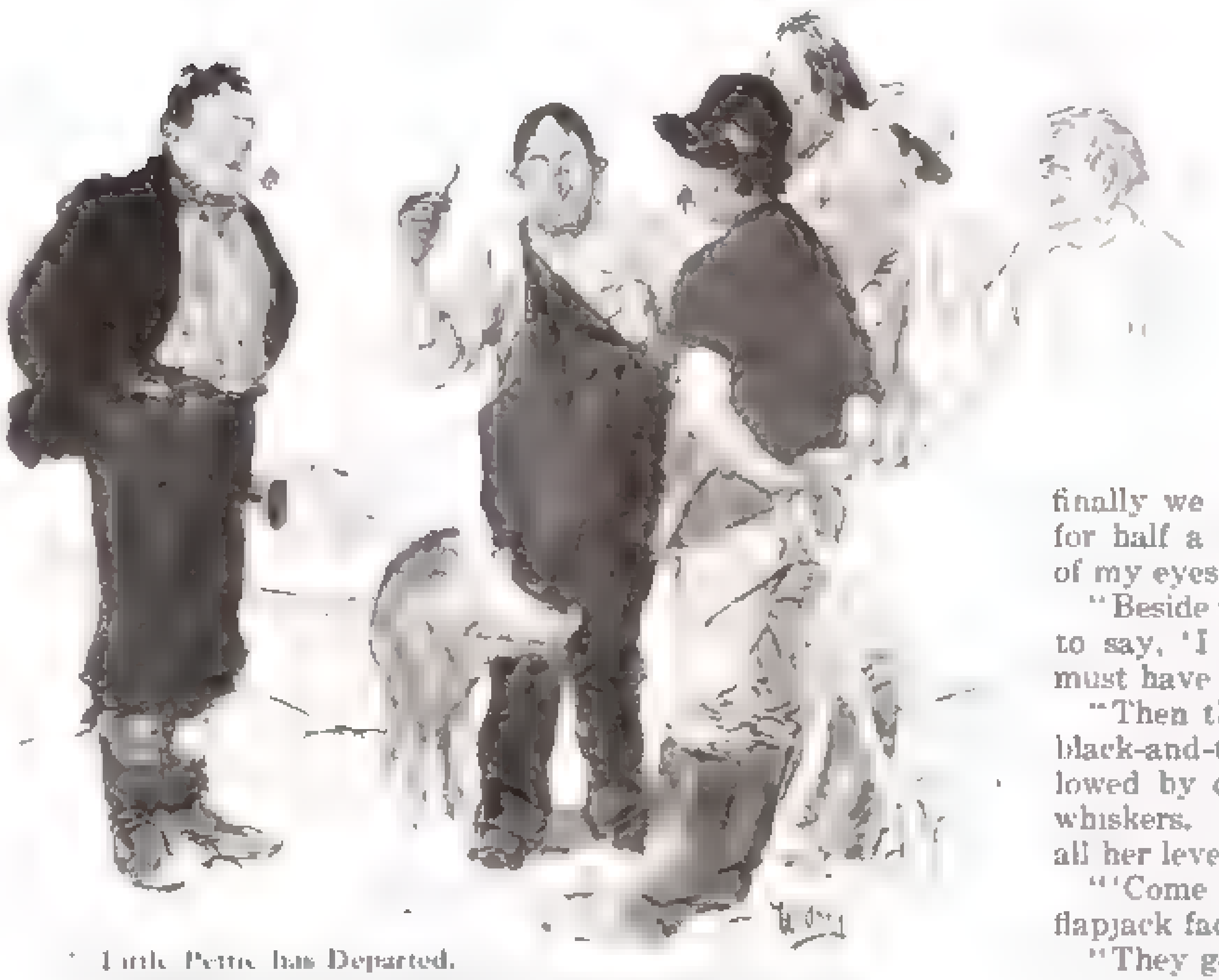
"Well, here's the way he come near getting even. If there's anything I ever really did love it is to get my hands on a monitor lever and just feel that old streak of water flying across, smacking, gargling and gurgling in the earth, ripping her out, mud and suds a-flying all over, rocks going, too, and just a little touch bringing the blade in the stream and swinging her around, because, you know, four men couldn't turn that nozzle by bull strength, where just a little blade that cut into it at each side made it turn like a delicate vine.

"Now, I liked that as well as when I used to live back East in a little old town up in New York, and it was my job to water the front street, and when there come a carriage along I always used to be absent-minded somehow, and that carriage would run right into the water, and then them good old aunts of mine used to explain it, how absent-minded I was, and the ladies that got wet wouldn't listen to it, and the nigger coachman and I had it around the barn fast. Well, I was just the same kind of kid again when the monitor was playing, and the sun was shining, and the clouds was sailing, and the grass was growing, and everything that ought to happen was happening.

"Yes, my mind was in an A-1 condition, peace and good-will toward men, and everything else, when all of a sudden Hank gives his three locomotive whistles, and pulls for the shore, followed by twenty grown-up men, falling over bushes, jumping over boulders, galloping and waving their arms in wild excitement, Hank far in the lead.



"'You Don't Mean to Tell Me a Stream of Water Done That!'"



"Little Pettie has Departed, but He, She or It Leaves This for You as a Souvenir"

"'What in thunder?' I said to myself. 'That bank ain't nowise loosening'; when I happened to look down, and there, on a little bench, clapping his hands, sat that guerrilla-faced, swivel-jointed rancher, and there was coming up to him a black-and-tan dog, no bigger'n three rats. He couldn't see me, and the boys couldn't see him. They watched for that bank to fall, and there wasn't any fall, and they waited, and they began cussing their good old friend Hank, that had never failed them once before.

"When I thought of Hank being thus abused, just because a cussed little dog—a kind of beast he ain't never seen in his life before—has run him out, my fighting-blood began to run quick all around my veins and arteries, and I thinks to myself, 'Oh, you gol-darn potato-bug assassin! You slayer of squ'sh bugs! Here's where you get the thirty-third degree of Free and Accepted Masonry with all its tips, spurs, right-angles and variations—so mote it be!'

"It wasn't the hour for blue checks to run in my direction. I grabbed the elevator wheel and sent the stream heavenward, started her swinging, hoping to drop it right on the back of Mr. Rancher's neck. I didn't intend to push him into the bank and hold him there. No, I was the slickest boy handling a stream the country contained, and I thought, perhaps, I could hit him in the neck with about seven hundred assorted tons of water, and leave his hat hanging in the air. I wanted to do something real nice to him.

"Well, it was *me* that got it. I always told the Boss he didn't load the tripod heavy enough. When I sent the stream up she teetered for fair. It was like a camel buck-jumping. There ain't much give to three iron legs, and so, friends, I was sitting up and down times oftener than I could realize.

"There wasn't a bronc' buster that wouldn't have yelled, 'He's a rider!' if he'd seen me stick to that machine. We crow-hopped on the rocks back and forwards, and alleman'all. We pitched forward and back, and we did the double teeter, and as for the stream—the smack when she hit things sounded just like a little small giant baby, nine hundred feet high, clapping his hands with glee. Sometimes through the whiz and howl I could hear men's voices asking why I done so, and they no longer sounded like the voices of comrades and friends.

"I was helpless as a child; couldn't grab lever, wheel nor nothing. Finally one leg toppled off an edge of rock and then ——! Well, she shot the cook's shanty across the stream two hundred yards first whack. It was so sudden it didn't even put the fire out. The boys took their solemn oaths the kitchen stove went across, smoking as calm and peaceful as anything, just like it had decided to take a little fly. Nothing to interrupt business, but just the kind of exercise you would think a cook-stove would take. Yet they was astonished that I should shoot a cook-stove across the stream.

"While they was standing there astonished, the old nozzle bucked 'way back, and plowed a well in a bank ten feet away. I bet you that stream could shoot a hole right up Niagara Falls, and when she mixed it with the mess of dirt and rock in that bank, kicking it backwards at me, old Napoleon at Waterloo was a dum poor effigy for Hy Smith. I couldn't see how it was ever going to be possible for me to breathe again, and the awful roar and swatting and smashing makes it queer how I ever got to hear or think again.

"But she passed through that bank of dirt in no time, and all the fellows that was asking, 'Where's he gone?' found out. They got the last of the bank. Men could show you dents where pebbles no bigger'n buckshot had been blown into them.

"The old monitor got real gay, and thought she was a Fourth of July pin-wheel, and after that there was nothing but water-works on the whole cussed creek. She took from one side to the other in quick swings. Billy, the cook, said he saw a block of boards take wings and sail right over Hooker's Mountain.

"I was dumfuzzled and geewhizzled, till my head was full of curled hair and insect powder. I hung on with all hands and feet by instinct, like an insect, until finally we steadied down and played in the same place for half a minute, and I brushed some of the water out of my eyes.

"Beside me was Hank, looking reproachful, as much as to say, 'I *thought* you knew your limit, Hy—but you must have stayed in town *too* long last time.'

"Then the next thing appeared was that darned little black-and-tan dog that had caused the whole trouble, followed by our friend, the rancher. I pined to wash his whiskers. But it was not to be. The monitor had jacked all her levers and cogs by knocking around.

"'Come on,' I yelped to the crowd—'Come on, you flapjack faces! Help me hold this critter down.'

"They got a move on. We tied the monitor and sent word to shut off the water. Whilst we was all stepping on each other's feet, I thought I heard a mixture of sounds like small roars and large 'Ki-yi's,' but the farmer, he was very busy, thinking we might catch on to who did all this, and come down to his cabin some night and take his whiskers as a momentum.

"I had been pounded enough, so one of the lads took my place. I stepped out. There was a battle going on. That cussed little black-and-tan terrier was snapping and flying around poor old Hohankton, that had never received anything but kind treatment in his life, and scarcely knew what to make of this. I hate a black-and-tan dog, anyway. I like to see a dog with legs big enough and long enough to support his body, and with a body hefty enough to give the legs something to do. This yapping little devil didn't have none of my sympathies. When I looked at the miserable beast I felt something *had* to happen to him.

"Just then he made a quick jump and nailed old Hank by the nose, and somebody hollered for me to come and fix something.

"After I pounded my thumb and wrenched my wrist getting the lever back in some shape again, they stopped the water off, and the country was saved!

(Concluded on Page 37)

THE SIMPLE CASE OF SUSAN

By Jacques Futrelle

AUTHOR OF THE CHASE OF THE GOLDEN PLATE

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARENCE F. UNDERWOOD

XVII

MR. WILBUR was getting interested. By Jove, it was just like a page out of a Williamson story, mixed up with an Agnes and Egerton Castle chapter!

"Coming down to brass tacks, there's an elopement on," Paul continued, still staring hard at Mr. Wilbur. "We were to go meet the girl at a quarter of seven o'clock. It's now about five minutes past seven, and ——" He waved his hands despairingly.

"This—this"—and Mr. Wilbur nodded toward the other room—"this isn't the girl, then?"

"No," Paul replied. "My—er—this lady has nothing to do with the affair beyond chaperoning the girl to the place of meeting." He paused. "My car is somewhere in the Park, out of commission; I can't go away and leave *her* here, not knowing what's the matter with her; it's twenty minutes past meeting time, and the bride-to-be is probably crying her eyes out. Your car is at the door. You can straighten the whole thing out. Will you do it?"

And then a huge wave of comprehension swept over Mr. Wilbur. Susan was *not* eloping! Of course not! She was merely aiding some one who was. Perhaps this black-mustached chap was the bridegroom.

"Will you do it?" Paul repeated tersely.

Nothing so quickly begets a spirit of reparation as a realization of having wronged one. Suddenly Mr. Wilbur found himself utterly ashamed of his suspicions, and with this shame came an irresistible impulse to make amends by whatever means came to hand. Here evidently was an opportunity to oblige Susan.

"I'll do it," he said unhesitatingly. "Where am I to go?"

"One other thing," Paul continued impressively. "It may be, if the girl is still waiting, there will be an attempt made to follow you. Of course, you would know what to do in that case?"

"I understand," replied Mr. Wilbur.

He drew out a pair of goggles and tied them on, settled his cap, tugged at his gloves and accepted a card which Paul handed him. There were some crisp instructions and he went out. Paul stood still until he heard the whir of the automobile outside as it started away, and then went in to tell Susan.

Mr. Wilbur pulled out of Ninety-sixth Street into Central Park West and went due north with slowly increasing momentum. The wind brushed his cheeks gratefully and fanned a smouldering enthusiasm into flames. It was the nearest thing to an adventure that had ever come his way. And he was beginning to like it tremendously. The uncertainty of it all, and the mystery, and the feeling of responsibility for the happiness of two unknown hearts! Confound it, it was bully to be doing something! Fortunately for his peace of mind it did not occur to him that he had heard Susan kiss this dark-mustached chap, and avow her love for him—he remembered only that he had misjudged her and that now he was making amends.

At One Hundred and Fifth Street a policeman shouted at him warningly. Mr. Wilbur grinned with the sheer delight of the thing and slithered on his way. He turned east at One Hundred and Tenth Street with undiminished speed, and the north end of Central Park slid gloomily past on his right. At St. Nicholas Avenue he eased up a little and proceeded more sedately to Fifth Avenue. A few quick, furtive glances all around, then he turned and came back along One Hundred and Tenth Street, very slowly hugging the curb next to the Park, until he had covered about half a block. There he stopped.

"Honk, honk, honk!" remarked the car impatiently. Then: "Honk, honk!" And again: "Honk, honk!"

Mr. Wilbur peered with eager eyes into the darkness. After a moment a figure detached itself from the shadows—a slender, girlish figure—and ran toward the automobile. Mr. Wilbur leaped out and threw open the door of the tonneau, incidentally straining his eyes to get a glimpse of the girl's face as he handed her in. His curiosity was rebuked by a heavy veil which enviously enveloped head and face and throat. But Mr. Wilbur knew intuitively that she was pretty.

He paused for just a moment to satisfy himself that his machine was shipshape, and then with a feeling of exultation took his seat again. A veiled lady! By George, it was all according to Hoyle! The accident in the Park, the mysterious man, and the veiled lady! The car moved west slowly. He almost regretted that the only thing remaining for him to do now was to deliver the girl to an address in Sixty-fifth Street—the number written on the card. Anyway, he would claim the right of being best man at the wedding!

His meditations were interrupted by the weight of a light hand on his shoulder. He turned suddenly.

"Look!" exclaimed the veiled lady anxiously.

Mr. Wilbur looked. A huge touring car had bulged suddenly into the street from Fifth Avenue, and was drawing up at the curb on the Park side. It contained a chauffeur, one other man, and a woman in the rear seat.

"Honk, honk, honk!" said the newcomer. "Honk, honk!" And again: "Honk, honk!"

"The signal, by Jove," remarked Mr. Wilbur to himself. "It isn't all over, after all." And he was positively glad of it.

"Honk, honk, honk!" his car bellowed defiantly. "Honk, honk!" And again: "Honk, honk!"

It was a spirit of daredeviltry that prompted the challenge. Instantly the challenge was accepted and the big touring car behind started forward with a jerk. Mr Wilbur grinned, threw in his high-speed gear and started

"Honk, honk, honk!" screamed the car behind. It was moving like the wind now

"Honk, honk, honk!" taunted the car ahead

Speed ordinances are idiotic things anyway. If you don't believe it ask any automobilist Mr Wilbur didn't think much of them evidently, for he gave his car her head now, and buckled down over the steering wheel. He glanced back once to reassure the veiled lady

"Don't be alarmed," he said exultantly "Nothing on wheels can catch this car."

Straight along One Hundred and Tenth Street, a sudden swerve to the right, and St. Nicholas Avenue lay straight before him. The other car came on and swerved in after him. Delightful little thrills were chasing up and down Mr. Wilbur's aristocratic spine. He would keep going uptown until he shook off his pursuer, then dodge out of the way and double back. That was his purpose and, incidentally, it was one of the few times in his life that he had a definite purpose.

And so the cars raced on, sworn at by pedestrians, shouted at by policemen, barked at by little dogs, until Central Park was lost in the darkness behind and they were both swallowed up in the wilds of Harlem

While telephone, telegraph, special messengers and two private detectives were busily ransacking New York City for Mr. Stanwood, he was sitting in the drawing-room of his country place at Tarrytown, on a Chippendale settle, with his feet on a Louis XIV chair, telling Mortimer how to hang a picture. The place hadn't been opened for the season, the 'phones had not been connected, therefore it was the most unlikely place for Mr. Stanwood to be.

"A little more to the right, Mortimer," he directed.

"Yes, sir."

And just then Hollis came in.

"Please, sir, Mr. Wilbur is here," Hollis announced, "and is very anxious to see you immediately."

"Dan Wilbur?" inquired Mr. Stanwood. "Ask him in."

And a moment later Dan Wilbur appeared. Beneath a coating of dust Mr. Stanwood was able to recognize him, and he arose in surprise.

"What's the matter, Dan?" he inquired. "Sit down."

"I haven't a moment," Mr. Wilbur apologized. "I didn't know you were up here. I came by on a chance of being able to borrow a car from your garage. I knew you kept one or two up here. May I have it?"

"Certainly," replied Mr. Stanwood. "But what's the matter? What's the excitement?"

"My machine broke down a couple of hundred yards back here," Mr. Wilbur explained hastily. "I must have another at once in order to to get back to New York. It's a matter of vital importance." He paused thoughtfully. "There's another car behind, chasing me."

"Chasing you?" repeated Mr. Stanwood. "Hollis, run around to the garage and bring that sixty-horse-power machine to the door." Then to Mr. Wilbur: "Who's chasing you? And why?"

Mr. Wilbur nervously removed his goggles and tied them on again.

"Well, as a matter of fact," he confessed, "I'm mixed up in an elopement, and —— "

"Elopement?" interrupted Mr. Stanwood in amazement. "Elopement?"

"Oh, *I'm* not eloping," Mr. Wilbur hastened to explain "I'm helping a chap who was to meet the girl and take her to the place to be married. Immediately after I picked her up this other car appeared in pursuit, and we've been racing all over Westchester ever since. My idea, of course was to dodge them and get back to New York, then just as I lost sight of them my car broke down. I hid the girl out in the woods a couple of hundred yards back here until I could come here and borrow a car. That's all She's waiting, scared to death, I suppose, out there in the woods and I don't happen to know how far back the pursuing car is."

He stopped breathlessly; there was a twinkle in Mr Stanwood's eyes.

"If you're violating no confidence, who is the girl?" he asked.

Mr. Wilbur stared at him blankly.

"I don't know" he confessed. "I don't even know who the man is. I don't know anything about it, except that I'm in honor bound to shake off that other car and get her down to Sixty-fifth Street in a hurry."

Mr. Stanwood laughed outright.

"Why, confound it, you've stirred up a genuine adventure, haven't you?" he chuckled. He clapped Mr. Wilbur on the shoulder and led him toward the front door. "I didn't think it was in you, Dan," he added.

"'Tis kind of queer, isn't it?" Mr. Wilbur said. "I rather liked it at first—something different, you know. But I couldn't lose that car behind me to save me. There must be a thousand dollars in fines piled up against my machine. Every policeman I passed shouted at me and took my number."

"Not getting tired of it, Dan?" Mr. Stanwood rebuked. "And you haven't delivered the girl yet? Think of the anxious hearts that are awaiting her. Say, Dan," he went on suddenly, "let me get in, won't you? I haven't had any real excitement for ten years. Let me go along with you? I'm going to town anyway."

Mr. Wilbur considered it thoughtfully.

"I can't see any objection," he said at last. "The girl won't mind, I don't suppose. I'm going to cut for the city as soon as I get the car. Come along."

The churning of Mr. Stanwood's automobile came to them faintly from outside. The millionaire swooped up hat and coat and rushed out, following Mr. Wilbur. They routed out Hollis and tumbled into the front seat, side by side. In his own automobile Mr. Stanwood instantly assumed command

"Now, let's get the girl," he directed tersely, "and then, Dan, my boy, we'll show 'em just how good we are. We two are equal to an army, eh?"

He poked Mr. Wilbur jovially in the ribs, and chuckled. Why, this was more fun than he'd ever had before in all his life!

"Of course, if that other automobile doesn't come along it's simple enough now," Mr. Wilbur explained, as he put on power.

"Let her come," boasted Mr. Stanwood. "We'll run the legs off her."

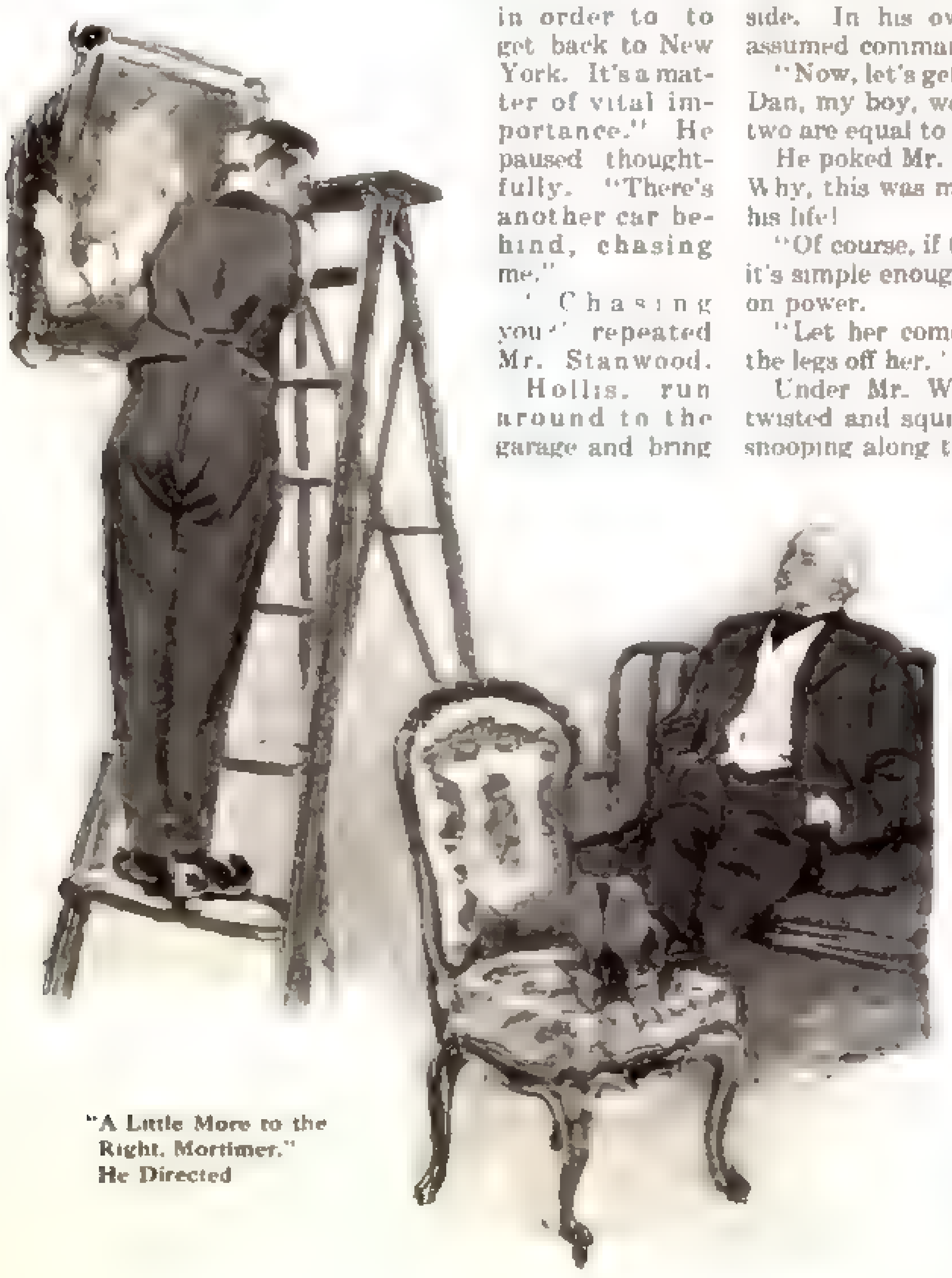
Under Mr. Wilbur's dexterous manipulation the car twisted and squirmed out into the road again, and went snooping along through the darkness. After a minute or so the lights of his own car, stationary beside the road, rose out of the gloom, and he stopped beside it.

"Honk, honk, honk!" observed the new car blatantly. "Honk, honk!" And again: "Honk, honk!"

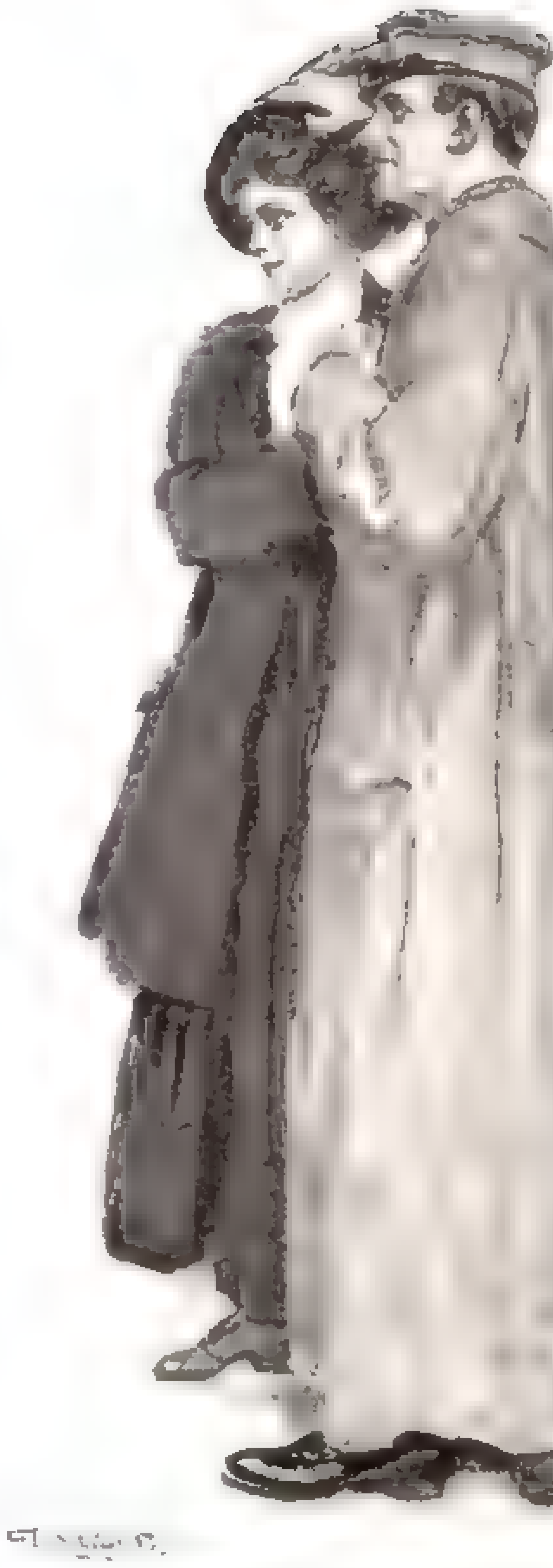
There was a crackling of twigs in the underbrush to the left, and the veiled lady appeared timidly, silhouetted against the light. Mr. Stanwood gallantly leaped out. For an instant the veiled lady hesitated as Mr. Stanwood approached hesitated as if she were contemplating flight.

"It's all right—I'm here," Mr. Wilbur called out.

"Here we are—right in here," Mr. Stanwood instructed. "Got a little new blood in the game, that's all," and he handed her into the tonneau. "Now, don't worry for a moment, little lady," he added paternally. "We'll pull you through all right. 'All the world loves a lover,' you know. Ha! Ha! Ha! We won't keep him waiting a minute longer than we can possibly help."



"A Little More to the Right, Mortimer," He Directed



From a Refuge in Her Husband's Arms Susan Taunted Him with Her Eyes

The veiled lady shrank back timidly into the farthest corner before this good-natured outburst of assurance; and, still chuckling, Mr. Stanwood clambered in beside Mr. Wilbur again. Mr. Wilbur was listening intently; and Mr. Stanwood also listened. Faintly there came to them the chug-chug-chug of a rapidly-moving car, and as they all looked back her dazzling lights flashed into sight around a curve in the roadway.

"*There* she comes!" announced Mr. Stanwood delightedly.

"*Here* we go!" announced Mr. Wilbur grimly.

"Now, my boy," remarked Mr. Stanwood placidly, "let's show 'em how fast a *real* automobile can run."

Mr. Wilbur pulled her wide open and the machine fairly jumped out of her tracks. Mr. Stanwood's hat went skimming off into the night, like a rifle-shot, and he only laughed.

"Honk, honk, honk!" bleated the pursuing car.

"Honk, honk, honk!" Mr. Stanwood bleated back at it.

The wind was sweeping up into their faces, the keen night air was stinging color into their cheeks, and Mr. Stanwood's hatless white head looked like a venerable porcupine. He settled back comfortably, enjoying every instant of it, while the darkened world went reeling past.

XVIII

MR. WILBUR'S was a master hand on the steering wheel. Mr. Stanwood looked on admiringly at the ease and certainty with which he held sixty horse power at his finger-tips, the while he permitted himself to regret vaguely that such a blamed good chauffeur had been spoiled to make only a tamely interesting man of the world. However, if he got Dan in the family that would be something. Which reminded him of the surpassing impertinence of the impecunious Lieutenant Faulkner Eighteen hundred a year! Confound him!

For half a mile or so the cars slid on through the night, seemingly without the variation of a hair's breadth in their position each to the other.

"Can't you give her some more speed?" Mr. Stanwood shouted in Mr. Wilbur's ear.

"I'm getting out of her everything she's got in her," Mr. Wilbur shouted back.

"That chap back there's sticking like glue," Mr. Stanwood bawled. And that chap back there could drive a car, *too*, if anybody asked about it. Henri, his own chauffeur, didn't have a thing on that chap back there.

And then, slowly, slowly, they began to draw away from the pursuing car. Their advantage was almost imperceptible at first, but, after a minute or so, the pursuer's lights began to drop back rapidly, and the clamor of her engines grew fainter. A lucky bend in the road hid the dazzling eyes behind for an instant, and Mr. Wilbur availed himself of this to twist off suddenly to the right along an intersecting road. A few hundred yards that way and he turned again to the right, doubled back and crossed their own track, coming out at last on a spiderweb of roads. The houndlike car behind was shaken off, at least temporarily.

"Maybe that wasn't all right!" bellowed Mr. Stanwood enthusiastically. "Now, cut it for New York."

Mr. Wilbur eased up slightly.

"You don't know that chap back there," he remarked. "I've lost him two or three times, but he always turns up again. He's a mind-reader."

"Well, if we can keep out of his sight until we get back to town he's lost, all right," said Mr. Stanwood conclusively. "Go 'way off on the west side and we'll make our grandstand finish down Riverside Drive. And don't slow up." He turned to the veiled lady in the rear. "We're all right now," he assured her.

She nodded graciously.

Now, Mr. Wilbur was not the sort of a man to keep two fond hearts in suspense, so he gave the car her head again. He hadn't the faintest idea what time it was, but it must be at least an hour and a half since he started. That dark-mustached chap and Susan must be thinking all sorts of things. Of course they would understand that something had happened, because the dark-mustached chap had intimated that —

Suddenly a man stepped out into the roadway in front of them and waved his arms frantically. Confound it! Here was another fine to be charged up to his car. No, it wasn't his car, after all. It was Mr. Stanwood's car. Mr. Wilbur grinned a little, and went skidding over to the left, intending to pass this human semaphore. But this particular human semaphore evidently anticipated something of the kind, as there had been no diminution of speed, so he made a megaphone of his hands and bawled at them: "*Bridge down ahead!*"

"What!" exclaimed Mr. Wilbur.

Click! And the churning of the engines ceased. Snap! And the brake was on, gently at first, then harder, until the hurtling car came to a standstill with a groan a couple of hundred feet farther on. The human semaphore was strolling toward them; Mr. Stanwood and Mr. Wilbur leaped out and went back to meet him.

"Did you say there was a bridge down?" Mr. Wilbur inquired briskly. "Where is it?"

The man regarded him with a smile of complete superiority.

"I don't know," he answered. "Just a little trick of mine to stop you chauffeurs when you're speeding. It always gets 'em the first time I work it on 'em. You gents'll have to come along to the police station."

Mr. Stanwood and Mr. Wilbur stared at the plain-clothes man for one mute instant, and then Mr. Stanwood arose and declared himself. Hot, passionate, sizzling words flowed from his lips in a torrent; plain and fancy expletives, ground and lofty adjectives, and verbal flipflaps, and a heterogeneous mass of just ordinary American cuss words. Contemptible little rat! A trick like that when they were in a hurry!

The plain-clothes man listened to the end complacently, making a mental note of some of the words which were new to him. He drew a long breath at the finish.

"That makes two charges," he said at last. "Speeding and profanity."

That started Mr. Stanwood going again, but Mr. Wilbur laid a restraining hand on his arm and he simmered down.

"Now, look here," said Mr. Stanwood. "It's out of the question for us to go with you. We have—er—a lady in the car, and we must get downtown at once. We understand your position, of course. There's no one around, and I think, perhaps, I have a fifty-dollar bill here that might be useful to you?"

"That makes bribery," remarked the plain-clothes man. "Speeding, profanity and attempted bribery."

And then Mr. Stanwood *did* blow up.

"Why, confound you," he blazed, "if you keep adding up those things against me like that I'll — I'll give you a poke in the nose."

"*And* threatening an officer," supplemented the incorruptible one. "There ain't anything to it — you gents'll have to go with me."

Compared to what Mr. Stanwood said now the things he had said previously were mere idle fripperies, lightsome repartee, airy persiflage, decorative rhetoric, colorless colloquialisms. He kept saying them until he ran down, the while Mr. Wilbur, from time to time, gazed off into the darkness behind apprehensively. This elopement, according to Susan's plans and specifications, seemed to be in a bad way, and if that other car should happen to turn up again!

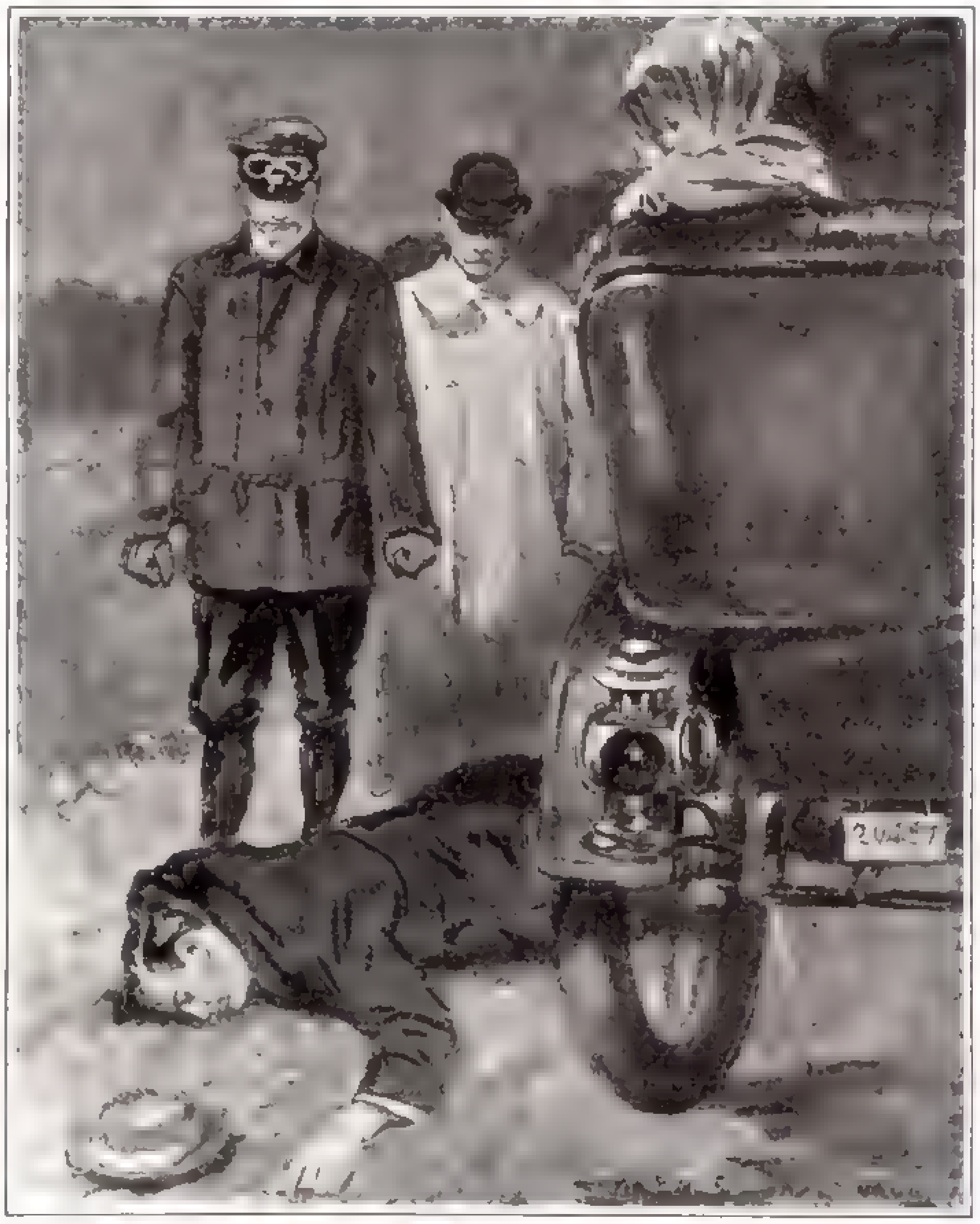
"Let me speak to the gentleman," remarked Mr. Wilbur at last. He took the plain-clothes man by the arm and purred into a large, red ear: "Now, Mister—Mister—may I inquire your name, sir?"

"Jenkins," the other obliged.

"Jenkins!" repeated Mr. Wilbur in amazement. "Why," and he seized one of the officer's hands and shook it effusively—"Why, you must be a son of old man Jenkins, then, aren't you?"

Mr. Jenkins feebly admitted that he was.

"Why, think of it!" Mr. Wilbur rippled on smoothly. "Running across you like this! Why, I feel as if I'd known you always—heard so much about you and all that." He drew back and peered into the other's face. "Just like your father, too," he complimented. "Say, now, old chap, you and I can understand each other in just a minute."



Whereupon the Incorruptible One Wrinkled Up and Went Down Like a Lump of Clay

Mr. Jenkins wasn't so certain about it, however, he didn't say anything. Mr. Wilbur leaned forward again and buzzed in his ear.

"You see," he confessed, "it's an elopement. The lady's in the automobile there, and her folks are in a car behind, chasing us. If they catch us it's all off. Do you see?"

"Where did you know my father?" Mr. Jenkins inquired suspiciously.

Mr. Wilbur buzzed on hastily.

"Two blighted hearts, and all that sort of thing, you know. You are going to let us pass—I know you are. Ha! Ha! Ha! It will be a good joke to tell your father, eh? Held up one of his oldest friends as he was eloping."

"Where did you know my father?" Mr. Jenkins insisted again.

Mr. Wilbur's mind went utterly blank. He turned helplessly to Mr. Stanwood.

"Where was it we met Mr. Jenkins' father?" he inquired. "In—er—oh, where was it?"

"I know where I'd *like* to meet him," Mr. Stanwood growled.

"You can't kid me, young fellow," Mr. Jenkins declared wisely. "My name ain't Jenkins. Ho! Ho! Ho! It's McMartin. Come along to the station now."

Mr. Wilbur's hands closed, but his voice was like velvet.

"But we must go to New York, Mr. McMartin," he urged. "It's absolutely necessary. Will — will a hundred dollars be of any use to you?"

"No," said Mr. McMartin. "Come along."

"Two hundred?"

"Cut that out and come along."

Mr. Wilbur was staring straight into his eyes.

"Is there no possible way to arrange it?" he inquired placidly.

"Come along, I tell you."

"Well, I've *got* to get to New York, Mr. McMartin," Mr. Wilbur purred. "I hate to do this, *but* ——"

And his right hand caught Mr. McMartin squarely upon the point of the jaw, whereupon the incorruptible one wrinkled up and went down like a lump of clay. Mr. Stanwood took one step forward.

"He isn't hurt," Mr. Wilbur explained calmly, as he daintily wiped his hands on a handkerchief. "He'll be all right in ten minutes. Now let's go to New York."

Mr. Stanwood gazed down upon the prostrate figure pensively. He wouldn't have believed that there was a policeman in the world who would have refused two hundred dollars.

"Well, it's done," he said philosophically. "Let's go."

They were just turning toward the automobile when a mounted policeman galloped past it, coming toward them.

"Now we *are* in trouble," remarked Mr. Stanwood grimly. "If anything happens, Dan, you take the car and run for it. I'll be hanged if I'll let a couple of mud-head policemen stop us now. I'll see this thing through, by ginger, if it costs a million dollars."

"What's the matter here?" demanded the uniformed man as he dismounted. "Did your car hit him?"

Thirty years in Wall Street had fitted Mr. Stanwood to meet emergencies.

"No," he said, after a little pause. "A little personal difficulty - that's all. There's nothing serious the matter. It was only a knock-out."

The mounted policeman satisfied himself as to Mr. McMartin's condition, then arose and faced them.

"Which one of you hit him?" he demanded.

Mr. Stanwood's hand closed warningly on Mr. Wilbur's arm.

"I hit him," he lied glibly. "I was walking along here alone; he was impertinent to me and I did that. This gentleman came up in his automobile a moment later and stopped to see what was the matter. He doesn't know anything at all about it."

A hint was as good as a mile to Mr. Wilbur. By Jove, this old chap knew *how* to arise to an occasion. The uniformed man stood staring mutely into Mr. Stanwood's face in the dim light, with a glint of recognition in his eyes.

"Seems to me I've seen your picture somewhere," he said at last. "In the Rogues' Gallery?"

"Oh, I dare say," remarked Mr. Stanwood. "It's in every other publication you pick up."

"What's your name?"

"John Smith, of course," he said cheerfully. "Come along. Don't stand here palavering all night." The officer turned to his restive horse an instant, and Mr. Stanwood spoke aside to Mr. Wilbur: "Now, Dan, it's up to you. If you fail to finish it I'll cowhide you. After it's all over come back and get me out of hock."

XIX

MR. WILBUR and the mysterious veiled lady were skimming along toward Sixty-fifth Street and Susan; Mr. McMartin was lying on a couch in the back room of a police station counting a procession of star clusters; and Mr. Fulton Stanwood, knight errant, with one criminal charge against him and a few others impending, sat contentedly on a bench in the captain's office in gentle meditation. He was a sacrifice upon the altar of adventure, and—and it was bully, that's all! Talk about jousting for

(Continued on Page 32)

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Reasoning with Sabres

BEATING the populace with the flat of sabres appears to be a pretty constant form of constabulary persuasion in Berlin nowadays, yet even so good an argument as that fails to convince the populace that the Prussian electoral laws are just. Some gloomy and excitable observers hint that a syllogism in the form of infantry fire may yet be necessary; but that seems much too extreme a view.

The odd thing about this argument is that nobody thinks the laws are just. The franchise—for the Lower House of the Prussian Parliament—is based upon a property qualification which excludes many adult males. The electors are divided into three classes, according to their wealth, and one voter of the first class counts for as much as a great many voters of the third class. It has happened that one first-class and three or four second-class electors have outvoted three thousand third-class. There are various other archaic absurdities. Bismarck himself frankly pronounced the system the worst in the world

Everybody knows it. Hence the sabres. It is the kind of argument in which there is only one convincing proposition to be advanced upon the affirmative—force. For long ages that proposition carried the day in Germany; but we have no idea that it will carry this day.

Through a Glass Darkly

WE ARE sorry even for an anarchist who believes that the world does not grow better day by day, and that the lot of the common people in the United States is as bad as in Russia or Turkey.

There are actually people who believe this. In general intelligence they are much superior to those who believe, with one Mr. Teed or Tweed, that we live on the inside of the earth, or that the late Dowie performed miracles. It is an odd thing that, in picking out a besotted error, the more intelligent people should choose the most painful one.

Much printed history is a mere story-book of kingcraft, landlords' taxes and battles; but any true account of the state of the mass of the people in any past time shows how the hands of the big clock have moved.

At this time, and in the United States, there is still much bettering to be done; and there is truth, no doubt, in Emerson's statement that, to accomplish a given result, the tendency must be overloaded. But we question the merit of putting in a charge that blows out the whole breeching, with slaughter among the gun-crew.

Our earnest, scanty neighbors, the Socialists, are sadly given to blowing themselves up with an overloaded tendency. Their most important book, Marx's Capital, derives its real strength from pictures of child labor and like industrial abuses in England that have already changed very much for the better.

To say that American workmen are slaves and American farmers a downtrodden peasantry is only to rattle some melancholy old stage-gear. A radical soul ought to be the cheerfulest soul alive, and begin with the sound premise that the people of the United States, in the mass, are now decidedly better off than any like number of people ever were before, and that their condition is growing better by leaps and bounds.

The Case of the First-Offender

"IN ONE court in Chicago—a municipal court—one hundred and twenty-nine cases were disposed of in one day. I read of a case of property rights recently which took six months to try."

Such is the statement of a Chicago municipal court judge who has been paroling a good many first-offenders, especially those charged with crimes against property, and getting himself sharply criticised therefor.

"The first-offender," adds Judge Cleland, "when he stands before the bar of justice charged with a crime faces a crisis in his life that will never be surpassed. It is possible to save him or damn him. There is no time at which he is more susceptible to good influences. . . . Jail means ruin. The greatest wrong is done his wife and children. Would any of you people like that treatment? . . . We should not railroad these men to jail as a matter of course because they have violated the law. We ought to know why they did it, and give them an opportunity to behave themselves."

Perhaps you have visited the jail in Chicago, or one like it, and noticed women, occasionally encumbered with children, pressing against iron bars to speak, across an interval where the guard sits, to men pressing against the iron bars on their side. It is exceedingly dismal, yet almost cheerful when compared with the penitentiary.

We are not romantic about desperadoes. Breaking stone for the State is the properest occupation for them. But these first-offenders, of whom there are some thousands yearly in Chicago and New York, are almost always bedeviled by poverty which they did not invent, or by duly licensed drink, or by both. They are supposed to have souls. To them, the interest involved is quite enormous. When society, represented by a police court, devotes a perfunctory three minutes to consigning them to jail, that interest, perhaps, does not get all the consideration it is fairly entitled to. Judge Cleland's argument, however, is exceedingly offensive to those conservative persons who are always scandalized by the introduction of the name of Christ into a "practical" matter.

Guaranteed Bank Deposits

PEOPLE insure their goods by land and sea. The custom is of long standing. It has not driven capable shipbuilders and navigators out of business, nor retarded the introduction of improved methods of house construction, nor yet laid a withering blight of paternalism and socialism upon the world. In view of which we hardly understand why a proposal to insure bank deposits should produce such commotion.

The guaranty of deposits, as enacted in Oklahoma or as proposed in the Fowler bill, is simply a system of insurance. A very small tax, or premium, levied upon all deposits something like forty cents on the thousand dollars, we believe—would have covered all losses suffered by national bank depositors through bank failures. Such insurance would not "put good bank management at a discount."

Nobody deposits money in any bank unless he believes it to be thoroughly safe. He chooses one bank rather than another because it is more convenient or more accommodating, or for some such reason. He would still choose the bank that did his business most satisfactorily, and therein the good banker would still have all his due advantage over the indifferent or poor one.

Every good banker ought to favor every proposal which would improve the banking business as a whole, which would increase public confidence in banks in general, which would tend to make every man with any money deposit it in some bank instead of hoarding it, which would lessen the probability of panic among depositors in unquiet times.

Opposition to bank-deposit insurance seems to us mostly the mere fear of a novelty.

The Federal Courts Still in Business

NO STATE legislature can impound the Supreme Court of the United States. None can set up a binding Keep-Off-the-Grass sign in front of the Federal Constitution. None can make it a crime for a citizen of the State to appeal to the judiciary and organic law of the nation.

This point—which most people supposed had been tolerably well settled before—was what was at issue in the Minnesota and North Carolina railroad-rate cases. The legislatures passed acts regulative of the railroads—possibly characterized by zeal rather than judgment. They made the penalties exceedingly heavy so that the roads would not dare to appeal to United States Court, thereby incurring the risk of great fines. This obvious device for excepting railroads from the Federal law, the Supreme Court, as might have been expected, briskly brushes aside.

Some other States have used the same, or other, devices for the same purpose. All, undoubtedly, will be futile; and all ought to be futile. If "except railroads," or except anything else, is to be written into the Constitution, it ought to be by a far different method. Probably the various legislatures just took a chance—tried a long shot, so to speak. Conscious that it would probably be left to the courts to decide anyway, they acted with a lighter sense of responsibility than would have weighed upon them if they had known that their action was to be final.

What's the Use?

IT IS difficult to credit a report from Washington that Speaker Cannon is much disturbed by a growing tendency on the part of Representatives to absent themselves while weighty business is under consideration.

We might believe that of some theoretical statesman: some mere romanticist in the realm of politics. But the distinguishing trait of Uncle Joseph's mind is practicalness along the line of hard-headed economy. We don't see how he can be disturbed by a condition which favors a supposition, at least, that the members are employing their time in some useful manner.

If the members had anything in particular to do with shaping the weighty business the case would, of course, be different, and their duty to attend would be clear. But when they have handed over their power to an able Speaker, who, with several committeemen selected by him, performs the important functions of the House, it would be foolish of them to loaf around merely to watch the operations of the machinery which they have set up and over which they have no control to speak of. As industrious men they naturally prefer to stay in their offices and write speeches to go in the Record. When the cunning mechanisms of the Congressmen's Office Building are perfected members will vote by clockwork—the Speaker winding up the works and carrying the key.

Ramshackle Marriage Laws

THE ramshackle old institution of marriage still manages to stand, as Mr. Kipling observed some time ago. We assume that, in the United States, the prejudice in favor of it is still preponderant. If it is, as some claim, by much the most important of civil institutions, and invested with a quality of sacredness which lifts it above the category of such affairs as taxes, mortgages, riparian rights and interest rates, the persons who frame and interpret the laws are not aware of the fact.

We don't mean divorce. The country has hardly yet reached the point to speak about divorce. We mean the scandalous contradiction among the States as to what constitutes a marriage—not only among the States, but even within a single State.

Last summer a circuit court judge in a Western commonwealth decided that marriages contracted under certain conditions were valid. Recently, another circuit court judge in the same State decided that those same marriages were not valid. Some thousands of couples, according to the press dispatches, are uncertain as to whether they are married or not, and cannot know until the Supreme Court has its say.

That any State should declare void a marriage that was valid where it was performed is simply shocking. That a woman should lose her legal status as wife, and children their legitimacy, by crossing a State line is not decent—and surely does not tend to heighten respect for marriage.

Practical Education as Applied

THE college should produce character. Undergraduate academic instruction does not sensibly increase practical efficiency. The student does not, thereunder, acquire a stock of knowledge which he can turn to utilitarian advantage in his coming struggle for a footing and a livelihood. What he does gain is civilization—a comprehension of his relations to the world about him and of his duties to it.

Such, as we understand it, is the modern view among educators, and we like it very much. Civilized character is a product of which there can never be an oversupply.

But we are rather puzzled by such academic instances by no means uncommon—as that recently reported from a Western seat of learning, where a considerable portion of the student body turned out to wreck a theatre of which it did not approve. It seems to us that the concept of the individual's relations and duties to the world about him must have been short-circuited somehow on its way to these young minds. We wonder, also, why it is that, in a gathering of college men, if the conversation takes an academic turn, it is rather apt to consist of reminiscences of tricks played upon the Faculty. The organization and concert necessary to wreck a theatre might be turned to practical account in war or politics, and still not be particularly mellowing or civilizing

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

A Japanese Diplomatist Who Can Keep Silent in Twenty Languages

The Jap on the Job

OUR relations with Japan being ticklish, as we are informed by the leading newspapers of England and France, it is well to have a good Japanese tickler on hand. At least, that is what the Japanese Government thought, it appears, for they have returned to us the most skillful titillator they possess in the person of Baron Kogoro Takahira, Ambassador Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary, and have allowed to remain with us Masanao Hanihara, or "Honey" as we know him from one end of Washington to the other

The process of returning Takahira involved the correlative operation of removing Viscount Siuzo Aoki, highly esteemed for his whiskers and his affability. The trouble with the Viscount was he was always three laps behind when anything was going on. He didn't understand. When a flippant reporter remarked that the Viscount's whiskers made him look like a King Charles spaniel—which wasn't true, for he bore a much closer resemblance to a Dandie Dinmont—the Viscount got the idea somebody was taking a crack at the Samurai, or handing the Mikado one, or impugning the feast of the cherry blossoms, and he revolved slowly on his axis for days in a vain endeavor to find out about it. Moreover, it was possible to lead the Viscount along the flowery paths of conversation, when a good leader was on the job, and to entice from him interviews that gave the Elder Statesmen cold chills when they got back to the Nippi Shinbun or the Hippi Shinbun, or whatever the buns are they call newspapers in Japan.

Now, you who understand the Japanese character and temperament, particularly the temperament—and who of us does not—know that general and miscellaneous conversation gives the Japanese diplomatists great pain. The Japanese diplomatists are a peculiar people—as we have often been told—and they are very prudent with their language. They can keep still in Japanese, and, soon after they get to this country, they can keep still in English, also; but Aoki, when you caressed his whiskers and looked him in the eye—which was rather difficult, owing to the geography of his eyes, but might be accomplished—could speak, not only in Japanese and English, but in German as well. Therefore, one day, the Mikado rang for a messenger boy and made a black smudge on a cable blank with a paintbrush which meant: "Come back, Siuzo; your honorable Mikado has the honorable honor to request your honorable presence here, feeling the honorable necessity of kicking you in your honorable slats."

His Water-Tight Compartments

FOLLOWING this, the Mikado put a few honorables across to Baron Kogoro Takahira, then Japanese Ambassador at Rome, and here we have him in our midst again; whereupon, all talking done at the Japanese Embassy hereafter can be measured with a jeweler's measure and weighed on a chemist's scales. The output of talk has stopped; the vein has pinched out, so to speak. Kogoro Takahira is silently, not to say mutely, on the job.

Not, of course, that Baron Takahira cannot talk when he wants to or when he is wanted to by the folks at home. He can. But he doesn't practice much. The Baron has a remarkable mind. It works like the water-tight compartments in a warship. When it is necessary the Baron can reach around behind his ear, touch a lever, and that portion of his brain that comprehends English is instantly shut off from all communication with the outside world. It is hermetically sealed. Nothing but Japanese exudes from him, and mighty little of that. He has forgotten all English, and you feel sort of sorry for him, sad and low-minded about it; but you recover later when he delivers you an oration on the beauties of the weather in English prose that would look well in a book.

This is about the way an interview with the Baron goes: You call at the Embassy. Somebody receives you. A colloquy follows with a smiling person who radiates happiness, he is so glad to see you. "Can I see the Ambassador?" Can you? Why, my dear sir, the Ambassador would have been on the doorstep waiting to greet you if he had known you were coming. He is upstairs now putting on his decorations so you will be hailed with sufficient distinction—or words to that effect.

The Baron comes in. He is not a tall man, but he looks like a big man because he has a great breadth of shoulder. He might be a wrestler, you think, as he walks over to where you are standing, with his eyeglasses dangling from his finger, smiling genially; oh, tickled to death.

What is it you wish? How would you like that vase? Could you use the flagstaff? It is vast regret he has that the place should be so unworthily furnished. Ah, an interview? Ping! goes the lever with a little clicking sound.

"Mr. Ambassador, there is a well-authenticated story from Peking that Japan is not keeping faith with China and is making preparations to grab—excuse the harshness of the word—to grab that country. Can you tell me anything about it?"

The Ambassador leans back in his chair, contemplates his eyeglasses and says: "Ah-h-h." (The Japanese equivalent, you understand.)

"Then, too, I have here news from Tokyo that Japan is secretly making plans to declare war against the United States, and that England is ready to give such support as is necessary."

The Baron strokes his chin. "Ah-h-h," he remarks.

"Moreover, there is incontrovertible evidence that Japan is highly indignant over the immigration restrictions placed on her people by this country and makes demands it is impossible for us to accept."

The Ambassador looks with much interest at the toe of his tiny boot. "Ah-h-h," he comments.

"Also, how about the policy of the open door—and who closed it—and do you believe in fairies—and are you going to fight China over that ship incident—and is there any difference between Shintoism and Buddhism, and, if so, why—and do you think President Roosevelt really wants to run again—and where is the Japanese fleet—and what is your opinion of Secretary Taft as compared with William Jennings Bryan—and explain the relations between the shizoku and the kwazoku—and do you think there will be any more snow?"

The Baron a Specialist in Silence

THE Ambassador smiles genially. "It is my opinion," he says, "that owing to the transition of the seasons and the consequent disturbance of the atmosphere in this latitude there may be a few more appearances, in minute quantities, of that feathery substance that is so poetically known in the charming American tongue as the beautiful snow. Must you go? It has been a great honor to have you here with me. I am deeply sensible of your attention. I shall be pleased to see you often, if you should deem my unworthy self of sufficient importance to waste your extremely valuable and most distinguished time upon."

And when you come to you are standing out on the pavement wondering how it is you have sense enough to keep out of the way of the street cars. You see, he turned the lever off when you began and turned it on again when he saw you were finishing. That's all there was to it.

When the peace negotiations were on at Portsmouth, Takahira, then Minister to this country, was one of the Japanese commissioners. Baron Komura was the other. Nobody expected Komura to talk. He was so tiny he took his wine with a medicine-dropper and ate birdseed, almost. But there was an idea Takahira might unbelt once in a while, an idea that was rudely dissipated. So far as Takahira was concerned at that Peace Conference he never had heard a word of English in his life, had no knowledge of the tongue and couldn't even make signs—that is, for publication, of course. Meantime, the Russians were giving lifelike imitations of phonographs. Count Witte talked Russian with a French accent and French with a Russian accent, something like this: "Ouiovitch," which meant "Yes." The result was that the Russians got all the press notices, and the Japanese got the war ended, which they desired

Ambassador Takahira returned at an opportune time. Just as soon as it was announced the American fleet was going around the world he slipped up to Secretary Root with an invitation for a visit to Japan, for the Japanese, as he put it, earnestly desire "to give an enthusiastic expression to the sentiments of friendship and admiration invariably entertained by the people of Japan toward the people of the United States"—and that day the Baron's English compartments were not shut off.

That is why Baron Kogoro Takahira is here. Japan does not want war with the United States any more than the United States wants war with Japan. But, if anything should happen, Takahira is on the spot, whereupon Japan will lose nothing in the negotiations.

The Diplomacy of Senator Knox

BEFORE Senator Knox, of Pennsylvania, became Attorney-General he went to Texas on some legal business, visiting a small town in the interior of the State. After he had seen his man he went to the railroad station, late at night, to take his train. The train was late. There was nobody at the station, and it was raining. Knox saw a light down the track and went down to find what sort of a place was there. It was a saloon and restaurant. Knox went in. There were a dozen toughs sitting around. The bartender was toughest of the lot. He scowled at Knox.

"Can I get a cup of coffee?" asked the future Senator.

"You kin, if you've got the price," growled the bartender.

"All right," said Knox, and the man gave him a cup of coffee. While he was in the town Knox had heard of a shooting that had taken place a few days before. Thinking to make a little conversation he said: "Had a killing down here a few days ago, I understand?"

"Yes," said the bartender, "the man was shot off that stool right where you're sitting."

Knox finished his coffee. He searched his pockets for a nickel and found he had nothing smaller than a five-dollar bill. He laid that on the bar.

"Look-a-here, young feller," exclaimed the bartender, "what in blazes do you mean by throwin' out a five-dollar bill for a five-cent cup of coffee? Them things don't go here."

"Oh, that's all right," said Knox, taking a quick look at the shelves behind the bar; "give me three dollars' worth of those cigars right up there."

The Retort Courteous

A YOUNG man in a hurry went through the left side of a pair of swinging doors in the Senate wing of the Capitol at Washington last session and almost knocked over the late Senator Pettus, of Alabama, who was about to push through the right side.

The young man apologized profusely. "I am very sorry—I didn't know I was—I am in a great hurry."

"That's all right, son," said the venerable Pettus. "But let me give you a piece of advice about going through doors like these. Always go through on the right side, and turn to the right. Then, if you meet anybody coming through and bump into him you needn't apologize. He'll be a durned fool, and it won't be necessary. Good-morning."

The Hall of Fame

¶ William Randolph Hearst has a fad for collecting china.

¶ Thomas F. Walsh, the Colorado mining millionaire, who lives in Washington, has a gold dinner-service large enough for eighty people.

¶ Senator Henry M. Teller, of Colorado, who has been in public life since 1876, says he intends to quit after his present term in the Senate expires in 1909, but he may change his mind.

¶ Lieutenant Baron F. Preuschen von und zu Liebenstein, the naval attaché of the Austrian Embassy at Washington, has all the younger diplomatists beaten a block when it comes to length of name.

The Home
of the
57

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Baked Beans

With Tomato Sauce

Here's just the reason for the extra goodness of HEINZ Baked Beans—THEY ARE BAKED and HEINZ BAKES THEM.

The baking (and the HEINZ method has no duplicate in any other food establishment) explains that rich mealiness, that nut-brown flavor and peculiar home "smack" which have made HEINZ Baked Beans one of the most widely known food staples on the world's markets.

Bear in mind not all beans are baked. Many that you may think are baked, or buy as baked, are simply steamed or boiled. Look at the label next time—every time—you buy beans. According to the United States Pure Food regulation, it can't say "baked" unless the contents are actually baked, which justifies you in assuming that all beans otherwise labeled are not baked.

The market supply regulates the cost price. HEINZ uses only the finest selected products regardless of their cost; and in each operation of growing, selecting and preparing HEINZ beans, quality and cleanliness are assured through HEINZ exacting facilities and equipment. When ready, the beans are placed in dry-heated ovens—just as the housewife cooks them—and baked to a tempting golden hue, baked until they possess the very essence of bean goodness.

Then the delicious Tomato Sauce (made from HEINZ original recipe and possessing the same purity and quality of the other HEINZ delicacies) is added.

Next comes the sealing in HEINZ Improved Tin—solderless, sanitary, sterilized, proof to corrosion or contamination, guaranteeing the oven-baked goodness of the original product whenever opened.

In Three Ways—Plain Pork and Beans (Boston Style); Vegetarian, without Pork; and Baked Beans with Tomato Sauce.

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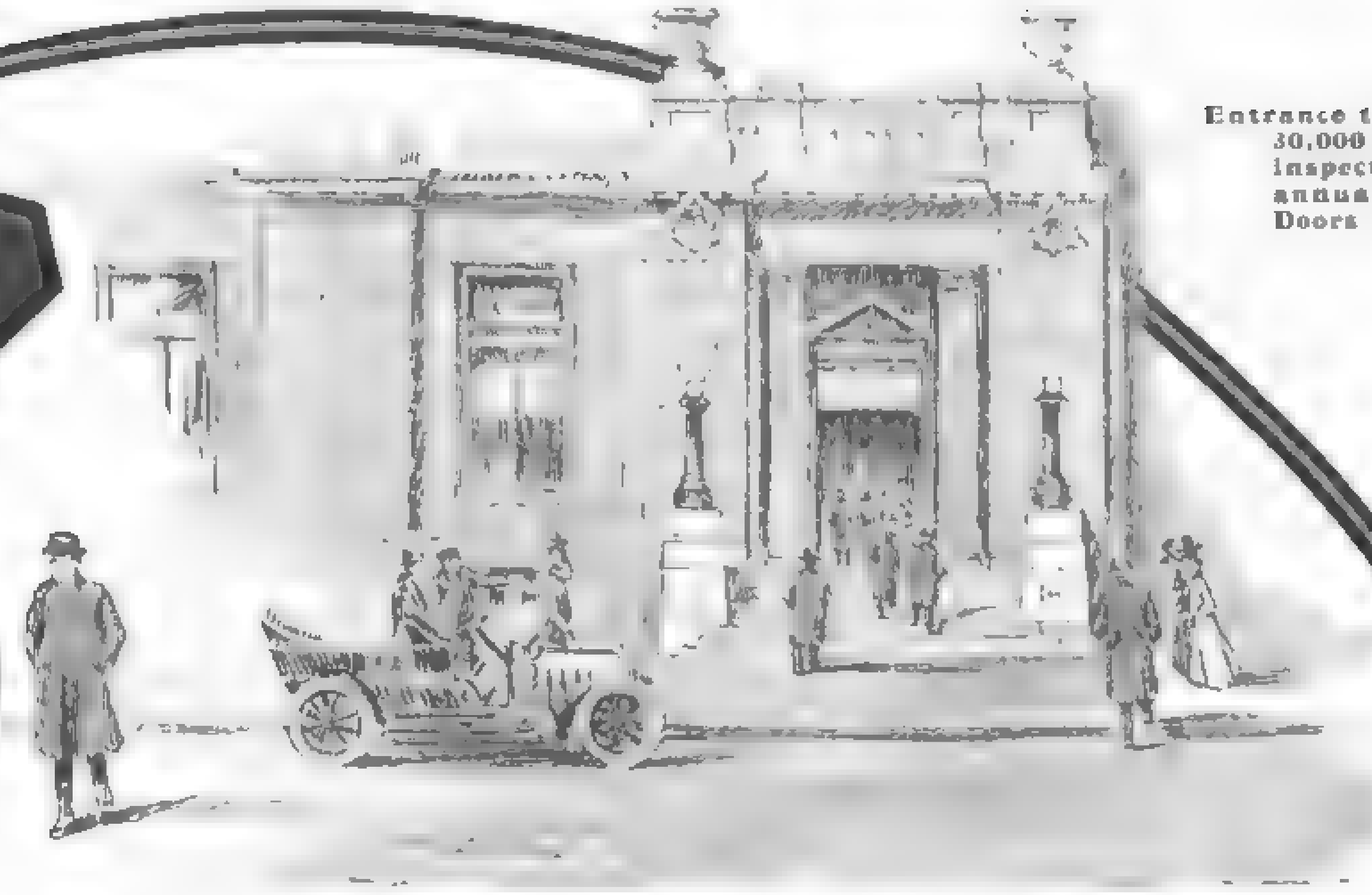

Entrance to HEINZ Plant.
30,000 visitors
inspect our kitchens
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Doors always open.

Tomato Soup

Enriched with Cream

These are days when the appetite expects something unusual, something that may be more than ordinarily enjoyed because more than ordinarily good—like HEINZ Cream of Tomato Soup.

HEINZ Tomato Soup is a smooth, rich purée, having for its basis plump, solid, sun-ripened tomatoes—a kind far above ordinary varieties because especially grown in places where soil and climate unite to produce the best flavored tomatoes.

What a revelation of system, exactness and cleanliness it is to the thousands of visitors annually who see the preparation of these tomatoes! The skins, cores, and seeds are removed with unerring thoroughness; then the remaining product is conveyed to shining, steam-jacketed kettles for cooking. Here expert chefs add rich, sweet cream, fresh from the dairies—also seasoning with pure spices of HEINZ grinding, blended with such precision and uniformity that the perfect flavor never varies. No meat or stock is used.

Through silver-lined tubes the soup passes immediately into HEINZ Improved Tins, where it is sealed and sterilized, reaching your table with its original dainty goodness unaltered; for in this tin the metal cannot affect the contents.

You, too, can make tomato soup, but have you the facilities, the conveniences, the equipment to make it just as good as HEINZ?

Save yourself the bother of trying by getting HEINZ Tomato Soup—you get the purity of home—the goodness of HEINZ.

The same standard of quality is found in every one of HEINZ 57—leaders among them being—

HEINZ Pure Vinegars, Pure Olive Oil, Sweet Pickles, Preserved Fruits, Fruit Jellies, India Relish, Mandalay Sauce, Tomato Ketchup, etc.

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COMPANY
Chicago London

The New Reporter

And How He Views the Doings at the Capitol

STRIVE as he may, President Roosevelt does not seem able to please Wall Street. Representatives of the vested interests have been piling tumultuously into Washington for weeks, trying to find out what is going on, and refusing to believe what they found out. They are as panicky as a bunch of schoolgirls in a haunted house. They are scared blue. They are prepared to lie down, roll over, jump through a hoop and play dead. After they have done all these things they worry because they think they have not performed properly. Cowed is the word.

Some time back the President let go a message containing some ten thousand words. He used all the condemnatory adjectives he had in stock—and his stock is a big one—and invented a few score to give the document tang. That message made Wall Street angry, which was natural, considering its contents, but as Wall Street has had a continuous grouch on the President for several years nobody thought much about it. The interests said it was a palpable request for the nomination in June next; for, in their opinion, the President was not sincere when he made his declaration that he will not run again. It was a bid for the votes of the anti-interest people, by whom this country is mainly populated.

After a few weeks the President sent in another message. It was much shorter than the first one, because it contained no adjectives. When you rob a Roosevelt message of its adjectives you prune it to a mere skeleton. This message was mild, conciliatory, positively beatific. It was not calculated to hurt the feelings of any living person. For once Wall Street and the interests had a chance to remain comfortably seated in easy chairs instead of jumping up and running around in circles, yelling: "Murder! Watch! Fire! Police!"

Nothing of the kind happened. Instead, Wall Street bulged forth with trembling knees and ashy lips and screamed: "Plot; nothing but a plot! Wants to ease things down so he can be nominated again. Ulterior motive, you know. Plot! Plot! Plot!" The pacific message frightened them more than the other one. All you have to do to get Wall Street honk-honking off into gibbering hysterics is to shout, "T. R.," and away the whole outfit goes.

The adjectiveless message was a long time in preparation. Putting the soft pedal on T. Roosevelt is no momentary job, to be accomplished before breakfast, before the real work of the day begins. It is an extended, parlous, fatiguing enterprise, fraught with many dangers and subject to various setbacks. Gentlemen who have the assignment cannot stroll nonchalantly into the White House, pat the President on the shoulder and say, soothingly: "Now, Teddy, be good." That sort of a restraining influence does not get off anywhere. Nor can the curber dash in, grab the President by the collar and command: "Quit it, durn ye; don't you see you are playing hob with the party's chances?" An attempt at that would probably mean a hurry call from Secretary Loeb's office for an ambulance.

How Root Put the Soft Pedal on T. R.

No, no, no; soft-pedaling the President takes time and skill. It requires a man with an artistic conception of the psychologicality of the moment. It demands patient endeavor, humility under attack, an exact knowledge of when to butt in and when to stay away. It needs tact—*sabe?*—modesty, assertiveness, appreciation—a great deal of that—and an ability to express it fluently, together with a few reports from outlying districts showing disturbed conditions in a political way that need a different sort of medicine than that usually administered by the Highest Source.

There was much discussion as to the proper person to put on this difficult job. Many were proposed, but the selection ultimately fell on Elihu Root, Secretary of State. Mr. Root has long been recognized as the Great Conservative Force of this Administration. Moreover, when it comes to soft-pedaling a President, Mr. Root has no superiors and few equals. In the old days Secretary Cortelyou might have given him a close rub for first honors, but Mr. Cortelyou is attending strictly to his knitting in the Treasury just now, for reasons not unconnected with a bad quarter of an hour a few months ago, when he ventured the assertion that if the Republican party wanted a candidate for President it might go further and fare a blamed sight worse than giving consideration to the claims of George B. Cortelyou, sole proprietor of one first-class star of destiny, and all right, all right, geographically, logically and confidentially.

With Mr. Cortelyou eliminated, there was nothing to it but Root, who took over the task. He labored for several weeks. Reports came from the White House that there was to be a message; was not to be one; might or might not be one; can't tell; impossible; nothing further from the President's thoughts; working on it now; story is absurd—which reports furnished an accurate and illuminating barometer of Mr. Root's good and Mr. Root's bad days.

Using the Snickersnee on Adjectives

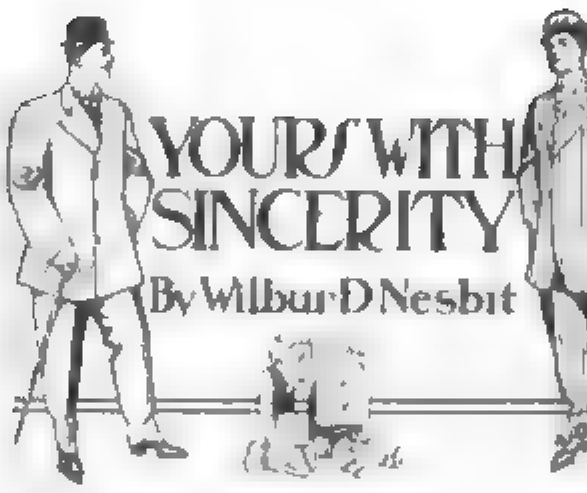
He persevered. Every time the President stuck in an adjective Root was there with a club to beat it on the head and drive it back to the dictionary. He fought and wrestled, struggling with every short and ugly word that bobbed up. Day after day he came back to the State Department with his hands red with the gore of slaughtered phrases of denunciation. He wearied not. Each morning he was at his post with his trusty snickersnee—trusty isn't so bad, either, when you come to think of it—and he triumphed.

The message went in. It was calm and contemplative and deliberative as if Mr. Root had written it himself in his justly celebrated cold-light-of-reason style. It was short, owing to the lack of adjectives, and it was judicial in tone, owing to Root. It breathed the Root spirit of What's the use of stirring them up any more?—for there is a Republican National Convention next June, and you want Taft nominated. That message is considered as Root's greatest triumph in diplomacy. If the radicals protest, there is the first message, and observe this grand document for the conservatives!

But Wall Street refuses to be comforted. Wall Street shakes and shivers over the spectre of another term. Meanwhile, the Taft boomers are getting more cocky every day. They put out statistics each Saturday night showing how it is impossible for Taft to lose in the convention, and old Sleuth Hitchcock radiates mystery. His rooms in the Union Trust Building are busy all day and far into the night; but one must not think Old Sleuth is such a slouch of a sleuth that his manipulation is all done up there in full view of such as are able to get past the messengers he has stationed at the doors. That would be coarse work. Just to throw them off the scent Old Sleuth has quartered various of his hardy publicity agents in other office buildings around Washington. He has scattered them. Observe the finesse in that. The chap down in the Colorado Building and the one in the Post Building and the rest of them in other buildings put out their pieces boosting Taft as individuals, not as men working in the main bureau. Pretty slick, eh? Trust Old Sleuth for never overlooking a bet.

New York politicians, Republicans, come over in shoals to get in touch. They are all crazy to nominate Governor Hughes for President, these New York politicians, but they are concealing their enthusiasm in a masterly manner. The Administration has a high regard for Governor Hughes, also, but it doesn't extend in the direction of Chicago. It is a sort of a platonic regard, well controlled and never slopping over. These New York politicians, who are going to Chicago for Hughes, are busily engaged in getting reservations for seats on the Taft band wagon. They are extremely loyal—to themselves.

Meantime, the if-they-don't-take-Taft-they'll-have-to-take-me word is now being spread about, and Jonathan Bourne is still shouting his second-elective-term slogan.



THAT COLLEGE BOY OF YOURS

THE college-boy problem and the clothes problem are double-cousins. When your boy starts off to the academy or the college or the university he is a great deal more *particular* about his clothes than you were at his age, of course.

But when you were his age it didn't help matters so much to be particular about what you wore, did it?

When the boy discovers that the girls are pretty, and the girls also discover that he is good looking—you know that epoch in a boy's life when he shows a sudden interest in clean collars and toothbrushes—well, that's the time when he begins to insist upon trousers that are roomy at the top and peggy at the ankles; and wants coats that give him a swagger air, and have straps and buttons and natty nattiness till tell you he's got to have something "class."

Coats with button-cuffs and strap-cuffs—and three-buttons-close-together on the front; and football shoulders; and a waist line hinted at. He wants a spring overcoat fashioned like the ones Uncle Sam puts on his cadets—long, artistic lines and a close, turn-over collar.

What that college boy wants is *style*.

The *rest* of it is up to *you*.

Let him see a "Sincerity" suit or overcoat and he will want it.

The snugness and promptness with which the collar snaps into position about his neck, and the shoulders become his own, and the skirts of the coat flare just so, and the trousers complete the picture, is as cheering to him as his class yell.

When *you* see a "Sincerity" garment—even if you only know the A-B C of clothing, you will decide that you want that sort of clothes for your son and for yourself.

The *goodness* of "Sincerity" clothes begins with the innermost strip of lining canvas, and goes right on to the last hand-made buttonhole.

A college-boy is hard on his clothes; he wouldn't be a normal boy if he were otherwise. "Sincerity" garments are made to stand the stress and strain of college frivolities as well as the wear and tear of grown-up activities.

Old Dr. Goose—the hot flatiron—doesn't put the shape there. It is cut into the goods and sewed into the garment. It is a result of sense, seams and skill.

When a "Sincerity" suit or overcoat goes to your son it is good morally and physically, and it is just mannish enough to be the right sort of a college lad garment.

When it goes to you for yourself it has *everything* in it that will make it satisfy you, and *nothing* to make you feel the other way.

Seventy different expert things are done *exactly* before the Kuh, Nathan & Fischer Co. is ready to put this label in:

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MADE AND GUARANTEED

Our 1908 style book shows clothes for your son—and for you. Write for it, the next mail brings it.

KUH, NATHAN & FISCHER CO.
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The first Derby made in America was a
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Hats for Men

KNAPP-FELT hats are sold by the best dealers throughout the United States. A Knapp-Felt hat has distinction enough of its own to lend some to the store that sells it and to the man who wears it.

The hatter who displays a Knapp-Felt sign marks his establishment as one which offers to its patrons the best quality, the most noticeable elegance of style and the greatest amount of wear-resistance.

The man who wears a Knapp-Felt has a hat which reflects his own taste, individuality and judgment rather than a product of the "take-that-or-nothing" method.

The Easter shapes are exclusive C & K styles which cannot be found in any other make. They afford a wide range for the selection of a properly-becoming, well-fitted hat of approved taste and propriety.

Knapp-Felt DeLuxe hats are Six Dollars. Knapp-Felts are Four Dollars, everywhere.

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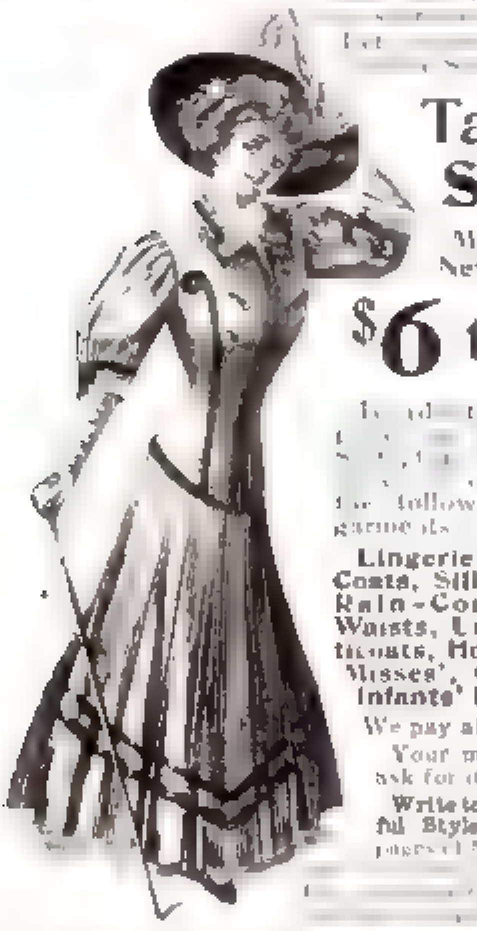

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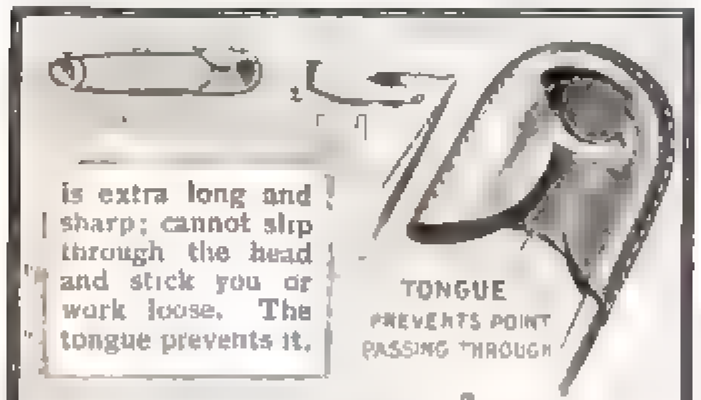

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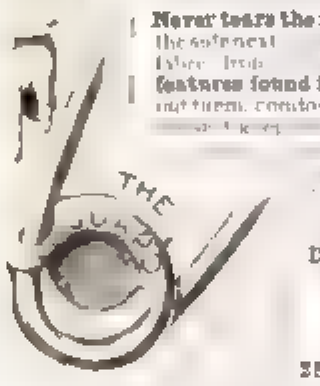

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THE PROBLEM SOLVED

The ideal fire protection.

LUNT MOSS COMPANY, 43 South Market Street, Boston

Some intellectual giant blew along a few days ago with the proposition to offer a resolution in the National Convention asking President Roosevelt, as the sense of the convention, please to take the nomination. This gave the Taft people cold chills, and every mimeograph on the job was put to work at lightning speed to get out explicit stories showing how impossible it is for the President to take the nomination, and what an insult to him it is even to intimate he would take it, in any circumstances.

Taft continues to be our most popular orator. He drops into the War Department, from time to time, to get his letters and welcome delegations that desire him to address the Yale Alumni Association of Keokuk, or the Hibernians, or the Sons of Saint George, or the Swedish Mutual Benefit Association, or the Lithuanian Legion, or the Siberian Exiles Sodality, or any other brotherhood, lodge, organization, banquet or luncheon that may desire to hear his clarion voice.

After years of agitation it has finally been decided — up to this time — to put the Grant monument where the original plans put it, in the Botanic Gardens, facing the Capitol. There were loud cries over this, which shows how one man can stir things if he sets out to stir. The one man who got this teapot tempest boiling was William R. Smith, more familiarly known as Wully. Smith is the keeper of the Botanic Gardens, a collection of botanical specimens that invariably makes an American visitor ashamed of his Congress and his Capital, although that is no fault of Smith's, but of the Congress. Smith is a canny Scot. He is very comfortable where he is, and had no sympathy with the scheme of beautifying the Capital which contemplated the removal of the gardens.

The Honorable Heflin in Action

Wully is canny, so canny he has almost every other Scotchman you know canned. He had friends in Congress and, from time to time, he induced some of them to come to the garden and plant trees. When the time came for locating the Grant monument Wully pointed out it would be a great shame, a crying outrage, to put it in his gardens because, if it was put there, those magnificent historic trees must be sacrificed. Pinned down to it, it was discovered that the historic trees to which he had reference were the Beck oak and the Crittenden something else, planted by two statesmen since deceased and, to the discredit of the country, almost forgotten. But Wully stood by his trees, and he held off the monument commission and the Congress and everybody else for a long time. "Would ye cut down yon historic oak?" asked Wully, and he got away with it for years. Now yon historic oak is to be cut down or transplanted or something, and Wully is firmly convinced the country will blow up with a loud noise within a week, and is preparing to climb to the top of his historic tree and yell: "I told you so!"

Not since Senator Hernando de Soto Money, of Mississippi, drew a knife and chased a street-car conductor around the Peace monument because the conductor would not give him a transfer, have we had so diverting a spectacle as that of a few nights ago, when the Honorable James Thomas Heflin, of Alabama, performed on and off a street car in the neighborhood of Sixth Street and Pennsylvania Avenue. The Honorable James Thomas Heflin is opposed to many things, but his two most violent antipathies are whisky and negroes. Heflin cannot abide either. When the two come in conjunction he sees red.

Mr. Heflin advocated in Congress Jim Crow cars for the District of Columbia, but Congress would not have it that way. He was himself on a street car, going to deliver a temperance lecture at a local church. A negro in the car took out a bottle of whisky; whereupon Mr. Heflin remonstrated and finally went into action. He got off the car, took out his trusty revolver and let loose. He hit the negro in the neck and winged an innocent bystander.

Viewed in all its aspects, Mr. Heflin's performance was a most remarkable one, both from results accomplished and intended. It is amazing to think how many of his moral ideas he had a chance to proclaim. He shot the negro in the neck, thereby getting in a ringing denunciation of the plan of allowing negroes to ride with white people in the street cars, and, as the negro was drinking whisky, also taking a smash at the Demon Rum.

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You know how much of your time and strength is given in the attempt to keep things clean. If you employ servants, you know how hard it is to get them to clean thoroughly.

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All the terrors and confusion of special housecleaning times abolished. Nothing has to be taken up and beaten. The **IDEAL VACUUM CLEANER thoroughly renovates every time it cleans.** It cleans and renovates carpets, rugs and matting **without their being taken from the floor.** It cleans and renovates upholstered furniture **without its being taken apart.** It cleans and renovates draperies, etc., **without their being taken down.**

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The price of the **IDEAL VACUUM CLEANER** [illegible] equipped for hand operation is $25. [illegible] or rug cleaning. Special nozzles for special [illegible]

The machine quickly pays for itself many times over. In the wear and tear on your furnishings, it will save you [illegible] labor, [illegible]

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We ask [illegible] that our perfect little machine gives, in general, more satisfactory service, month in and month out, [illegible]

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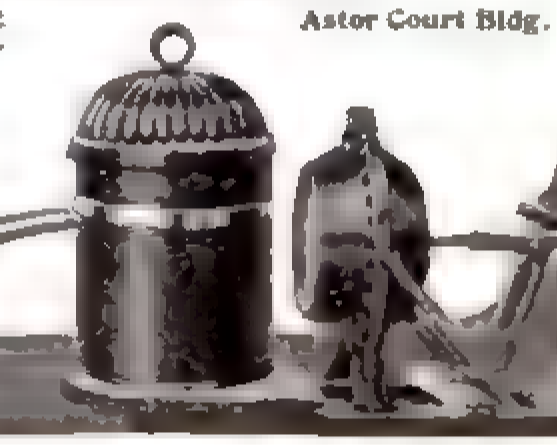

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I am just like any other live-minded, red-blooded man of business. I keep my eyes and ears and brain open all the year around for new ways to make money. If there is any possible expedient that will increase my business or salary I want to know it. So then, if your sixteen-page booklet offers me such an opportunity send it along. But mind you, I promise nothing. I agree to nothing save to read the booklet. After that it is purely up to the booklet. "26—41"

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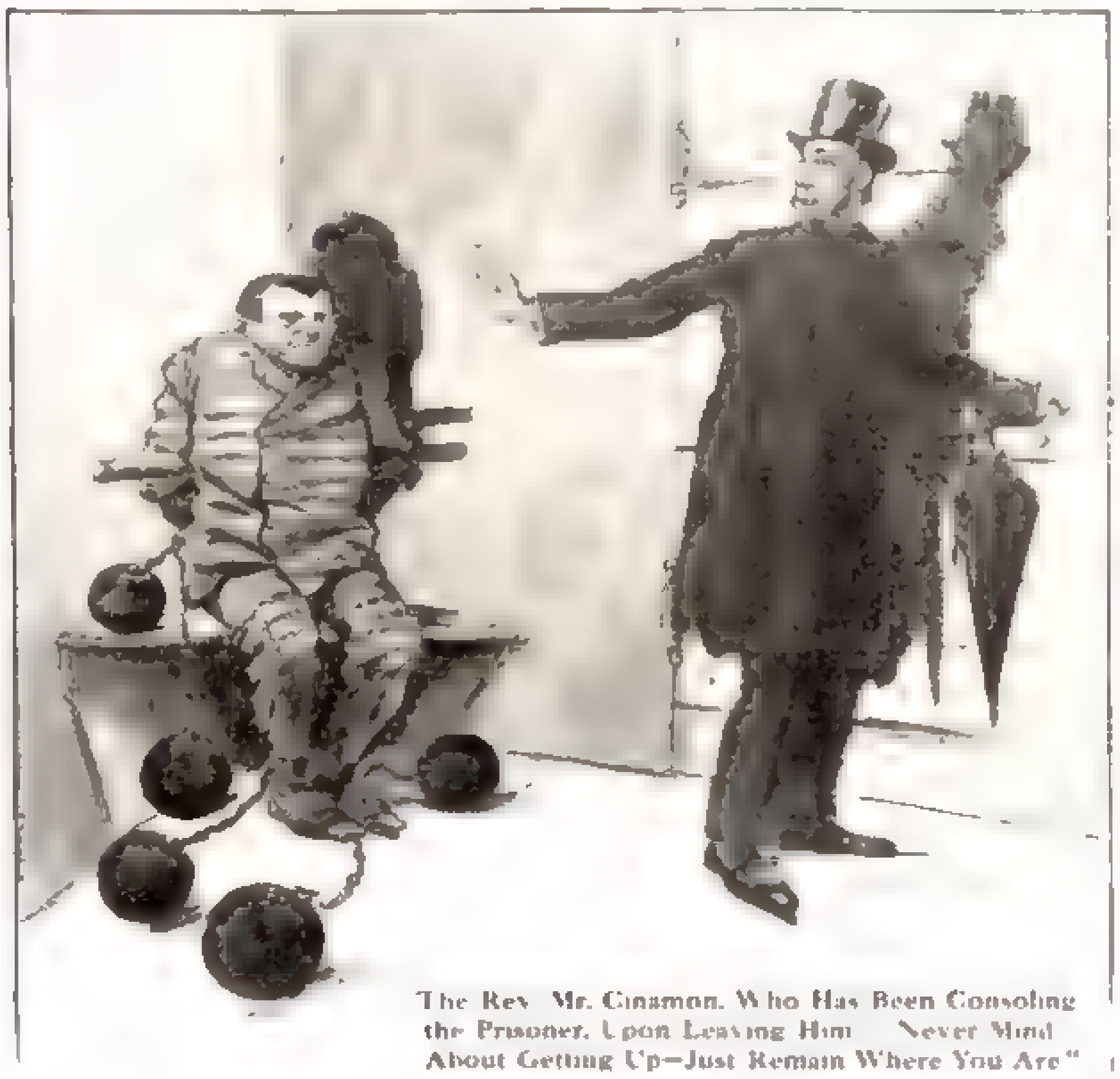
Sense and Nonsense



The Rev. Mr. Cinamon, Who Has Been Consoling the Prisoner, Upon Leaving Him: "Never Mind About Getting Up—Just Remain Where You Are"

A Market for Cores

THE garden of the new house of the Rev. Mr. Brown backed against the plain yard of an orphan asylum. Eight-year-old Johnny Brown was allowed to scale the fence and play with the orphans. Presently Mrs. Brown noticed that her apple barrel was dropping low. She asked Master Johnny if he were not eating a good many apples for a small boy.

"Yes, Mother," he replied; "I gotto."

"Oh, indeed?" queried Mrs. Brown; "are you quite sure?"

"Oh, yes, Mother; they're needed. I just gotto eat all I can stuff down."

"But why, my dear?"

"Because," said Johnny earnestly, "the orphans need the cores."

Crocus-Time

April's in the air again!
Who can pause for sighing?
All the birds on steady wing
Northward bound are flying;
Lilies waken with the dawn,
Roses with the rain
All the world is caroling
"April's here again!"

April's in the air again;
All the lazy longing,
All the dreams of yesterday
Heartward bound come thronging;
Joy is in the sunrise now,
Laughter's in the dew;
April's in the air again—
April, love and you!

April's in the air again
Send the laggards packing!
Spring and love and you, my dear—
What's the old world lacking?
Hear the misty mountains call!
Can they call in vain?
Hand in hand, the Open Road—
April's here again!

The Cradle of the Deep

THERE must have been a pretty big catch of politics out in Iowa this season. At any rate, Jonathan P. Dolliver of that State, is a rather big man—physically—and he says he has had his fill of them. He made the statement recently, in talking to the Philadelphia bankers.

"I've been warned," he said, "not to talk politics, but I assure you that the warning was superfluous. I've had all the politics that I want—for a while. I'm saturated with them. In fact, I never knew but one person who had so much of anything as I've had of politics.

"That was a Des Moines girl who came East for the summer and went to Atlantic City for the months of July and August. Brought up so far inland, she naturally started out with a hankering for sea-food, but she had completely satisfied that when she stopped in New York on her way home. She was there taken out to dinner by her fiancé, who suggested, as if by inspiration:

"'Shall we begin with some clams?'

"'Clams?' cried the Summer Girl. 'Don't say clams to me. I've eaten so many lately I rise and fall with the tide.'"

Separation

Steadfast and true! To you—to you
My heart goes singing through the night,
And tireless smiles at all the miles
That fail to thwart its dear delight.

The world of deed, whose only creed
Is action, passes blindly by
Unheeding, and, there, close at hand,
We stand together: you and I!

What difference though walls of sense
Build up the barrier that seems
To duller wit too strong for it?
We have the key: we have our dreams!

The Badge of Authority

MACLYN ARBUCKLE, once of County Chairman fame, divides modern plays into two classes. "There's the play where the scenery has got to get out of the road of the actor," he says, "and then there's the play where the considerate manager cuts a little hole in the scenery through which the actor may stick his head and bark at the audience and then, if he's quick enough, jump out of the way of more scenery. That latter," he concludes, "is what, in these days, is called realism."

Nevertheless, there is another sort of realism which Mr. Arbuckle is at present representing. In The Round Up, in which he is now appearing, he plays the rôle of a sheriff, and, not long ago, the New York officials concluded that he played it so well that they ought to make him a real deputy. They acted accordingly, and now, on his broad waistcoat, the actor wears the genuine brass badge of a deputy sheriff of New York. The morning after he had been so decorated, Mr. Arbuckle wrote the following letter to Mr. Foley, the superior to whom he owed his appointment:

Dear Sir:

I beg to report that I have already begun the exercise of my official duties. I awoke last night to find Mrs. Arbuckle going through the cash-pockets of my clothes. By virtue of the authority in me vested, I at once placed her under arrest, and am now holding the prisoner pending further orders.

Very respectfully yours,
MACLYN ARBUCKLE,
Deputy Sheriff.

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keeps hot liquids hot *24 hours*—ice cold liquids ice cold *72 hours*. It consists of one glass bottle inside another with a *vacuum* between through which neither heat nor cold can pass. *Filled, cleaned, emptied same as any ordinary bottle.*

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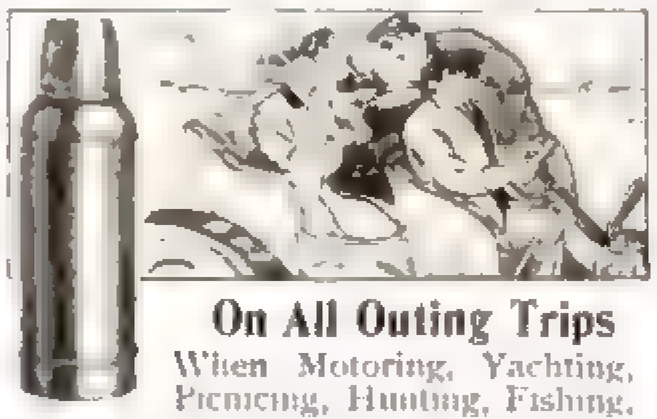

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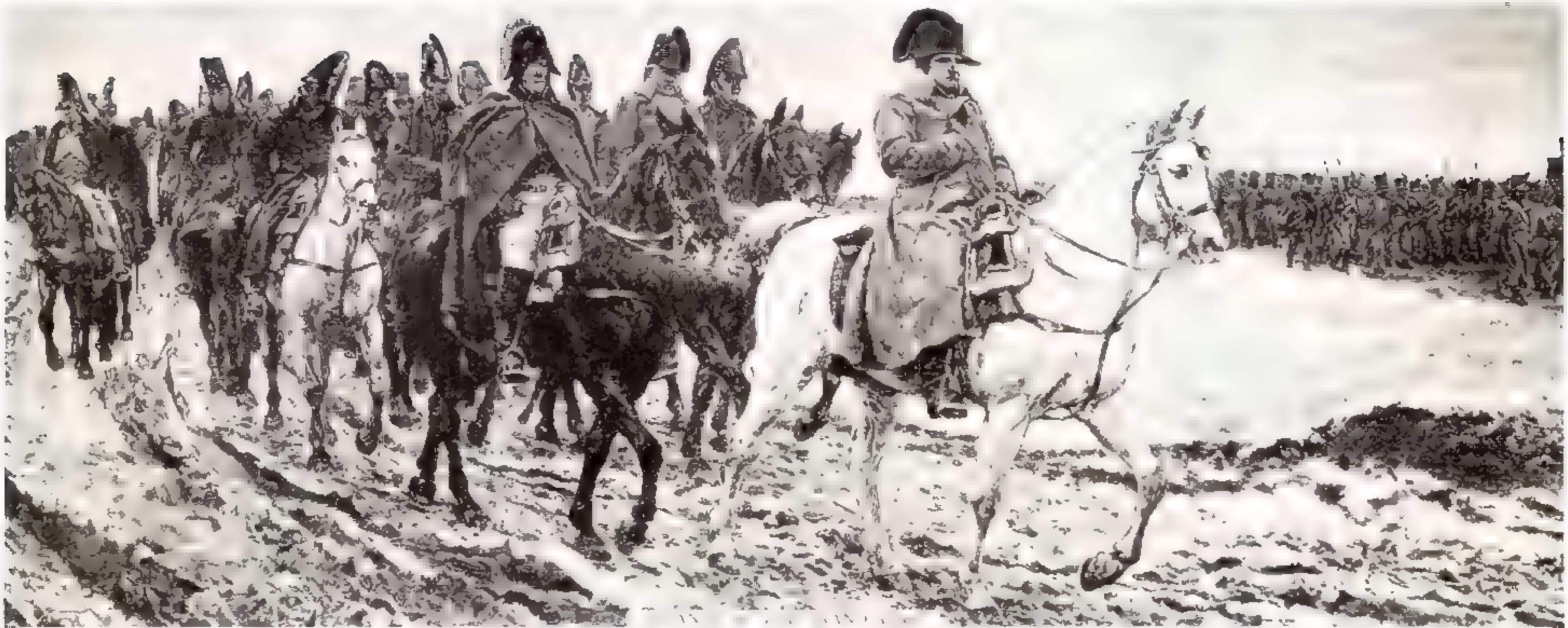

NAPOLEON'S name fills more pages in the world's solemn history than that of any other mortal. The advance of his Grand Army into Russia is the turning point in his career and marks the beginning of his downfall. The picture shown herewith from Ridpath's history, the original of which was displayed at the World's Fair at Chicago, marks but one event out of thousands which are fully described and illustrated in the world-famed publication

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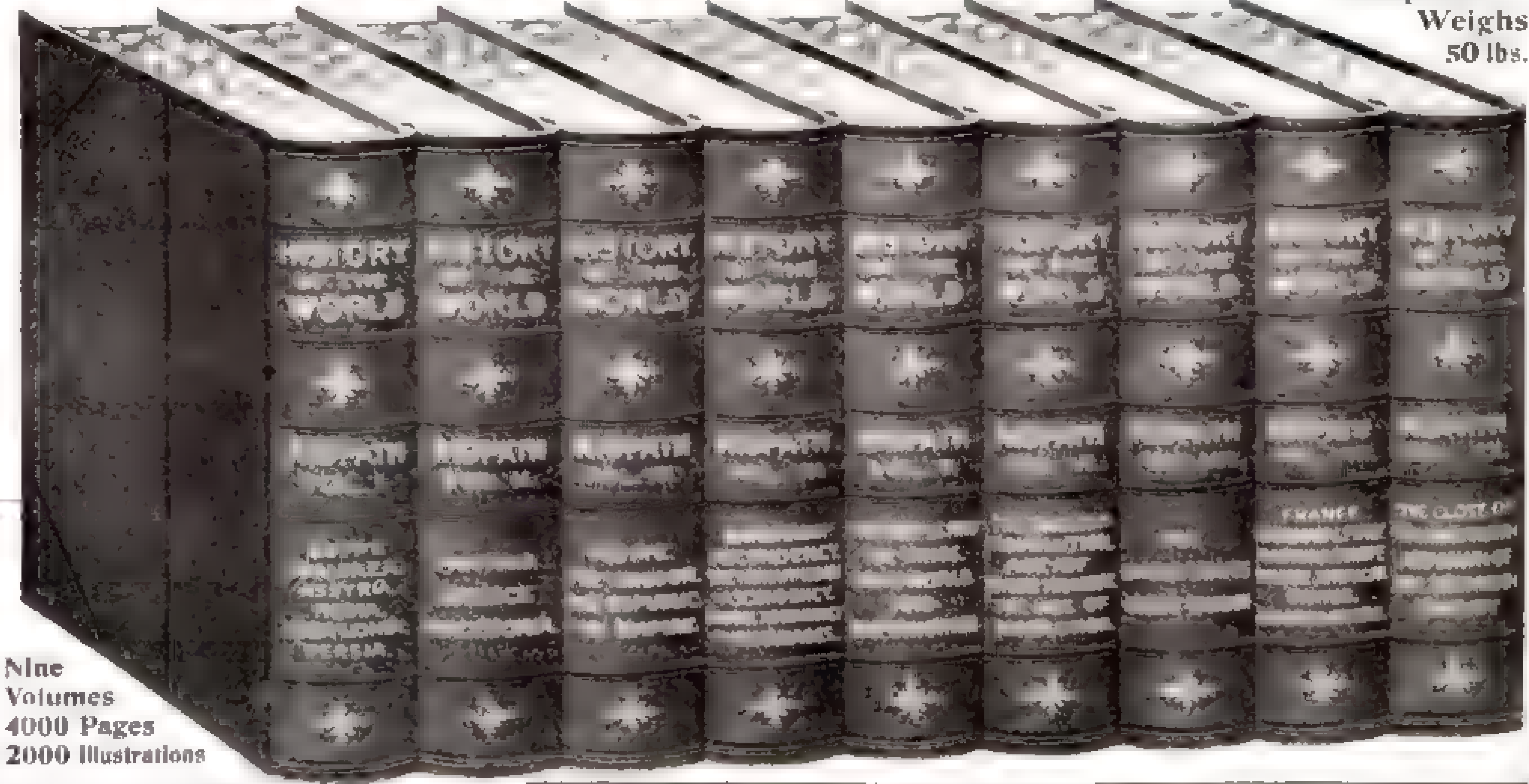

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LIFE IN SPIGOTTY LAND

(Continued from Page 13)

they carry, they began firing at the jaguar, overlooking the little coincidence that the jaguar was in the middle of about a thousand people. That made no difference to the Panama police. It was up to them to kill the jaguar, the demon of the jungle, that was escaping, and what mattered it if they winged a few citizens in the process. Fortunately, the Panama police are very bad shots. They did not kill the jaguar, and they only got a few of the spectators—not enough to count—say a dozen or so. Some Americans in the crowd produced pistols and practiced marksmanship, also, on the jaguar, which by this time was so scared its hair was turning white. The Americans were not such great shakes as shooters, either, but a few of them hit the target, and the affair was declared ended after the wounded had been taken to the hospital.

The Cute Little Coppers of Panama

Those Panama police are cute little coppers. Most of them are about five feet tall. There are legions of them. Apparently, there is somebody in power in the Panama Government who knows how to take care of worthy patriots, for there are more police in Panama, relatively, than there are in Buffalo or Cleveland. They are all political appointments. They travel in pairs and groups, are vastly serious and tremendously important. They do not have much to do, for the Panamanians stand in wholesome awe of the Americans, and, although they might fuss with their own policemen, they remember there are big Americanos just across in the Zone who are averse to disturbances in Panama.

Nobody stays at Colon who can get across to Panama, although Cristobal, the American settlement just outside of Colon, is on the Atlantic and is pleasant and breezy. Colon, itself, before the Americans cleaned it up, was a miserable, straggly place, dirty, squalid and disreputable. It is squalid enough now, although the Americans have paved its few streets and have forced the people who live there to keep them clean and to observe the sanitary regulations. There are typical Spanish houses in Panama, but the places in Colon are mostly wood, and cheap wood at that. If Colon has one redeeming feature I failed to find it.

If you are lucky and get an invitation to go over to Taboga Island in a Government launch you not only have a fine sail, but you learn some things about the French methods that interest you. As you come across the railroad from Colon to Panama you see a big French dredge in the jungle, covered with vines, and you wonder how it came there and what for. They tell you the French brought up several dredges on the Chagres River, and point to one or two that have been taken out and fixed over for use by the Americans. The men on the launch begin like this—if you are on the right launch—a good-sized boat with considerable engine capacity and room enough for a lot of people: "You see this launch? Well, where do you suppose we got it?"

"Bought it," is the only reply available.

That is where they land on you. "No, sir; we didn't buy it. It is a French launch. And where do you suppose we found it?"

Steam Launches on the Hilltops

The manner of the question makes it impossible for you to hazard the proposition it was found in the water, which, to your mind, seems to be the proper element for launches. So you get facetious and remark: "Oh, up in a cocoanut tree, I imagine."

"Not quite," your guide replies; "but we found it cut in three pieces on top of the Culebra Hill, which is the highest point on the line of the Canal."

"What was it doing up there?"

"Lord knows," says your guide; "but there is where we found it. We brought it down here, riveted it together and it has been doing good work for a long time."

You have seen that dredge in what looks to be the jungle with no river near, and you are not astonished, especially when you think that, perhaps, the French, being wise and thrifty people, put these great machines in these places, with what

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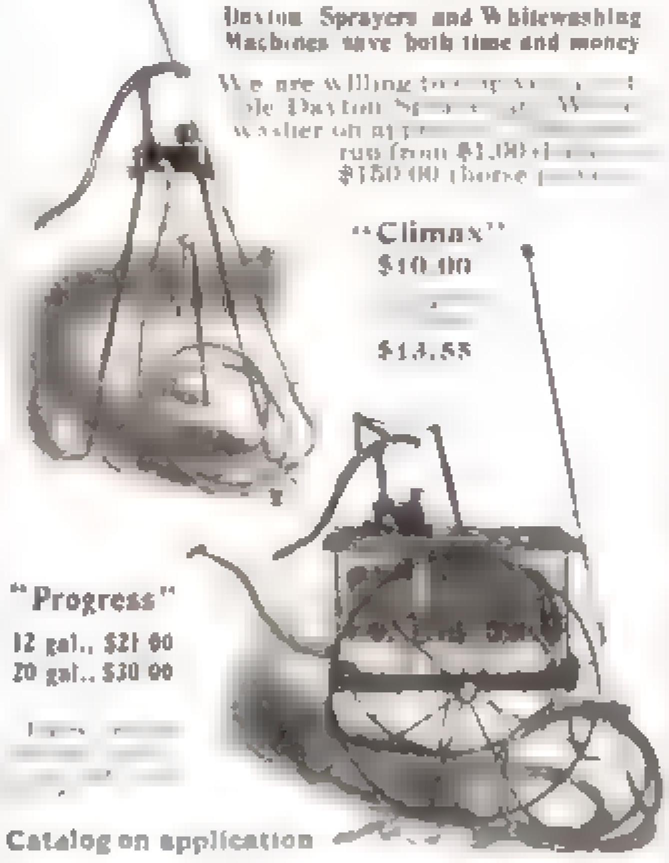

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2½ h.p. $55

Complete with full boat equipment.

[illegible] noiseless, built from finest material, the best [illegible] engine sold. We guarantee satisfaction or free replacement and [illegible]

The Caille Perfection Motor Co., 1321 2d Av., Detroit, Mich.

"Baby Go Wif You?"

[illegible]

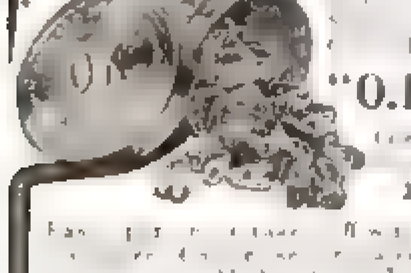
Oriole Go-Basket

[illegible]

Free Illustrated Booklet

THE WITHROW MFG. CO.
143 Walnut Street Cincinnati Ohio

MEDAL OF HIGHEST AWARD JAMESTOWN EXPOSITION



"O.K." PAPER FASTENERS

Perfect Security

[illegible] Made of brass [illegible] of 100 Fasteners each [illegible] 10c

[illegible] 50 [illegible]

No. 1B

THE O K MFG CO. Dept F, Syracuse N Y

must have been incredible labor, for the purpose of photographing them and sending the pictures back to France to help sell stock. A picture of that launch, on the top of Culebra Cut apparently floating in water, easy enough to make after a heavy rain, would have been a good advertisement, for the French are skillful photographers.

The old, useless French machinery along the line of the Canal is one of the most interesting sights. The French were lavish in their expenditures for machinery. They brought good machinery, too. We have patched up a lot of the locomotives and cars, one or two of the dredges and much of the other machinery. There are tons and tons of it that are useless, however. Although some of the car wheels have been in the tropics for more than twenty-five years they are perfect yet, which is a test our car wheels would not stand. The corrugated iron the French brought is still good. American corrugated iron lasts only two or three years when used for roofing. The French iron has been there in sun and rain for a quarter of a century.

Back in 1884, when the first French company was working on the canal, the Cucaracha Slide first began to show the excavators they were not of much importance as compared to a movement of Nature. The Cucaracha Slide is a mud avalanche. It is on the east side of the Canal about half a mile from Gold Hill. The Frenchmen gave it its name probably because they wanted to designate it as meanly as possible, for *cucaracha* means cockroach. It moves about fourteen feet a day in the wet season. The new French company did no work in the Culebra Cut, and the slide remained quiet. When the Americans began excavating there the cockroach began sliding. Last October a rapid movement began, and a lot of mud was dumped into the prism of the Canal.

Tearing Out the Cockroach

Major Gaillard tackled it. It is estimated there are five hundred thousand cubic feet that must be moved before the slide will be overcome. The steam shovels are tearing that cockroach out in enormous chunks. Gaillard had his fight to make and he made it, with all the resourcefulness and energy he could command from that vast canal machine. He will have it conquered before the end of the present dry season, which is an achievement of itself worthy of extended notice, but, in the tremendous extent of the whole enterprise, is merely looked upon as a part of the day's work.

German and English boats touch at Colon, and, occasionally, the band from one of the German boats comes ashore. About ten o'clock one night, a time ago, some Americans got one of these German bands. They led the willing musicians to the Imperial Hotel, the biggest hotel in Colon, with a large restaurant, bowling-alley and billiard-room off the office. The word was passed along and Americans came trooping – men who lived in Cristobal, and men from along the line who were in Colon.

They put the band up on a billiard-table, collected a hatful of Spigotty money and said: "Now play some American tunes."

The band played American tunes, old ones and new ones, and the crowd increased in size. "Play them again," said the Americans, spilling out another hatful of Spigotty money.

They played Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean, and Dixie, and Marching Through Georgia, and Maryland, My Maryland, and the Americans sang.

The little German leader passed the word. The bandsmen began on The Star-Spangled Banner. Every man in the room stood with bared head and at rigid attention until the end. Then they all let out an American cheer that echoed far out over the Atlantic – the cheer of men who are doing an American work in an American way, who are conquering every difficulty and digging that Panama Canal.

"The music ain't so much," said a big steam-shovel man, "but it sounds good to us, for it's the music of home. Home, I said, young man – home – two thousand miles away. Hey, Dutchie, play that tune again!"

Amatite ROOFING

Why We Send
A Sample of Amatite Free

THE reason why we make such a feature of our free sample offer in all the advertisements of Amatite is because we realize that Amatite itself is its best advertisement.

The practical buyer realizes, in the first place, that he can judge a roof's wearing qualities pretty well by the weight of it to the square foot. A thin, flimsy fabric cannot possibly wear as long as a thick, heavy one. Amatite weighs twice as much as other roofings of its price, and is tough and strong and reliable.

While we could say this in our advertisements without convincing people, the sample itself will prove it instantly.

Another important thing which the sample shows is the *real mineral surface* of Amatite. This mineral matter takes all the wear of the weather and receives the brunt of wind and storm. Being mineral, it is naturally not affected by these things, and accordingly does not wear out as does paint or coating.

Most ready roofings have a smooth surface. This surface, if exposed to the weather without any protection, would not last very long.

A good many, therefore, are painted once at the factory so that when they are laid they will last for a couple of years without further attention. But after that time it is absolutely necessary to give them a new coating every year or two.

If the extra coating is extremely heavy and thick, — a kind generally recommended by the manufacturer of the roofing, it is possible to make the coating last longer than two years; but the paint being of a superior grade and used in greater quantities will be very expensive.

No careful buyer would dare neglect the painting of the ordinary roofing, and people who are careful in such matters will be the ones who will most appreciate the argument that Amatite needs no painting.

Amatite has all the usual advantages of a ready roofing, in addition to its special advantages. It is easy to lay, as it is sold in handy rolls of 110 square feet, with three-inch smooth lap edge, ready to be laid on the roof. No special tools are called for; everything that is necessary in the way of nails and liquid cement for laps is furnished in the center of each roll.

Send your name and address to our nearest office and you will receive a sample of Amatite by return mail. Then you can see for yourself what we mean by the mineral surface, and you can get some idea of the strength and durability of Amatite.

Amatite on Roof of Cottage, [illegible] Chicago

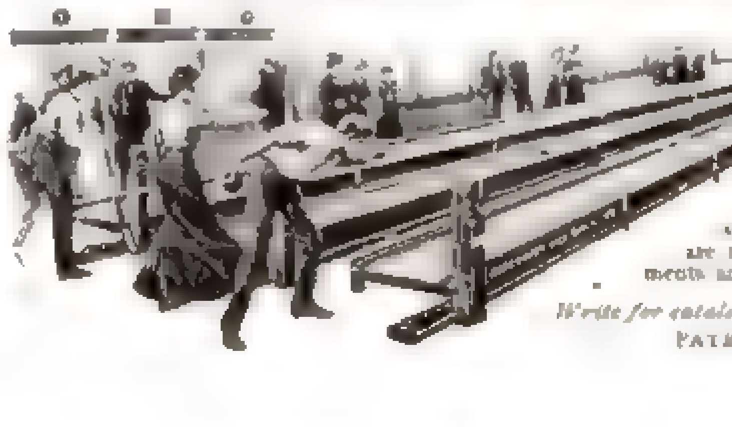
Barrett Manufacturing Company

New York Chicago Philadelphia St. Louis
Cleveland Allegheny Cincinnati Kansas City
Minneapolis New Orleans Boston London

B

Amatite on Roof of [illegible]

$513 CLEAR PROFIT IN 51 DAYS FROM AN INVESTMENT OF $150



[illegible] popular bowling game [illegible] make big money in any town [illegible] $65.00 each [illegible] splendid [illegible] portable. No pin boy needed. Receipts are nearly all profit. Nearly 4,000 sold to date. We sell on payments and our catalog is free.

Write for catalog. AMERICAN BOX BALL COMPANY,
PATENTEES, 1302 Van Buren St. Indianapolis, Ind.

Hello Sheldon!

[illegible]

This letter shows two things very clearly. First, that Sheldon students are [illegible] country; second, that [illegible]

[illegible]

The Sheldon School [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] many kinds of men [illegible] own boss, so long as [illegible] to do his work as he pleases. [illegible]

[illegible] Science of Salesmanship. [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] more than [illegible] men have subscribed to our Courses in five years.

All we ask is an opportunity to explain what we have for you. Please mail the coupon today.

The Sheldon School,
1243 Republic Building, Chicago

[illegible]

Salesmanship	Self Development
Advertising	System and Costs
Business Logic	Self Education
Business Psychology	Science of Retail Merchandising.
Promotion	

Name
Address
Town State
Position Business

All instruction by correspondence

Pantasote
PRIZE LIMERICK CONTEST
NEARLY ONE MILLION ANSWERS RECEIVED

THE PANTASOTE COMPANY
11 Broadway, New York

[illegible] according to our judgment.

Yours truly,
CAROLYN WELLS OLIVER HERFORD
MARIE NEHLIG GELETT BURGESS

The names of the winners of the first ten prizes [illegible] as well as the winners of the first [illegible] prizes for whole Limericks, are given in the May issue of Harper's Bazar. The names [illegible] prize winners are also given. All [illegible] prizes sent promptly upon receipt [illegible]

THE PANTASOTE CO., 11 Broadway, New York

Red Dragon Dandelion Killer—Sample Free

A powder that is sure death to dandelion, plantain, and other weed pests in lawns. Does not injure or affect the grass in any way. Dust it on lightly when dew is on and the weeds will curl up and die. *No kill, no pay.* We are willing to "show" you. ***Large package for ordinary lawn sent postpaid for 50 cents.***

Henry Field Seed Co., Box 18, Shenandoah, Iowa

The Small College Versus the University

(Continued from Page 8)

Owing to the wealth of general apartments in Emerson Hall there are rooms for only forty-five students. Others room in adjacent cottages, one of which is devoted to the junior class as a body. The total number of young women is strictly limited to eighty-five, all that can be adequately housed by the college. Every year many are turned away. Knox is only a little less strict. There is a strong contrast here with the neighboring State universities, where young women, not members of sororities, live without supervision in town houses jointly occupied by young men. At both Knox and Beloit the social life of the women leaves little to be desired. I could not find that the limitation of numbers was the result of any general predilection for smallness. Beloit resisted coeducation until 1895, and gave in then, I was told, only because it felt the need of more students. There never was a better example, however, of the advantage of limiting the number of undergraduates according to the capacity of the college to assimilate them.

At Knox there is no men's dormitory, no general gathering place and no general commons. Except for three fraternities the men live broadcast in the houses of the townspeople, and the chapter houses are widely removed from one another. At Beloit there is a dormitory, Chapin Hall, with kitchen and dining-room; but life in it is far from attractive. Until lately the academy students mingled there with college men. The food is said to be poor, and the general life until this year has been turbulent enough. Now the students are responsible to themselves for their own well-being, and there is said to be comparative peace and quiet. The real reason for the unpopularity of Chapin Hall, however, is that it is the abode of "barbs," the fraternity men flocking by themselves through all four years.

The Problem of the Fraternities

Where the fraternity system prevails the social recognition of ability and success in undergraduate activities is unknown. When I pointed out that many men of good character who have made their mark in debating or athletics, even captains of university teams, were not fraternity men, the objection was met with bland surprise. The fraternity, I was told, was more important than the college. A man was first a member of Beta Theta Pi and then an undergraduate of Beloit. When I pointed out that such a spirit was not only snobbish but anti-patriotic, I was met with a helpless shrug.

At Beloit I was able to discuss a particular case—that of the football man who had broken training. Though he had come with a reputation as a player, and had turned out one of the most brilliant men on the team, he had not been taken into any of the three fraternities. Resentment for this had probably had much to do with his insubordination. It was admitted that, if he had been subjected to the influence of fraternity life, he would probably have acted differently. Certainly he would have done so if he had had hope for the future, as he would have had under the Eastern club system.

In a word, the fraternities, pleasant and profitable as they are to their members, fail of the two great functions of the social system as it is cultivated in the Eastern universities. On the one hand, they can neither inspire nor control the leading undergraduate activities, and on the other they allow many of the strongest men to leave college without the impress of its best traditions.

The Faculty at Beloit is mindful of these evils. It has already required the fraternities to defer rushing until the third week after freshmen arrive, and it hopes to defer it for the entire freshman year. It would be far better to emulate Princeton, which limits its eating clubs to the two upper classes, and by an intelligently-planned and rigorously-enforced system of election virtually does away with rushing.

But the fraternities resist even the delay of a single year. The sense of the college seems to be that the practicable solution lies in multiplying chapters, as Amherst has done, where over ninety per cent. of

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(5000 local representatives and branch stores throughout the United States)

Solves the problem of securing the very highest grade of clothes made to individual measures at moderate prices. No matter how discriminating you are Strauss Brothers' tailoring is the kind you can wear with a feeling of perfect comfort and entire satisfaction.

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IDEAL Spring
Means Comfort and Rest

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IDEAL

Foster's Accident Proof Crib

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A NON-CARBONIZING OIL
For AUTOMOBILE LUBRICATION
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Keep Your Spark Plugs Clean

ZEROLENE [illegible] regardless of type or temperature. This [illegible]

ZEROLENE Auto-Lubricating OIL

leaves practically no carbon deposit, and "works" with absolute uniformity [illegible] or midsummer heat. Put up in sealed cans with patent spout that prevents can being refilled. Remember the label shown in cut, and the [illegible] for the garage trade. Sold by dealers everywhere.

STANDARD OIL COMPANY
(Incorporated)

My new catalog No. 21 showing Flags in colors and illustrating every necessity for outfitting

Motor Boats and Yachts

sent Free. Reliable goods, low prices, prompt delivery.
HOPKINS, 119 Chambers Street, New York

Keewatin Camps FOR BOYS IN THE WISCONSIN WOODS

Saddle horses, sailboats, motorboats [illegible] swimming [illegible] Michigan, Minnesota, and Southern Ontario [illegible]
Winter Tutorial Camp. J. H. Kendregan, Delafield, Wisconsin

Do It Now!

[illegible] part, our book "The Winning Stroke," and

30 Days' Free Trial Offer

We know the Yale is the [illegible] that the Yale is better than any other razor

The Freehand Shaving Stroke of

Yale Safety Razor

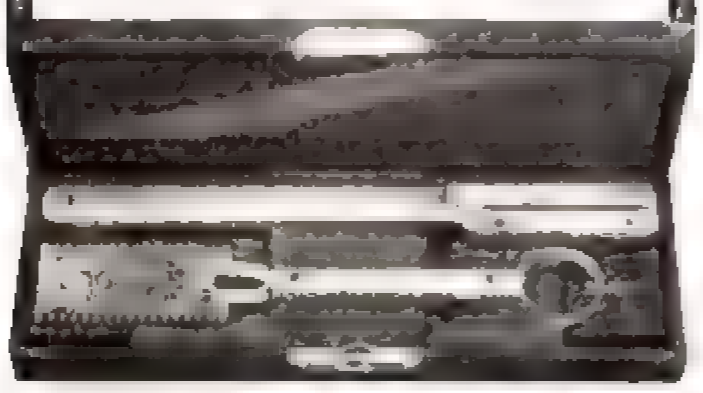
Cuts the beard clean and smooth without smarting, burning or irritation

[illegible] and quickly [illegible]

The Yale Patent Stropper [illegible]

The Yale Safety Razor Set [illegible]

Yale Safety Razor Co.
2970 Lake Park Ave, Chicago, Ill



the students are fraternity men. Already both at Beloit and at Knox there are eating clubs, which, though professedly democratic, differ from the fraternities chiefly in lacking a charter. And other similar organizations are germinating. But it is hard to see how a college, split up from the start into rival cliques, can hope to attain the ideal of representative and efficient democracy.

The Wrong End of the Social Stick

The fact is that all American institutions and particularly those in which the fraternity system prevails, have hold of the wrong end of the social stick. The first duty of the college is to the student body as a whole; its energy and its money should be spent in making the general life democratic and congenial. Loyal efforts in this direction are being made everywhere, even in State universities; but the only means I have ever discovered of effective reform is to gather all underclassmen into a dormitory, or a system of dormitories, and to feed them at well-regulated commons. The small college should fundamentally be one large social unit.

The universities have already turned their attention to this matter of the general residential life. At all six of the institutions I have studied there is a strong faction in favor of dividing the student body into small residential communities. At Princeton the project was confused with the question of abolishing the upperclass clubs, which is in no way related to it, and is temporarily in abeyance. At Wisconsin, however, the nearest and most dangerous neighbor of the two colleges we are considering, President Van Hise has a grant of money from the State to build one residential hall yearly, and has commissioned architects to draw up the plans. And he sees clearly, what President Wilson did not see, that there is no natural antagonism between the hall and the club or the fraternity, but that, under sane supervision, they work in the most fortunate coördination, the one swaying the life of the general body and the other that of the chosen few.

Both Knox and Beloit face a future grave with uncertainty. That they, and all institutions of their kind, have a large and an important function in the life of the nation is not for a moment to be doubted. Their opportunity lies in the fact that they are acutely local. They have the appeal on the public mind of the thing seen and known, and their traditions are more nearly in harmony with the surrounding community than those of a university can ever be, the ideals of which are important in proportion as they are above the common ken.

In the West, moreover, the small college is able, if it proves equal to its opportunity, to win a much more nearly exclusive field than the small college in the East. The State universities are more and more tending to lay chief stress upon advanced or characteristically university instruction — a fact by no means incompatible with their awakening to the social needs of their students. Being unable to exact tuition fees, they are more than willing to give over general and collegiate instruction to the colleges.

President James, of the University of Illinois, has lately written to the heads of the neighboring local colleges, offering to coöperate in diverting to them students who desire a general education. Granted an adequate teaching force and a wholesomely constituted social life, the small colleges of the West should, in a very few decades, achieve the exalted ideal of usefulness which, as yet, in spite of their frequent protestations, they have not achieved.

The problem is almost wholly financial. Beloit has been fortunate in the benefactions of Dr. D. K. Pearsons, to whom it owes its science building and both Chapin and Emerson Halls; but it still lacks funds. Knox has been incredibly and, as it seems, shamefully neglected by the citizens of Galesburg. Both institutions have received offers of funds from the General Education Board, which rejoices in the recent Rockefeller millions. But the rejoicing of the board is tempered by the Rockefeller prudence, which demands that each college shall raise twice the sum it is to receive. Both Knox and Beloit despair of being able to do this, though both have made heroic efforts. So their fate is as yet an unfinished sentence.

That's not the only good feature

Darnomore Hose

are [illegible] to the feet. They look well. The dye [illegible] come out. The yarn is specially selected, and so treated as to give it triple strength.

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Buy at your dealer's or by mail. They come six pairs in a box. $2.00 postpaid. Not sold in smaller lots. You couldn't beat this price even in ordinary hose.

Doull Miller Company 75 Worth St., New York

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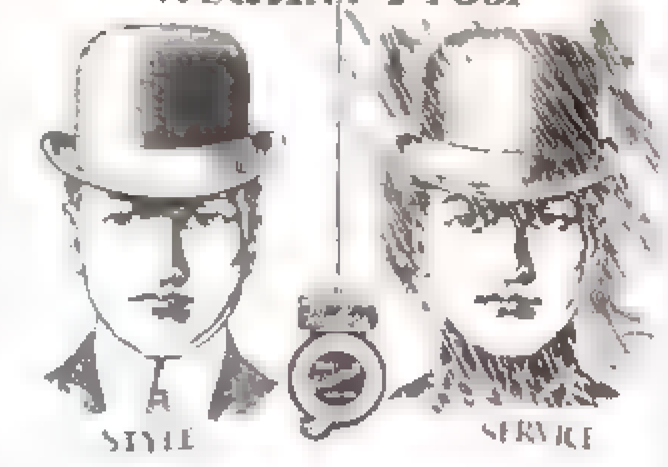
We Supply the U. S. Government

Prices Cut in Half

this season. Our large [illegible] catalog Sent FREE. Write [illegible]

The Rudolph Wurlitzer Co.
172 E. 4th Street, Cincinnati, or,
326 Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill

Mallory
CRAVENETTE HATS
Weather Proof



The Mallory Cravenette Hat is DOUBLY Guaranteed

The name of Mallory, since 1823 has stood for the best in men's hatwear — honest materials, best workmanship, and styles that are accepted as standards.

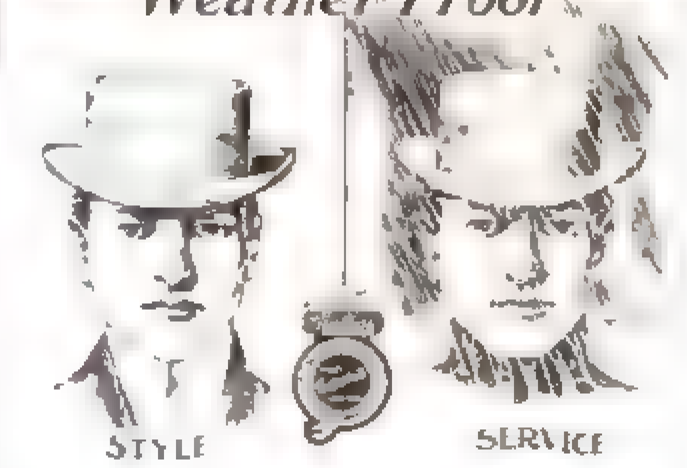
Besides this guarantee of excellence, the Mallory Cravenette Hat has what no other hat can have — the quality of being *weather-proof* from the Cravenette process. This makes a Mallory stay new in spite of all kinds of weather.

Derbies and Soft Hats, $3.00, $3.50 and $4.00. Sold by first-class dealers everywhere.

We send free, upon request, an illustrated booklet of hat styles for 1908.

E. A. MALLORY & SONS, Inc.
Established 1823
13 Astor Place, Cor. Broadway, New York
Factory: Danbury, Conn.

Mallory
CRAVENETTE HATS
Weather Proof



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The **character** that well-dressed men admire in Mallory Cravenette Hats is the result of skilful **original designing** that can be imitated but never duplicated.

They are made of the finest hat materials, and none but the most skilled labor ever touches them. Besides this, they offer what no other hat can offer — the quality of being *weather-proof*. The wonderful Cravenetting process that makes them so is exclusive with Mallory.

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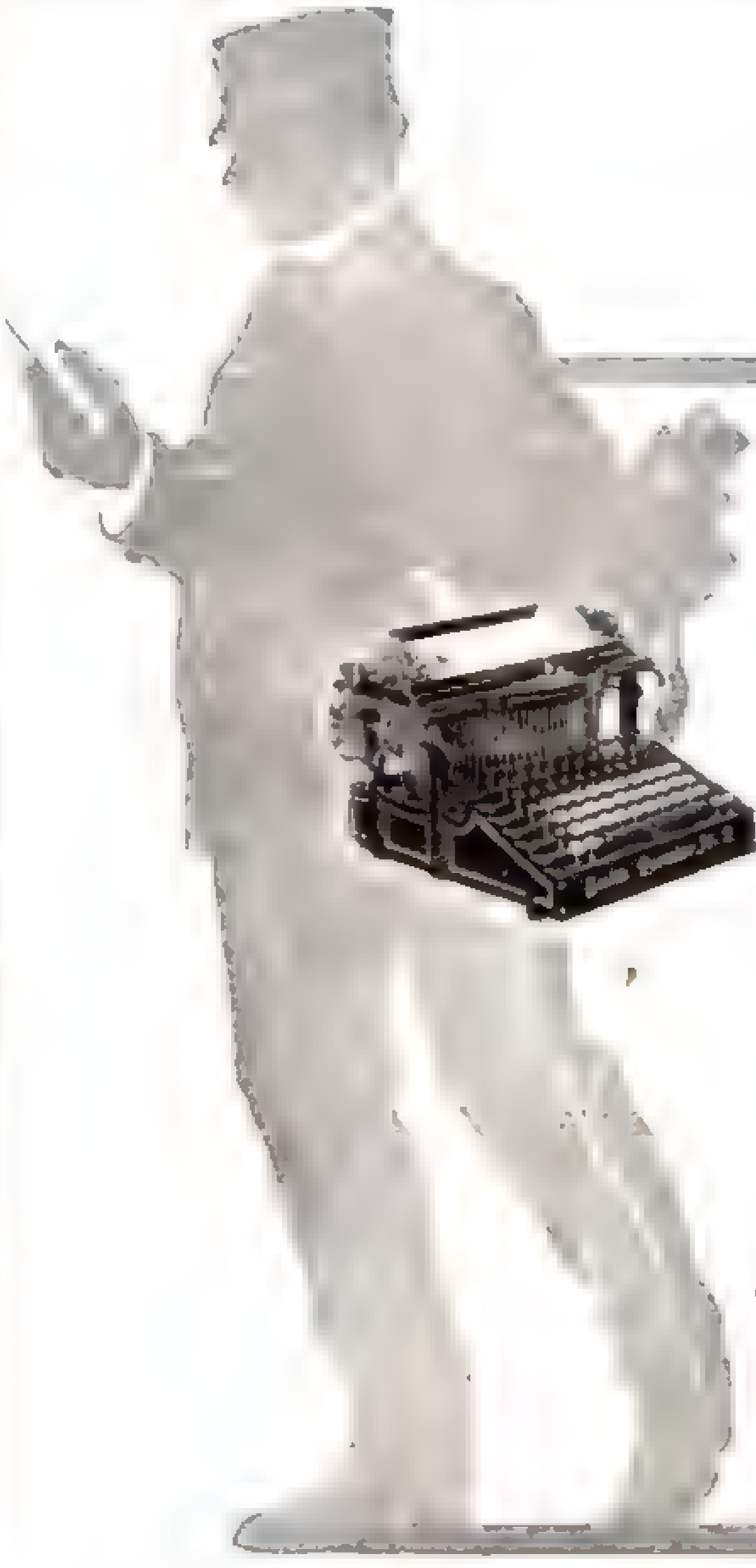

DID you ever stop to think how many letters written on a Smith Premier are carried every day by postmen all over the United States?

WE have taught over 300,000 users to be dissatisfied with any typewriter that does not measure up to the

Smith Premier Typewriter

THE SMITH PREMIER TYPEWRITER CO.
Syracuse, N. Y. Branches everywhere

Every Man & Every Woman

who seeks the perfect care and cleanliness of the teeth, or the refinement of the body in daily toilet use, find in the splendid assortment of Sanitol Tooth and Toilet Preparations just those articles that meet the requirements. They all give satisfactory service.

SANITOL

Tooth and Toilet Preparations

fifteen in the family, all good.

Sanitol Tooth Powder	25c
Sanitol Face Cream	25c
Sanitol Tooth Paste	25c
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Sanitol Bath Powder	25c
Sanitol Tooth Brush	35c
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Sanitol Toilet Water	50c
Sanitol Face Powder	35c
Sanitol Shaving Stick	25c
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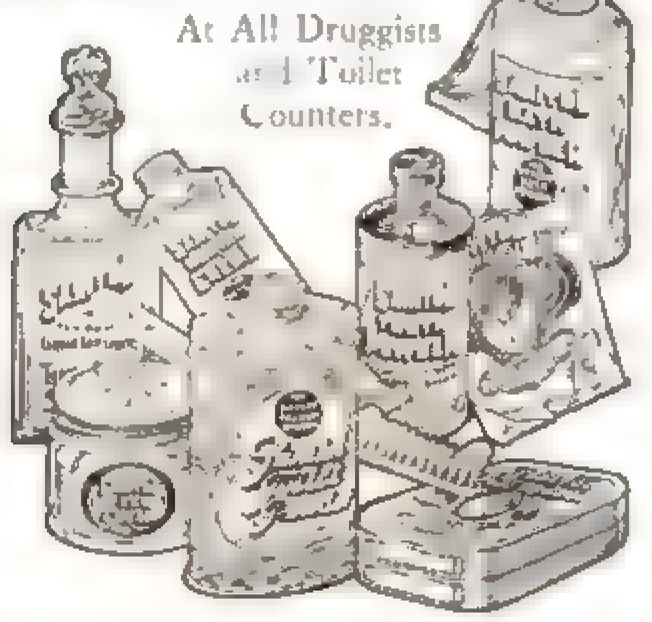
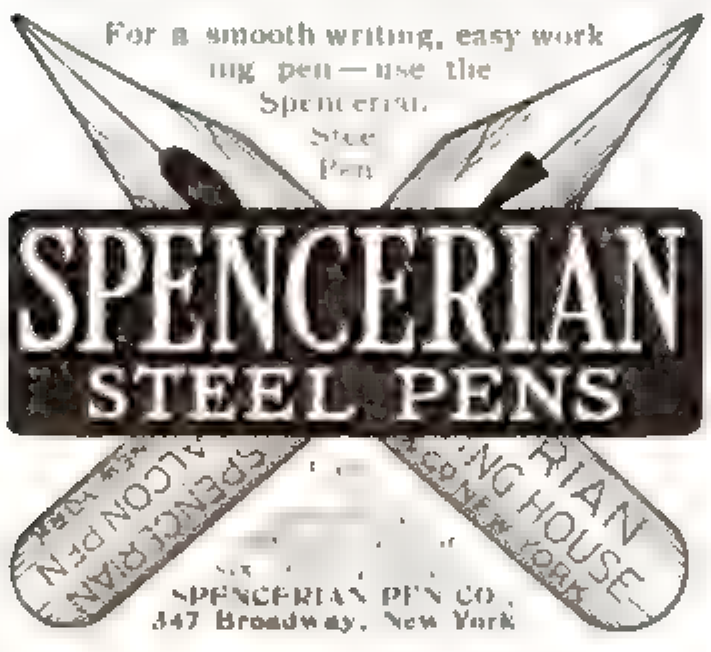
Each is as pure and perfect as human skill can make it.

At All Druggists and Toilet Counters.





For a smooth writing, easy working pen—use the Spencerian Steel Pen

SPENCERIAN STEEL PENS

SPENCERIAN PEN CO., 347 Broadway, New York

SPENCERIAN FALCON PEN NEW YORK
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$25.00 Per Week

If You Earn Less

I can HELP your Salary or Income by

$25 to $100 per week

Geo. H. Powell, 849 Metropolitan Annex, N.Y.

CALIFORNIA JOHN

(Continued from Page 4)

"There's seventy million people behind this little piece of brass," he tapped his badge. "Of course you can shoot me," he went on, "but nothin' would call people's attention to you fellows quicker than to get some one of us boys killed. It would sort of bring the whole business to a head."

He looked at the broken-nosed man, his mild blue eyes quite untroubled by the natural personal thought that it might not be pleasant to furnish that object-lesson.

"We'll get an early start to-morrow morning and strike down for the Jackass Trail," he concluded.

IV

WHEN next morning dawned California John found that one of the herdsmen had disappeared. His inquiries elicited nothing but grunts from the two men remaining. The sheep were released from the corral, and the slow journey began. Until late in the afternoon they traveled, following the uncertain flock. The dogs took the burden of the work, eager and alert as always. At night the sheep were packed loosely and held on the hillside where the browsing was good.

By three days they had reached Bearsore Meadows, above the rim that swept off to the lower ranges and the brown foothill country and the plains. To their camp at sundown came Hutchins riding in a rage. The missing herder followed on a mule.

Hutchins was a heavy-bodied man with a bearded and florid face. He possessed a big, booming voice with the vibrating timbre of good-natured heartiness in it, which his manner emphasized. Men called him a good fellow and accommodating. In consequence he was popular. As a matter of fact, his warm impulses were many and fervent—as long as he had his way. Of a Southern family which had emigrated before the autocratic days of the South had waned, he had all his life lived under or ruled over a patriarchal community.

At the edge of the meadow he threw himself from his horse and advanced quickly, Winchester to the front.

"What do you mean by putting off my sheep?" he roared.

"These your sheep, Jim?" queried California John.

"Yes, they are. And I just got word you'd shoved Pete Challan with another bunch of mine off into the sage-brush. What in eternal blazes do you mean by it?"

"They were trespassing in the Reserve."

Jim Hutchins laughed a scornful laugh.

"Reserve!" he spat. "Well, I'm here. If you're going to put me and my sheep off you'd better begin now, you old ——! They tell me you're something of a fighting man."

"Guess you've been misinformed," said California John, seating himself on a log. "But your sheep have got to get off."

Hutchins turned to his herders.

"You start back through Big Jackass to-morrow morning. I'll take care of this man."

He walked over to the ranger. Already his large face was regaining its habitual good nature.

"Now, see here, John," said he. "You think you're doing your duty. But how are you going to act? You haven't got the power to arrest me or my men. You haven't even the right to fire us off the Reserve if we refuse to go, because your orders forbid you to use force. I know your orders as well as you do yourself." He drew from his hip-pocket a booklet covered with blue paper.

"I didn't know those things was intended for the public," said California John.

"There's more than one way to skin a cat," replied Hutchins. "All you can do is to warn me to get off—you've done that—and then report to your officers. Well, go ahead."

"I reckon you're right," sighed California John, rising stiffly. "You seem to have it pat. That's about all we can do—now."

"Well, don't take it hard," advised Hutchins. "You've made me ride one long day to tell you this; and you might as well camp. We'll have some fresh mutton."

V

THE velvet dark had fallen on the world like a cloak. Against the sky the firs and pines stood tall, their tops scarcely lower than the thousands of brilliant stars

50¢ The Garment

You can blow through it. But you can't wear through it.

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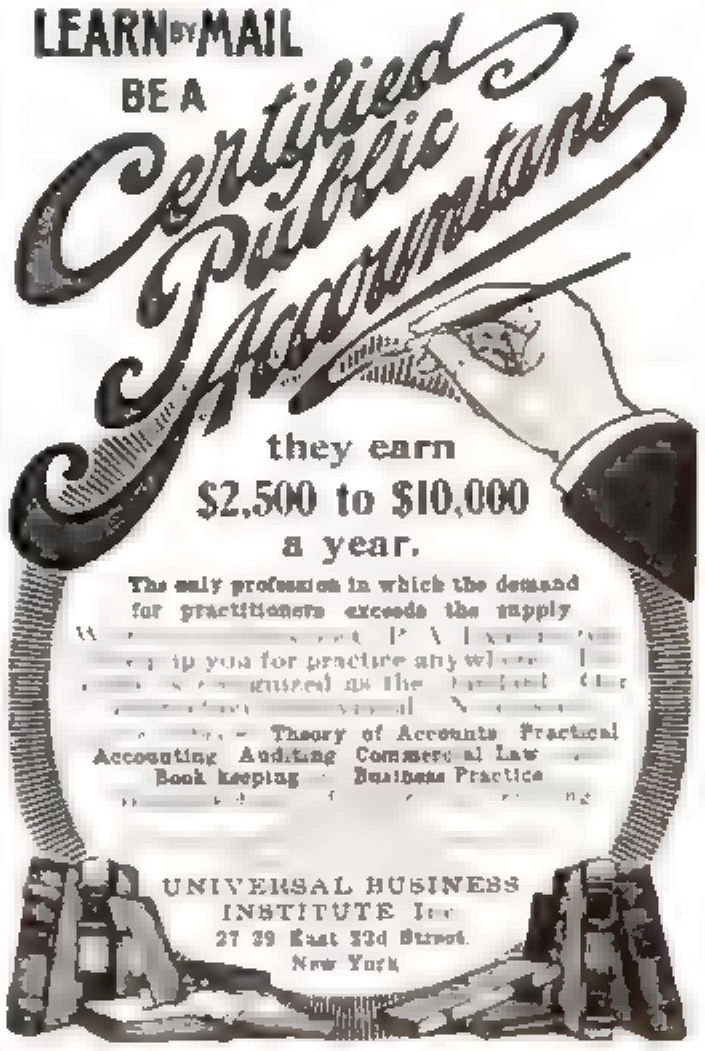

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The sheep-bells occasionally tinkled sleepily. The fire threw bright sparks aloft and called from the depths of the night its dancing, gigantic shadows.

The three herdsmen had wrapped themselves in their dirty blankets and their sheepskins, and, thrusting their feet close to the fire, had fallen into a brutish sleep. The sheep-owner and the ranger sat, knees clasped, pipes alight, in silence.

"John," the former broke the silence at last, "did anybody ever call you a —— before?"

"No," said the old man.

"Why did you take it from me?"

"I didn't."

"You didn't!" cried Hutchins.

"No, sir; you didn't call me that. You called Uncle Sam's ranger that. And my orders is distinctly not to use force."

Hutchins chuckled.

"I see," said he. "So if I'd called you a —, you wouldn't have stood for it, hey?"

"Well," said California John simply, "I never was much of a hand to look for a fight, but I ain't much good at a footrace."

"What do you get a month out of this job, anyway?" asked the sheepman.

"Sixty."

"And have to keep yourself and supply and feed your horses," supplemented Hutchins. "I pay my ordinary herders mighty near that, and feed them. Why don't you quit it?"

"It suits me."

"How?"

"Well," said California John, "I don't know as I can just explain. I like these here mountains, and the big trees, and the rocks and water and snow. And it all belongs to us, just the same as my front yard belongs to me down to the Flats. It's the people's, you know—all of us. We most of us don't know we've got it—that's all. I kind of look at it this way: suppose I had a big pile of twenty-dollar gold pieces lyin' up here, say in Siskiyou County, that I didn't know nothing whatever about, and some fellow came along and took care of it for me, and hung on to it even when I sent word out that anybody was welcome to anything I might own in Siskiyou County—I not thinking that I really owned anything much there, you understand—why, when I come to find out, I'd think he was a pretty decent sort of fellow. Some time or other we'll discover just what fine mountains and timber and water we got here, and then we'll be glad some fellows kept out the fire and the sheep. I kind of like to feel that I'm one of those fellows."

"Sheep do no harm," put in Hutchins; "they don't eat your confounded precious pine trees."

"That's where you're wrong," said California John earnestly. He plucked from near a tiny half-inch shoot of tender green. "That there's a young pine tree, and sheep eat them as fast as they can find them."

"Well," scoffed Hutchins, "and suppose they do? There's trees enough and water enough to last forever."

The old man clasped his hands about his knees and told his vision as he had learned it in his groping fashion—the theories of water conservation, of lumbering for future as well as present use, of a public domain for the public benefit, of a service efficient, reliable, honest, of promotion for the able and energetic, of a good trail system, of bridges over the torrents, of regulated grazing—all the hopes and aims of the few earnest men of that day. Hutchins listened inscrutably to what must have seemed to any man then in active business near the Forest Reserves as so much visionary raving. Finally he cut the old man short.

"That's about enough of that stuff for to-night," said he. "Better turn in."

California John instantly arose and disappeared toward his pack.

"I'm feeling pretty tired," he acknowledged over his shoulder.

But Jim Hutchins did not turn in for a long time after that.

In the first dawn of the next day the big sheepman touched the sleeping ranger on the shoulder.

"John," he growled as the old man, with the habitual alertness of the wilderness traveler, sprang to a sitting posture. "I'm not going back. I'm going to take the sheep out."

California John stared at him.

"It's not because of your fool Forest Reserve nor your theories," asserted the sheepman belligerently. "I don't think they amount to a holler in hell on a windy day. But I think it's my bounden duty

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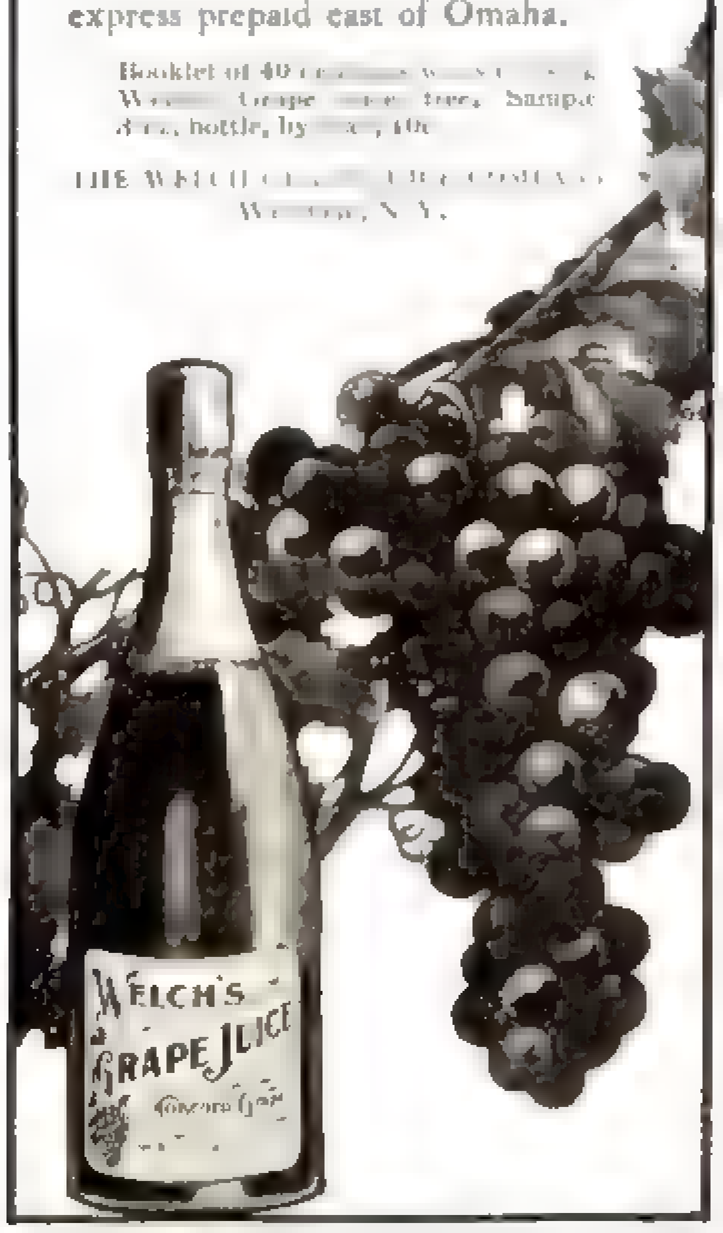

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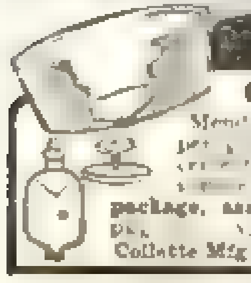

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VI

CALIFORNIA JOHN, riding into his supervisor's headquarters to report, found that individual's huge bulk spread out in a heavy home-made armchair in the shade of the veranda. Three rangers were busily engaged under his direction in hewing a set of steps from a section of sugar-pine log. It was a very slow process, but there was no other such set of steps in the mountains, and Plant was much interested in them. The fact that he was using three Government men's time for a private and practically useless task never occurred to him.

California John turned the leg-weary Star into the big meadow back of headquarters and approached stiffly the group at the veranda.

"Hallo John," said Plant. "Didn't find any sheep, did you?"

"Yes, sir," replied California John.

The three men working at the piece of sugar pine looked up incredulously.

"Where?" asked Plant.

"Back of the Minarets, and near Isberg Pass."

Plant's face darkened.

"Whose were they?" he asked at length.

"Jim Hutchins'."

"What did you do?"

"I put them off," replied California John with the modest pride of a job well done.

Plant said nothing, but his face slowly purpled. One of the rangers chuckled.

California John went inside to fill out the voluminous blanks then considered necessary.

"John," called the fat supervisor in a half-choked voice.

"Yes, sir," replied the old man.

"When you get through that, saddle up and go down and work on that Clay Banks' Trail."

"Yes, sir," said California John, after a moment's pause of surprise.

The Clay Banks were down at the thousand foot level. At this time of year the thermometer stood every day well above a hundred.

"And sizzle there, you —— meddling old fool!" muttered Supervisor Plant savagely under his breath.

Author's Note — One of the incidents in the above story has been mentioned by Supervisor Charles Howard Shinn. To head off the usual accusations of plagiarism, it is well to state that the incident is here retold with his full knowledge and permission.

Editor's Note — This is the first of a series of stories by Mr. White dealing with the Federal Forest Service.

THE SIMPLE CASE OF SUSAN

(Continued from Page 17)

a lady's glove! He only hoped Dan would be able to get through all right. If he didn't — if he didn't! Well, a fellow who didn't have enough gumption to carry away a simple little adventure like this wasn't the man for *his* son-in-law!

Away down in Sixty-fifth Street, in the drawing-room of the Reverend Doctor Hawthorne, Lieutenant Paul Abercrombie Harwell Rowland sat phlegmatically watching Susan as she paced back and forth, pausing anxiously each time at the window to look out. Not a word from Dan Wilbur! Not a word from Marjorie! Not a word from Lieutenant Faulkner! Of course, it was possible that Dan had been held up or pursued or something; he'd appear all right; and she could depend upon Marjorie's cleverness to keep her identity away from him. But suppose she hadn't? Suppose Dan had found out who she was, and had taken her back home? And where, *where* was Faulk? Suddenly Susan turned upon Paul.

"Oh, I'm *so* worried!" she announced. "I feel just like crying."

"Go ahead," he suggested considerately.

"I won't," she stormed.

And then she pouted. Susan was irresistible when she pouted. Her lips looked like a rosebud, and tears of aggravation glistened in her eyes. If Doctor Hawthorne hadn't been in the next room and the sliding doors hadn't been open, Paul would have — would have — but he was, and they were — so!

"Where can Faulk *be*?" she demanded for the twenty-ninth time.

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"I haven't the faintest idea," Paul responded as usual.

"And the others?"

"Ditto."

"I know Faulkner must have been hurt or killed or something, and there you sit like a dummy and let me do *all* the worrying."

"I don't know whether he has been or not," said Paul aggravatingly, "but I'll gamble that he gets here – dead or alive."

As a matter of fact, at just that psychological moment Lieutenant Faulkner was entering a telephone booth in a Forty-second Street hotel. Oddly enough he had asked for the Stanwood residence in Fifth Avenue.

"Is Mr. Stanwood in?" he inquired.

"No, sir," replied a man, evidently a servant.

"Or Miss Stanwood – his sister?"

"No, sir. They are both out, sir, and we don't know where they are or when they will be back."

"Well, will you please tell them when they return to come at once to Reverend Doctor Hawthorne's home in Sixty-fifth Street?" And he gave the number.

"I doubt, sir, if they can come to-night," explained the servant. "Some important family affairs, sir, and—"

"Oh, yes, they'll come," the Lieutenant interrupted confidently. "You tell them that Lieutenant Faulkner – Lieutenant Robert E. Lee Faulkner – is waiting for them, and they'll *come*, all right. Good-by."

An automobile drew up in front of the police station and stopped with a blatant honk. Mr. Stanwood jumped. Great Scott! Had Dan been caught again? He peered anxiously out of the door of the captain's office to see who came in. It was a woman – a thin, angular, aristocratic-looking woman.

"Elvira!" Mr. Stanwood almost shouted. He forgot he was a favored prisoner and rushed into the outer office. His sister turned, amazed at the sound of her name.

"Well – Fulton!" she exclaimed.

"Go back in that room," commanded the desk-sergeant harshly. "Any tricks like that and you'll go in a cell."

Mr. Stanwood meekly sneaked back into the captain's office and stood peering out. His sister stopped nonplused. In a cell? Her brother? Fulton Stanwood? And did the man live who dared to order him about like that?

"I'm a prisoner, Elvira," Mr. Stanwood explained humbly. "I hit a policeman. What are *you* doing away up here?"

Miss Stanwood told him tersely. First of all there was Marjorie's elopement with Lieutenant Faulkner, which came to her knowledge indirectly. Marjorie had confided in her maid; the maid had told a man-servant and the man-servant informed her. Mr. Stanwood listened as if stunned. Then came a detailed description of the chase in the automobile, from Central Park up St. Nicholas Avenue and through Tarrytown.

"Their car broke down within a couple of hundred yards of our place in Tarrytown," Miss Stanwood went on to say. "We had lost sight of them momentarily. They got another car somewhere, and were just leaving their broken-down car when we sighted them. They had picked up another man, too – some white-headed, old idiot without any hat."

Mr. Stanwood gulped hard.

"Then they simply outran us," she continued. "Their car was the best. I've had every one searching for you, and stopped here to telephone home to see if you had been there or had been found."

"But it wasn't *Faulkner* she eloped with," Mr. Stanwood corrected finally. "It was Dan Wilbur."

"Dan Wilbur? How do you know?"

"Oh, I *know* all right."

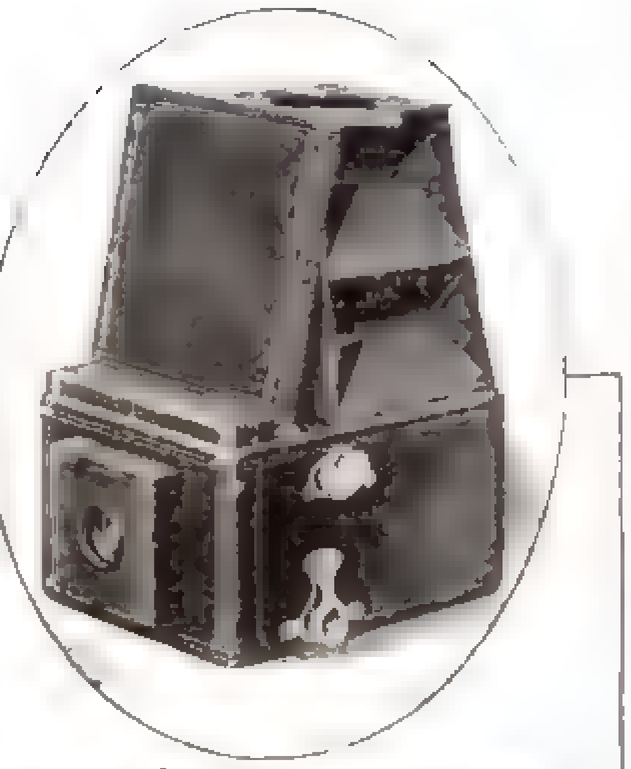
And then Mr. Stanwood told *his* story. She listened to the end without an interruption – an unusual thing for a woman to do – and then, severely:

"So it would appear that while I was in the rear car trying to stop them, you were in the front car giving them active assistance?"

"It would certainly appear so, Elvira," he acquiesced sadly.

"Well, don't you know your own daughter? Can't you see?"

"Oh, she had on all sorts of veils and things, and – and – besides, Elvira, I never heard of a man who had enough nerve to ask the father of the girl he's eloping with to help. And why *should* she elope with Dan Wilbur?"



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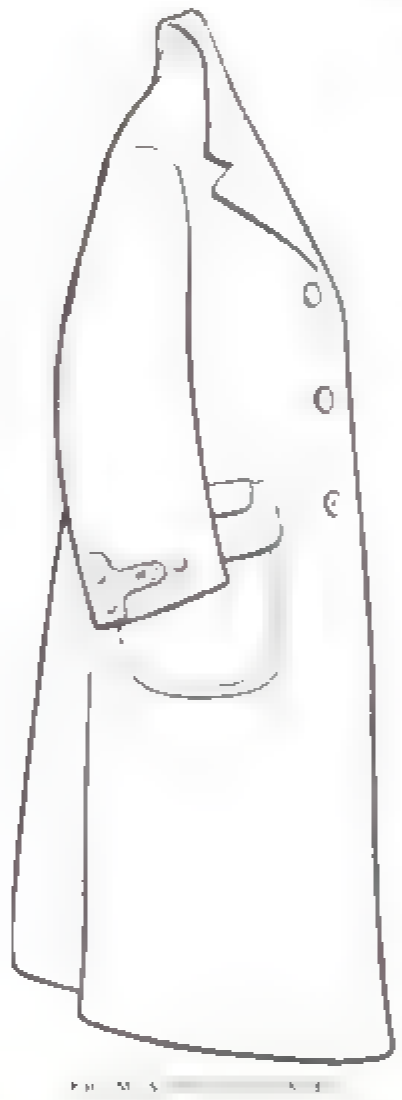

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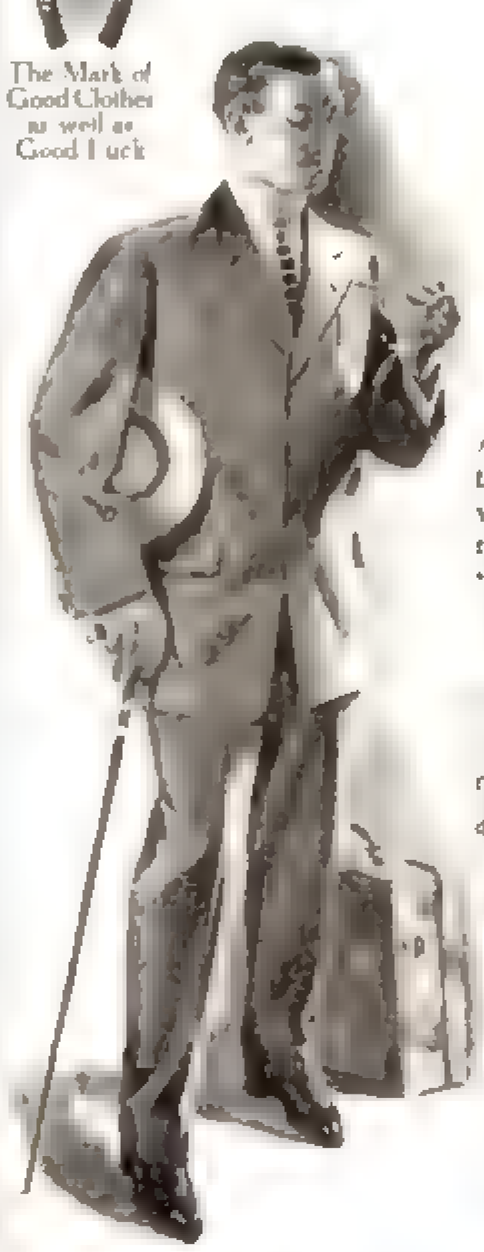

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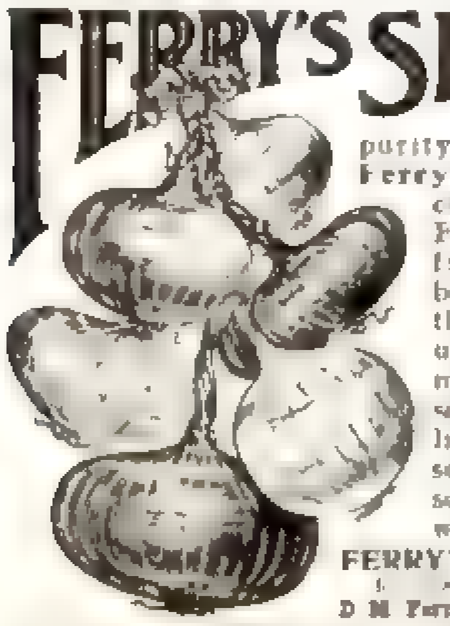

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Miss Stanwood was still regarding him sternly; Mr. Stanwood dodged.

"Well, Fulton," she said in measured tones, "you are, perhaps, the most perfect specimen of an idiot I've ever met."

"I believe I am, Elvira."

Mr. Stanwood stood helplessly for a moment, then suddenly went out to the desk-sergeant.

"I must go downtown," he began authoritatively.

"Oh, you *must*, must you?" sneered the sergeant.

"But listen a moment, sergeant."

And really it was worth listening to. He pleaded and threatened, and coaxed and raved and wheedled, and swore. It was all the same. And finally he told him his real name—a magical password in three countries. The sergeant only smiled insolently. Then Mr. Stanwood blew up in one desperate effort.

"I didn't hit that confounded McMartin, anyway. Bring him out here and he'll tell you I didn't."

Mr. McMartin came out, fully conscious now.

"That ain't the fellow that hit me," he protested. "It was his chaffer. Where is he?"

"You see," remarked Mr. Stanwood loftily, "you have no charge against me."

"Oh, yes," Mr. McMartin broke in. "I charge you with being an accomplice before the fact and after the fact; and attempting bribery; and speeding an automobile; and threatening an officer; and profanity; and—and being a suspicious character. I guess them ought to hold you for a while."

"Why not add murder and arson and the rest of it?" Mr. Stanwood demanded savagely.

"Won't he take money?" asked Miss Stanwood timidly.

"Sergeant, how about a cash bond?" asked Mr. Stanwood.

The sergeant talked it over with Mr. McMartin and finally decided that $2000 would be about right.

"Very good," commented Mr. Stanwood. When anybody mentioned money he was in his element. He knew that his sister usually kept two or three thousand dollars in her desk at home for current expenses. "Elvira," he directed briskly, "'phone down, have a servant smash your desk and bring all the money they find."

He was the first officer now, and she was only the crew. She went into the telephone booth, and a moment later came out frankly excited.

"Lieutenant Faulkner," she began—"Lieutenant Faulkner has just this minute left word at the house for you and me to come at once to Reverend Doctor Hawthorne's in Sixty-fifth Street."

Mr. Stanwood glared at her with lowering brows.

"Faulkner, eh?" he said coldly. "Of course *I* can't go." He glanced at the clock. "There is a suburban train down from the station over here in ten minutes. You get on that train, Elvira, go there, and if there's been no marriage—if it isn't too late—see that there isn't until I come."

Miss Stanwood caught the train, and fifteen minutes later took a cab from the Grand Central to the Sixty-fifth Street address. Just as her cab turned into the street from Central Park West she saw an automobile draw up in front of Doctor Hawthorne's. She knew *that* car! A man assisted a veiled woman out and they went up the steps together.

Miss Stanwood burst into the drawing-room, and every one present, with the exception of Doctor Hawthorne, ejaculated "Miss Stanwood!" with varying degrees of amazement and anxiety. There was Susan, clinging to Paul; and Mr. Wilbur with the oddest sort of an expression on his face; the veiled lady, and the mild, startled-looking minister.

"I'll take charge of this young lady," Miss Stanwood declared authoritatively, and she did. "You'll come right into the study here, my dear, and remain here until your father arrives."

Susan turned with a broken-hearted whimper and Paul gathered her in his arms protectingly. After all their trouble, too!

"Where *can* Faulk be?" she asked for the thirtieth time.

"I haven't the faintest idea," Paul responded as usual.

Miss Stanwood closed the door on her prisoner, then calmly drew forward a chair and sat down to wait. Mr. Wilbur stood staring at her. There were so many unanswered questions knocking about in his

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brain that it gave him a headache. He knew the elder Miss Stanwood. What did *she* have to do with it? Then came an awful thought. Gee Whillikens! Was that Marjorie Stanwood — that veiled lady — and he'd helped her to elope? And he had not only helped her — his heart's desire — to elope with another man, but he'd made her father help! Oh! Oh-h! Oh-h-h-h! Then his eyes chanced to fall upon Susan in Paul's arms. He blushed for her utter shamelessness! That chap couldn't be the bridegroom — he acted more like Susan's husband. And where the deuce was Susan's husband?

There was a long, tense pause, broken only by Susan's gurgling sobs; then, unexpectedly, Mr. Fulton Stanwood appeared before them in person, hatless and violent. He had induced the sergeant to accept a personal check as security.

"Marjorie's in here," Miss Stanwood told him, quite as a matter of fact.

"I forbid the — the — this thing," Mr. Stanwood bellowed at them. "Where is he?" And then his eyes fell upon Mr. Wilbur. "So *you* did it, eh?" he went on coldly, insolently. "You wanted to pay your attentions to my daughter. I suppose that was merely a part of the trick."

Mr. Wilbur colored slightly.

"I know nothing whatever about all this," he said deliberately. "I have acted in the best of faith throughout, and in this rather unfortunate — I may say utterly unexpected — development, I proceeded blindly to help another man whose name, even, I don't know. I dare say," he went on impersonally, "he will be glad to speak for himself, now."

Paul disengaged himself from Susan's clinging arms and stood forward.

"I'm responsible for all of this — so far," he said curtly. "Mr. Wilbur is not to blame for anything that has happened."

"Who the deuce are *you*?" Mr. Stanwood blazed.

"Lieutenant Rowland, U. S. A.," was the reply. "Lieutenant Paul Abercrombie Harwell Rowland."

Mr. Stanwood passed one hand across a bewildered brow.

"Were *you* going to marry her?" he inquired.

"Fortunately, I am already married to the most charming woman in the world," replied Paul, and Susan shot a quick, imploring glance at Mr. Wilbur. "I was acting for another man."

"Faulkner, eh?"

"Lieutenant Faulkner, yes."

"Well, where is *he*?"

And just at that moment Lieutenant Faulkner stood in the doorway.

"*There* he is *now!*" exclaimed every person in the room, in chorus.

"Hope I didn't keep you waiting," remarked the Lieutenant cheerfully.

Mr. Stanwood turned upon him fiercely.

"Oh, it's you, is it?" he thundered. "You young — you — you ——!"

Lieutenant Faulkner stood perfectly still, smiling.

"I'll ask that you don't express your opinion of me here," he said easily. "There's a minister present."

XX

LIEUTENANT FAULKNER played the game according to the rules, trump for trump, so long as the rules seemed to cover adequately the particular conditions to which they were applied. But he was liable to introduce a dazzling variation at any moment; finesse a five-spot, for instance, while the other players looked on with their mouths open. Now there was a calm self-possession and cheerfulness about him that irritated Mr. Stanwood to a superlative degree, and at last:

"Well, Mr. Stanwood, what are you going to do about it?"

"Do about it?" raged Mr. Stanwood. "I'll never allow this marriage — that's one thing certain."

"Your daughter, I believe, is twenty-two years old and I am thirty," the Lieutenant went on. "Just how would you prevent it?"

"I'd prevent it by — by — er" — and he hesitated. "I'd prevent it by — er — I'd cut her off without a cent, sir."

Lieutenant Faulkner nodded.

"Very well," he said. "And then?"

"I'd disown her."

"And *then?*"

"I'd — I'd ——" and suddenly Mr. Stanwood grew perfectly calm. "She shall choose between us, here and now. Open that door, Elvira, and let Marjorie out."

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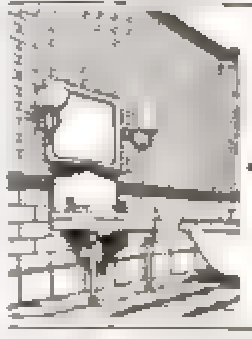

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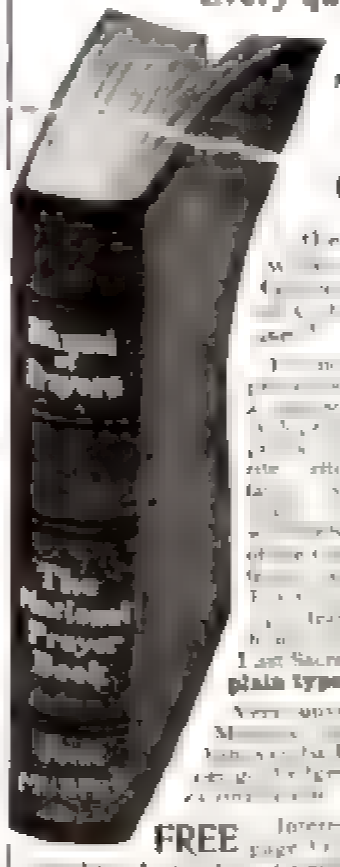

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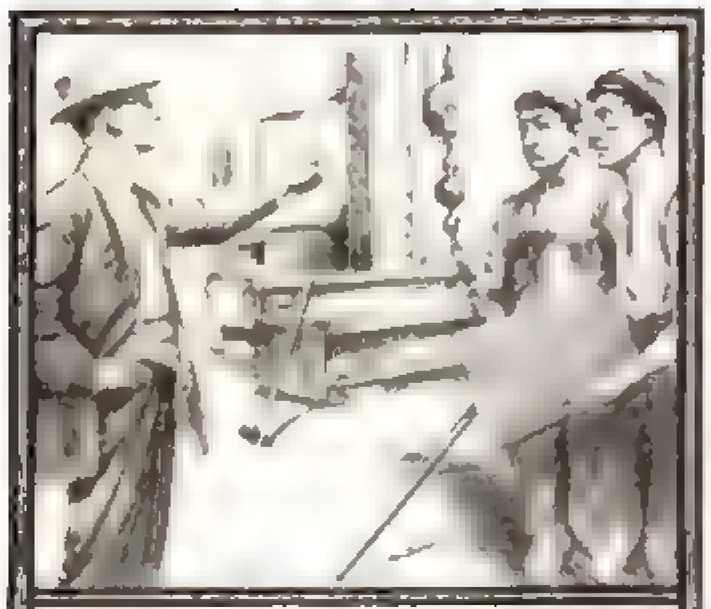

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"Now, just a moment, please," Lieutenant Faulkner requested. "This may be the last opportunity I shall ever have to hold a conversation with you and I wouldn't miss it for worlds. As I understand it, your only valid objection to me is that I haven't any money?"

"No, that is not all," and Mr. Stanwood glared belligerently into the young man's eyes. "I don't like your impertinence; I don't like your style; I don't like your methods."

"Just as you wouldn't like the methods of the man who defeated you in Wall Street, supposing such a thing possible," supplemented the Lieutenant. "Well, say it is my lack of money, because it would be manifestly unfair to *you* to compare pedigrees. Now, we don't care, either one of us, for your money. Do you understand?"

Mr. Stanwood began to sputter and spout again.

"You may take it and build a bonfire with it," the Lieutenant went on deliberately. "Kick your mansions into East River, sink your yacht, wreck your railroads, dig up your estates, burn your office buildings, light your pipe with your bonds, and melt up your gold reserve and feed it to the cat. It may surprise you to know that money isn't everything to everybody. I love your daughter—not your fortune—and she loves me. From the moment I knew she loved me you never had a chance; as I told you, I asked you for her hand as a personal favor to you. *Now* I trust we understand each other; that's all I have to say."

There was a long, heart-breaking silence. Mr. Wilbur said not a word. He was a well-bred gentleman, trimmed to pattern, with the raw edges turned under and sewed. From a refuge in her husband's arms Susan taunted him with her eyes. Mr. Stanwood reluctantly admitted to himself that at last he had found one man whom neither mere money nor bluster would awe.

"Elvira, let Marjorie come out," he commanded.

And then Lieutenant Faulkner finessed his five-spot.

"She's not in there," he remarked pleasantly. "She's waiting for me outside in an automobile. We were married two hours ago."

"Married? Already?" Mr. Stanwood blurted. The others echoed the exclamation.

"You see," Lieutenant Faulkner explained, "the elopement plans were, of necessity, made known to my—my *wife's* maid, and she betrayed us. I found it out just in time to send another maid along, heavily veiled, to fulfill those plans, and while that was being done Marjorie and I were married, for fear there would be an accident, or something. I imagine that's the maid you have in that room."

And it was. Mr. Fulton Stanwood, knight errant, gazed full into the eyes of his comrade in adventure, Mr. Wilbur, and they both blushed. And, of course, everything ended happily. Marjorie—Mrs. Lieutenant Robert E. Lee Faulkner—appeared before her father; and that man who can resist the mute appeal of soft, brown eyes, and the caress of round, white arms, and the quivering of red, rosebud lips is no sort of a man at all. Mr. Stanwood *was* a man, a red-blooded, vital, human being. What *could* he do?

Half an hour passed.

"You folks had all better run over to the house with us and have a sort of wedding supper, I suppose," said Stanwood at last.

"Is that an invitation?" inquired Lieutenant Faulkner meaningly.

"Yes, confound it," said Mr. Stanwood shortly. "I suppose I'll have to have it engraved and send it to you by a liveried messenger."

"Oh, that isn't necessary," and Lieutenant Faulkner laughed happily.

Mr. Wilbur met Susan at an afternoon tea.

"Silly blunder I made," he told her. "You know, I thought all along that Faulkner chap was your husband."

"Why, Dan Wilbur!" Susan exclaimed demurely. "Where *did* you get such an idea as that?"

"I don't know, you know," he confessed. "Stupid of me, wasn't it?"

And on her way home Susan paused to send a telegram to her aunt in Philadelphia:

"Everything is all right. Faulk won."

And, of course, she was to blame for it all.

(THE END)

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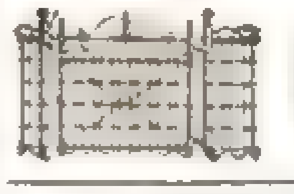

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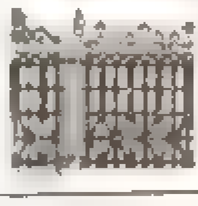

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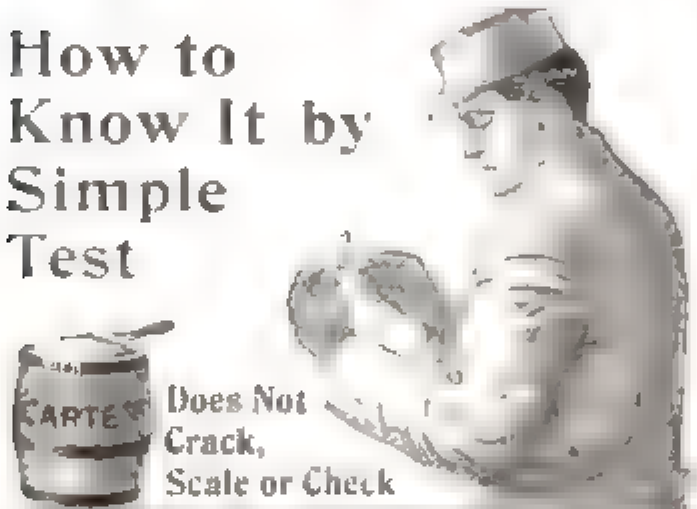
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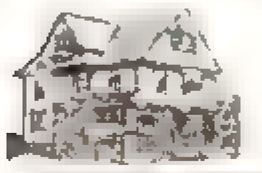

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Concluded from Page 15

'Then I grabbed that farmer and began to recite facts about his career, while the boys spit on their hands and took hold of shovels. It looked like uncle farmer would lead an upright life for some time, but he begged and hollered and plead, so the fellows loosed him from the position where we could most apply shovels, and he explained that he didn't go for to do all this when he started, and we let him up.

"He came to his feet and apologized to us singly and collectively, and then he says: 'Now I'll just get little Pettie and ride right along home,' and he began to holler, 'Pettie! Pettie! Pettie!' and all that come was old Hank, who looked him straight in the face.

"'Well, what has become of the durn little coyote?' says everybody, and then it just occurred to me that I knew, so I went back to where I had seen little Pettie grab old Hank by the nose, and, sure enough, there was a lovely little black tail!

"I brought it down to the rancher and I said, 'Little Pettie has departed, but he [illegible] it leaves this for you as a souvenir.'

"The rancher says, 'Gosh amighty!' as if he couldn't believe his eyes. I held up the tail, and I asked Hank:

"'Here, little Hanky-Panky, did it eat the rest of little Pettie?' and Hank looked at the tail and slouched off, with a kind of long and non-complaining squeal.

"'Well,' says the Boss, brisk, 'if we find any more of little Pettie we'll send it down to you, but I guess that's all you can collect of him now.'

"'Well, darnation!' said the farmer, and he brushed off the dust and dirt of his hands on his trousers' leg. 'Well, say,' says he, 'I don't know whether to weep or to yell Hosanna!' As for me personally,' he said, 'that cussed little dog has nigh chewed my fingers off,' and he showed us all kinds of bites on his fingers, 'but,' he says, 'on the other hand, it's my wife's pet, and every time one of the children lets itself get bit by it, why, their mother raises sin with them for tormentin' it. If I had a good lie ready I wouldn't weep one bit. But the circumstances and hullabaloos and waterfalls and geysers I have seen in the last twenty minutes have left my mind running in streaks.'

"We all looked at one another. We couldn't think of anything, so we shook our heads.

"'Well,' said he, 'perhaps by the time I get home I will be able to explain how little Pettie separated himself from this,' and he twirled the last remains. 'Perhaps I can,' he said. 'I don't bear you boys the slightest grudge no more. I can't. I set this dog on your pig a-purpose, and I can't pretend to be at all sorry that your pig et him up.' He shook his head again, and fixed his hat on.

"'Well,' says he, 'matrimony is the mother of invention. I reckon I'll get out of it somehow. Good-by, boys!' And he took one more look at Pettie's tail and put it in his pocket. 'If anything happens to me you will know who it is by that,' said he.

"As for [illegible] selves figuring on just *what* that rancher could explain. You can bring home a dog and say its tail has been cut off someway, but to bring home a tail and say the dog has been cut off someway is a hard proposition to work on the female mind that has lived on a ranch twenty years or so."

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"'Brother Syles,' said Brother Beamish, 'I think we had better join in prayer.'

"'Do you, though?' shouted the boatman. 'Wall, I say you don't! You two big ones come here an' lend a hand at the oars—an' let the skinny fellow pray.'"

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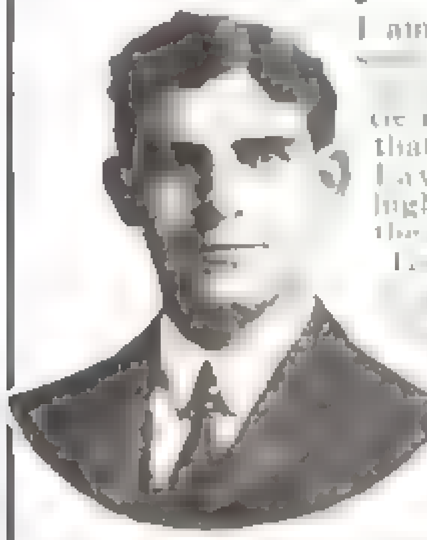

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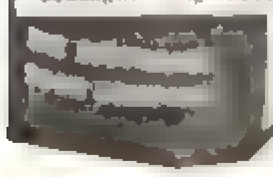


YOUNG LORD STRANLEIGH

Continued from Page 11

have no time to write August the second, so we just dash down '8/2,' with an inclined line between the figures."

The crowd drew a long, simultaneous breath of satisfaction. Their unwavering admiration of Tom Pitts' business genius was being justified

"Now, before you begin the letter, write at the top, and underscore it with two lines, 'without prejudice,' and it won't do any harm if you inclose the phrase in quotation marks. It throws an air of learning over the sheet."

The schoolmaster's wrinkled brow corrugated more intensely. The new-fangled date had marked the limit of his learning. The "without prejudice" went beyond its boundaries. He looked up helplessly at the dictator.

"When you write 'without prejudice' in a letter," explained Tom Pitts with a smile, "nothing stated in that communication can be used against you. It's a legal method of giving away your cake and keeping it. The contents of the letter cannot be read out in court."

The crowd were so interested in this verbal weapon, of which heretofore they had never heard, that for the moment they forgot either to drink or smoke.

"What did I tell 'ee, old man?" cried one with enthusiasm. "Didn't I say, 'You wait till Tom Pitts comes'? Didn't I say that?" he appealed to the rest, who nodded.

"We all said it," amended one.

"Go on, schoolmaster," commanded Tom, unmoved by the compliment he had received. "'Gentlemen: Yours of the thirty-first ultimo to hand, and contents noted. I beg to point out that your threat touching my imprisonment is illegal. You are at liberty to put me in jail if you can, but threatening to do so is actionable.'"

"I think it would be better t'other way about," grumbled Ned Stover, "so that they could talk all they liked about putting me in jail, but couldn't do it. What about *habeas corpus*?"

"Oh, that doesn't come into force until you're safely in quod, Stover. Now, let us get on with the letter. 'This crisis is a case for compromise. If you will let me know what you are prepared to do on a cash basis I will give you my decision by return of post. Yours most sincerely.' Now, you sign that, Ned, and we'll bring them to time."

The letter, by general acclaim, was one of the most crafty documents ever written. It was triumphantly signed, sealed, stamped and delivered to the one post-box of the place, which stood at the corner of the pub. The crew of the Laughing Jane now crowded around Tom Pitts. He belonged to them.

Was he going with them that night? Sure. Then they would be ready to start for the fishing-grounds at four o'clock in the morning. This being the case they all left the pub early, so that they might indulge in a bit of sleep.

As the professor and Tom walked down the unlighted street, the former asked:

"How far away is the railway station?"

"A little more than five miles, but you don't need to worry about your boxes. They'll be delivered by the carrier at Mother Simpson's in the morning."

"It isn't that," said Marlow. "Miss Drummond is coming to-morrow."

Tom Pitts stood stock-still.

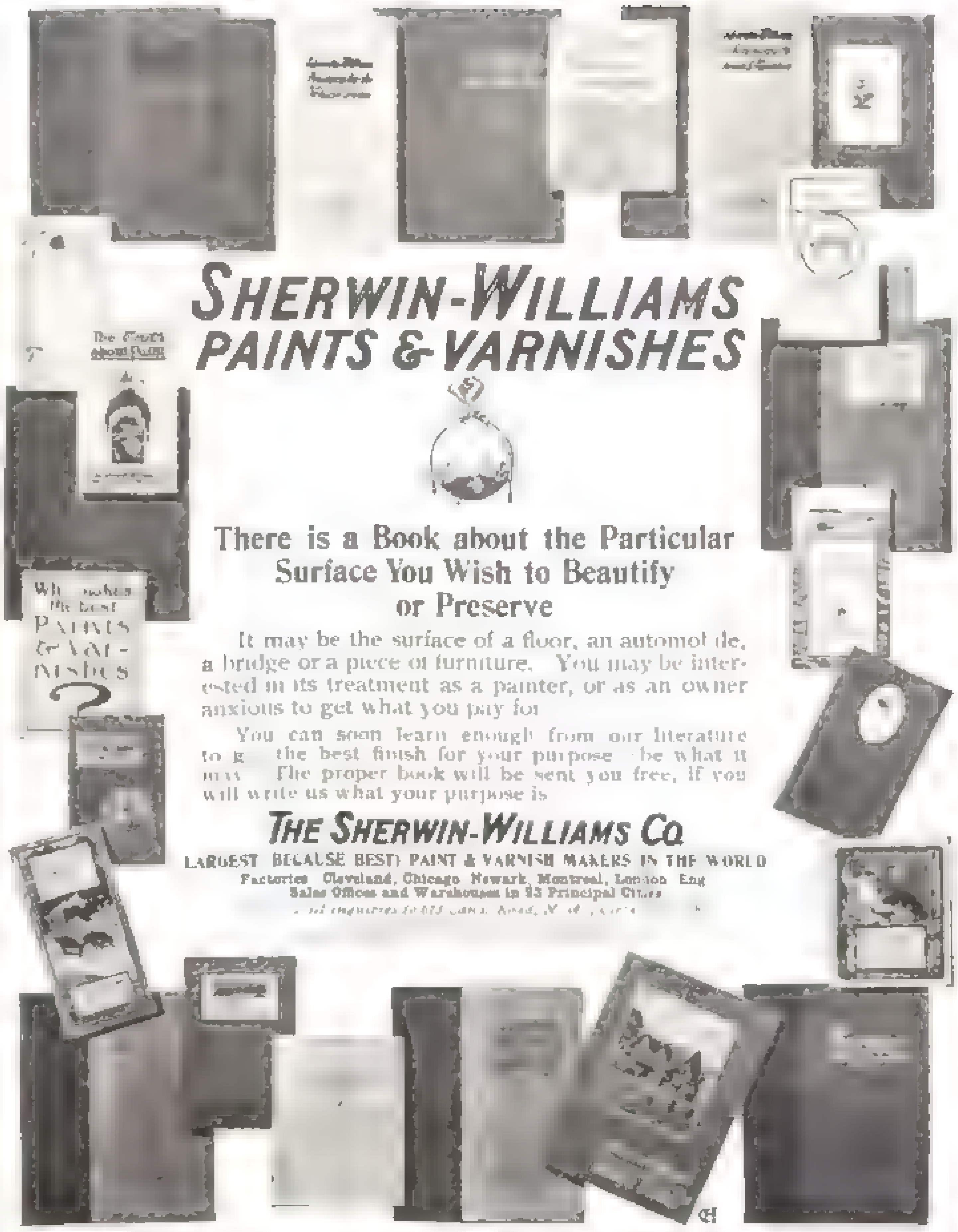
"By Jove, so she is! I had forgotten all about her. Are you going to meet her?"

"I think it would be only a neighborly kind of thing to do."

"Certainly. Make my excuses to her, and tell her that the exigencies of a struggle for existence on the briny prevented me from accompanying you; and, by the way, in the morning tell Mother Simpson to look up a room for her, will you?"

"Yes, I will."

Next day Marlow walked across country to the station and met the only train that arrived from London. Following his advice, Alice Drummond sent on her impedimenta with the carrier, and then Marlow, jocularly quoting the words, "There ain't no 'buses running," and so forth, was told that the girl much preferred to walk, and so the two dawdled together until they reached the sight of the sea and the declivity that led down into Pebblesdale.



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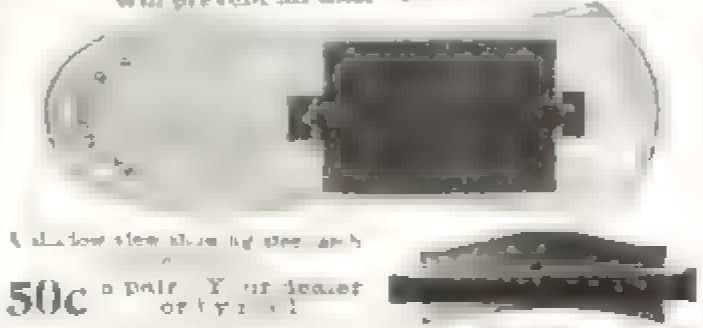

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The young woman was enthusiastic in her admiration of the place, and spoke of color values, tones, atmosphere and such like jargon, which was as unknown to the professor as his scientific nomenclature would have been incomprehensible to her.

The box of books was duly delivered by the carrier, but remained unopened, for the very good reason that the young professor wished to see something of Pebblesdale, which was also Miss Drummond's desire, and he made himself useful by carrying easel and camp-stool.

When the reply came from London to Stover's "without prejudice" letter, Tom Pitts was out at sea, and his boat would not return until high tide early in the morning. There is no eight-hour day in the fishing business. The letter from the lawyers was also captioned "without prejudice," so, as the innkeeper remarked, Stover and his opponents were in for an unprejudiced discussion. To such a section of Pebblesdale's inhabitants as were at home, the legal gentlemen, without entering into the complex intricacies of the case, offered Mr. Stover twenty-five pounds cash down to settle the matter. And here arose an example of the inconsistency of woman. Mrs. Stover demanded that her husband should accept the offer by telegraph, whereas the consensus of opinion among the rest was that, as Tom Pitts was conducting the correspondence, no reply should be sent until he had returned. She, however, emphatically asserted that she had not the doddering admiration for Tom Pitts that blinded the rest of the population.

Who was he? she'd like to know—and, indeed, a correct answer to that question would have brought the town nearer to the root of the matter than it was aware of. The old man himself visibly hankered after the ready money, and in this he was aided and abetted by the innkeeper, who saw a chance at last of having the score cleared off, but all the rest were unanimously against this disloyalty to Tom. Still, the combination was no match for Mrs. Stover, who, herself, had followed her husband to the pub, determined that the acceptance should be sent off at once. Her vehemence silenced, if it did not convince, the opposition, so the aged schoolmaster set about writing a reply, when right on top of the old woman's victory the door was pushed open and in came Tom Pitts himself. He explained his unexpected advent by saying he was sure a reply would have been received, and so he had left the Laughing Jane in the offing, and came ashore in the dingey.

"What have *you* got to say about it, I'd like to know?" demanded Mrs. Stover, placing her arms akimbo and facing him with battle on her brow.

Tommy smiled genially upon her.

"Nothing at all, Mrs. Stover, nothing at all. Of course, that's why I meddle. It's human nature. I knew you would muddle it if left to yourselves."

"Muddle, indeed!" cried the virago. "Don't you think I've got as much sense as ever you had in your silly pate?"

"Certainly, Mrs. Stover, and a great deal more, of course; but, you see, I understand those London lawyers, and, please, remember that if your husband, the Duke"—she sniffed contemptuously at this, but Tom went on—"if your husband, the Duke, had replied as you wished him to do the other day he would have given the whole show away. Now, if they've made your husband any offer at all it's so much to the good."

"Why, they've offered him twenty-five pounds, cash down, and put 'without prejudice' on their letter, too," said one of Pitts' friends.

"There, what did I tell you?" cried Tom. "Those people are frightened out of their wits. You ought to be proud of your husband, Mrs. Stover. Twenty-five pounds, eh? Now, just look how he's made them come up to time."

Old Stover nodded his head sagely.

"That's what I've been a-telling of her," he said.

The agreement with Tom was so unanimous that for a moment the old fishwife was disconcerted.

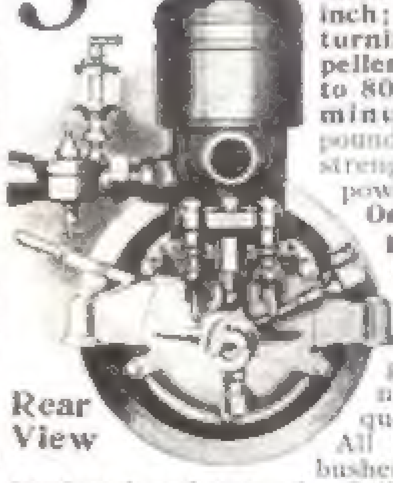
"You'd—you'd refuse the money?" she stammered.

"Oh, no, Mrs. Stover, I'd accept it."

"Well, bless all your silly brains, that's just what I told him to do."

"Quite right, Mrs. Stover; but I wouldn't accept it in full of all demands."

"Aha," was the simultaneous exclamation of the crowd, and they nudged each other. "Our Tom will make them sit up."



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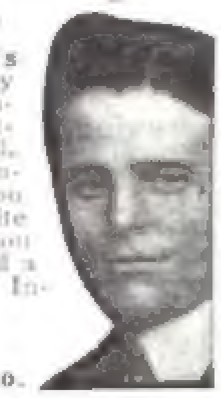

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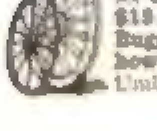

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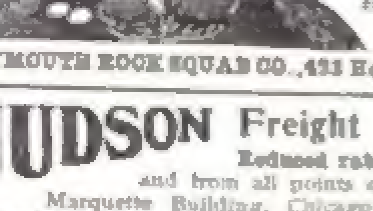

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"Are you ready to write?" demanded Tom of the schoolmaster.

"Quite ready, Mr. Pitts."

"Then put 'without prejudice' again, and the date. 'Gentlemen: Yours to hand and contents noted.' Always begin that way. It adds to their panic. It shows we know something of our business out here."

"'Contents noted,'" repeated the schoolmaster.

"'The twenty-five pounds is quite good enough as far as it goes, and I shall be obliged if you will inclose a post-office order for that amount in your next letter!'"

"Good man!" cried the assemblage.

"'But what am I to do when the twenty-five pounds is gone? Why, my score at the Mermaid Inn is half that amount.'"

"No, no, Tom, that be a lie," protested old Stover, while his wife's eyes blazed.

"It isn't anything like that, Tom," corroborated the innkeeper.

"But don't you see that in London it makes Ned Stover a man of importance? 'Aha!' they'll say, 'twelve pounds ten for drinks? He do be a-going it.'"

This argument appealed strongly to the breathless onlookers.

"'What I demand is the twenty-five pounds paid down, and one pound a week for life, which must reach me here not later than Friday, four times a month, and a pound a week for her grace the Duchess, my wife.'"

The Duchess appeared about to make some remark, and opened her capacious mouth, which, after a moment's thought, she closed with a snap.

"That's two pounds a week," said old Stover.

"Exactly."

"Well, it seems to me it should all be paid to the head of the family," he growled.

"You drunken sot ——" exclaimed his angry wife, but Tom Pitts held up his hand.

"I'm quite agreeable to that," he said. "Schoolmaster, make the two pounds payable to Mrs. Stover."

"'The head of the house,' I said," roared Ned, so enraged that he broke his pipe.

"That's the way I'm putting it, Ned," and every one present laughed, except the two persons concerned and the innkeeper, who wished to keep friends with all parties.

"How have you got it down, schoolmaster?"

"I've got it down, Mr. Pitts, as you first dictated it: one pound to Mr. Stover and one to Mrs. Stover."

"Then I think we'll let it stand that way as fair to all parties. We've got those London people on the run, so, don't you think, Mrs. Stover, it's better to stand up for a regular income than accept the twenty-five pounds offhand?"

"Yes, if they'll do it," she admitted.

"Of course they'll do it. They'll jump at that settlement, fearing you will demand the whole Belmont estate, besides the ducal coronet and the family diamonds."

There was great jubilation in Pebblesdale when the London lawyers, in their next letter, formally capitulated, sending the twenty-five pounds as requested, and advising him that a sum of money had been paid to a noted insurance company, who would send every Thursday a postal order each to Mr. and Mrs. Stover. If Tom had wished to stand for membership in the Rural District Council he would have been elected without a single dissenting vote so far as Pebblesdale was concerned; and, to show that sudden riches do not always possess the corroding influence attributed to them, Mrs. Stover, assured of a steady income, became much less of a termagant than she had hitherto been accounted.

The professor never attended the nightly gatherings at the pub after his first visit, but, on the other hand, he did not open his box of scientific books, so far as Tom Pitts could learn, although he actually borrowed from the latter some of the novels which had been brought from London. Tom laughed genially as he handed them over.

"Is Miss Drummond able to paint when you are stretched out reading to her?"

"Quite," replied the professor laconically.

"I said from the first she was clever."

"And I said from the first she was beautiful, and now add that she is charming."

"Congratulations, my boy, and many of them."

Tom Pitts strode down the sands toward his boat, and heaved a sigh before he heaved the anchor.

Editor's Note — This is the fifth of a new series of stories of the adventures of young Lord Stranleigh, by Mr. Barr.

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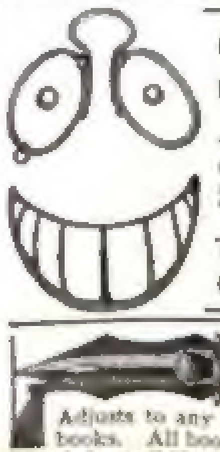

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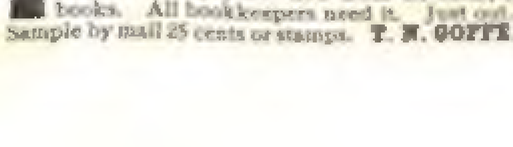

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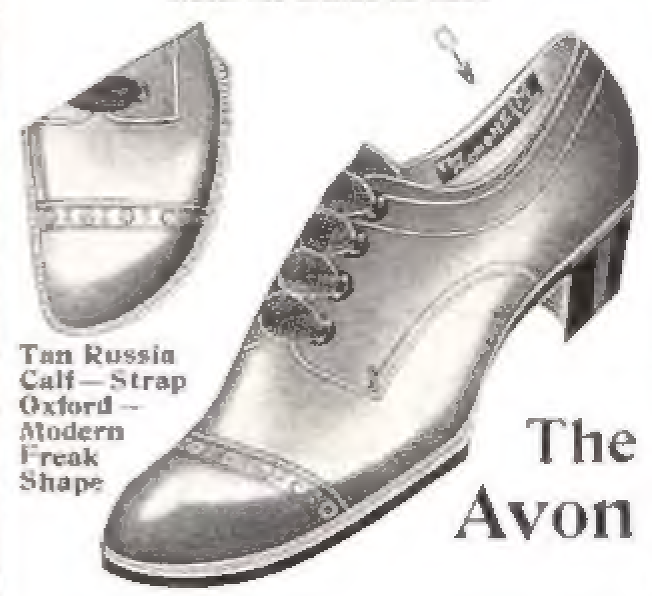
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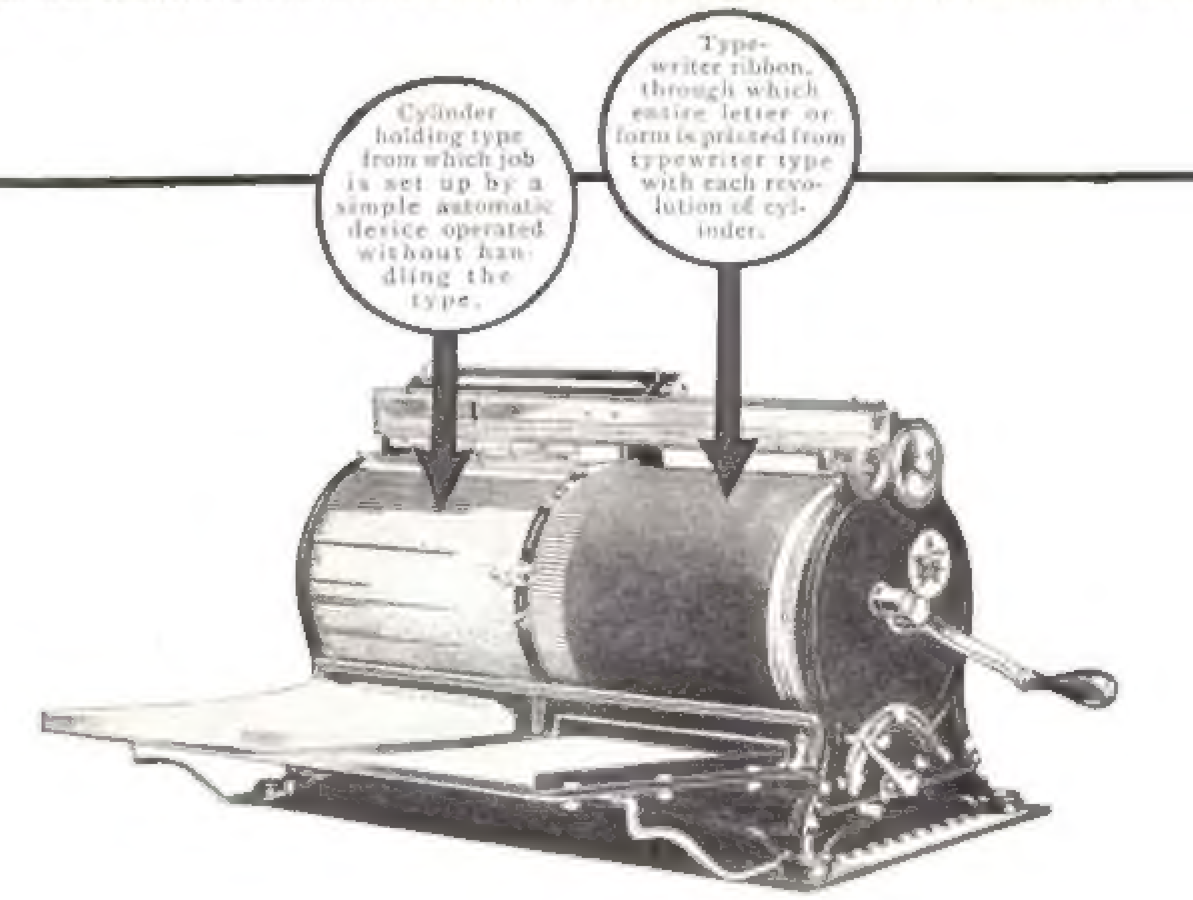
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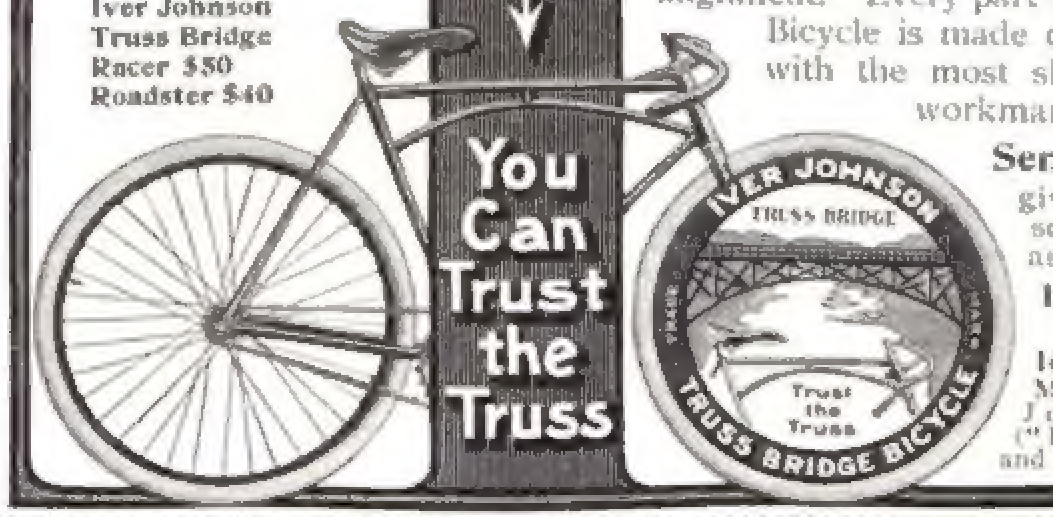

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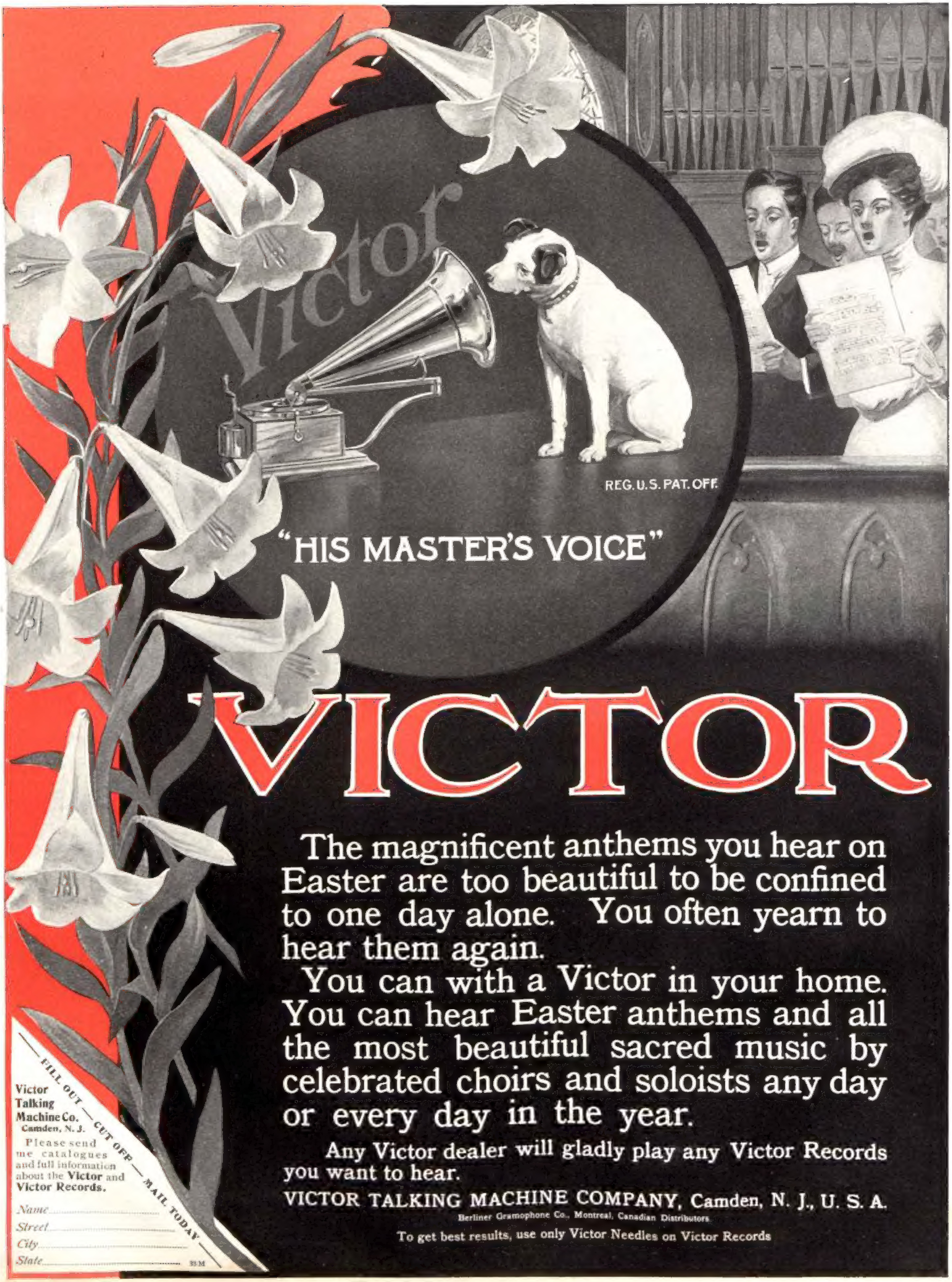

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